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and

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For the Student and the Million.

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Magazine of Music

CONTAINS:—

PORTRAIT OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN.
PRIZE COMPETITION SONG:
"THE PRINCESS OF THULE."

MUSIC BY W. A. COLLISSON, Mus. Bac., and JOHN MORE
SMITON. WORDS BY L. J. NICOLSON.

PRIZE COMPETITION.
ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR CHRISTMAS CARD.
By C. BALDWIN.

Leader	3
Staccato	4
Musical Life in London	5
The Opera in Paris—Foreign Jottings	6
Chit-Chat	7
Letters from Our Correspondents	11
The Philharmonic Society—Then and Now	12
Literature of Music	12
History of the Pianoforte	13
A Scotch Musician's Letters	14
Prize Competition	15
A Dumt Singer	16
The Organ	18
Musical Celebrities	19
National Music	20
Humoresque—A Violin-maker's Ruse	21
A Musician's Ideal	22
Schubert's Sonatas—Singing	23
Evenings with the Orchestra	24
Incident in the Life of Haydn	25
Humoresque	29
Chopin and the Mazurka	30
Children's Column—Music in Song	31
Questions and Answers—London and Provincial Concert Dates— Notices of New Music	32

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

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districts. We have, therefore, opened a Professional Card Directory
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Artistes will find it the best medium for bringing themselves before
the public.

ARTISTES' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Names and Addresses

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TO CONCERT GIVERS AND SECRETARIES OF CHORAL SOCIETIES.

We give this month in the Magazine a column of London and
Provincial Concert Dates. This column will form a guide to the
concert-room, and prove helpful alike to concert givers and to the
public. We shall be glad to receive notices of forthcoming concerts,
and below give form showing particulars that should be given.
Communications should be posted not later than the 30th of each
month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor:
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 74, Fann Street, E.C. Contributions and
letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer,
not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the
Editor. Letters for Question and Answer column should be sent
not later than the 15th of every month. It is desired that names be
written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless
stamp is sent for that purpose.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

In consequence of the number received, we cannot undertake to
return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition,
therefore copy should be retained by sender.

We call attention to PRIZE COMPETITION, announced on
page 15.

We desire an active agent in every town.

The Keyboard Stave.



*Wishing you every success
Julius Benedict*

THE pessimists who write as if art-culture could grow up only in quiet, classic shades
where the air is untainted by commerce and the clash of material interests is
unfelt, should take note of the musical activity shown beside the tall chimney,
and in the dull and humid atmosphere of large manufacturing towns. Birming-
ham has the right to first mention as the centre of influences felt throughout the whole
world of music. If we were to exclude from the list of great compositions produced
during the past fifty years those which directly owe their existence to the enterprise of
Birmingham, how poor the list would seem! Then Leeds, as the centre of the great manufac-
turing towns of Yorkshire, has shown a similar capacity for organising the forces of music.
It is but saying the bare truth that some of the finest choral singing in England is heard in
this town of busy looms and keen commerce; and there are evidences that throughout
the thickly-populated East Riding music enters largely into the social life of the people.
When we look still further north we find the great port of Glasgow, where the ring of
hammers on iron ribs seems ceaseless and the immense population moves in an environ-
ment of industry, yet showing a pronounced love of the musical art. In addition to
several smaller associations there is the Choral Union, one of the most effective and
enterprising bodies of singers in the Kingdom, and to whom is due the popularisation of
choral and orchestral works of the largest kind. A few years ago, a London critic who
attended a festival in Glasgow confessed that it was worth the journey in midwinter to
hear the tone and the *verve* of the Scotch sopranos, and undoubtedly the implied
compliment is well deserved. The same union of business and music culture is
seen when we turn to Hamburg, the third commercial city of Europe. Hamburg
has honourable art traditions to sustain. It was there that the great critic Lessing
laboured to found a German national theatre, the literary results of this effort
being known to all readers in his body of theatrical criticism, the "Dramaturgie." In
Hamburg, it may be added, Mendelssohn and Brahms were born. The town
has, on the whole, been faithful to this side of culture in spite of its commercial
vicissitudes. For some years the Stadt Theatre has been managed by Herr Pollini with
the aid of a municipal grant, and with such enterprise that the doings of Hamburg must
be noted by all who propose to observe the course of music. To go no further back than
1884, it may be remembered that Hamburg has had the merit of producing Mr. Villiers
Stanford's "Savonarola" and Rubinstein's "Der Papager." We now learn that Mr.
Stanford has received a commission from Herr Pollini to write a new opera for his
theatre, the libretto being supplied by Herr Hugo Wittmann, of Vienna. This is a
circumstance to be noted with peculiar pleasure, as it is probably the first time an English
composer has received a commission for an opera from a German manager. Music in the
best sense is cosmopolitan; but foreign artists have profited so largely by our patronage
that it may be forgiven us for once to rejoice that continental gold is about to chink in
the pockets of an English musician. All will agree that the commission has been well
bestowed, and it is a pleasing reflection that the possibilities of such encouragement of
art exist in a supremely commercial community. Plainly the future of music is not in
the hands of the dilettanti and leisured classes, but with the great democracy of workers.

"Staccato."

HERE is hardly a member of the Royal Family whose attainments in the region of art do not show the possession of natural aptitude carefully cultivated to a remarkable degree. The Crown Princess of Prussia has exhibited from time to time some very spirited pictures; Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) in her paintings and sculpture shows more than ordinary amateur cleverness; the Duke of Edinburgh is an excellent performer on the violin; while the Duke of Albany not only sang very well, but also possessed a considerable knowledge of the science of music. The Princess Christian has several times played the pianoforte at charitable concerts, and so well, that people forgot she was a Princess, and applauded her as an artist—no mean compliment. We hear that she has consented to appear on January 20th at an amateur concert in the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford, and there play two pianoforte duets with Mr. Parrott, organist of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, who has on more than one occasion before played duets with her in public.

It has often been complacently asserted by male theorists that, while women may be able excellently to interpret the musical works of others, they themselves are in a marked degree wanting in the faculty of original composition. Many cases, however, might be cited on the other side. We are reminded of this by the recent death of Mrs. Meadows White, better known in the musical world under her maiden name of Alice Mary Smith. Her compositions were all of a high order of merit, full of vigour and earnestness, and singularly free from the *ad captandum* devices so often to be met with in modern compositions. Perhaps her best known work is the setting of Collins' "Ode to the Passions," first produced with success at the Hereford Festival a few years ago, and afterwards performed in London. Kingsley's "Ode to the North East Wind," and "Song of the Little Baltung" were also set to music by her, and there are several important works from her pen, including a symphony that still waits for production in public. At the time of her death she was engaged on a cantata, "The Red Knight." Her loss will be sincerely deplored by a large circle of those who appreciated the true and noble musical gifts that she possessed.

An interesting story is told in connection with the Duet No. 2, for violin and viola, by Mozart, produced for the first time last month at one of the Monday Popular Concerts. This is the second of the two written by Mozart for his friend Michael Haydn (brother of the great Haydn) to help him out of a difficulty at the time when he was incapacitated by illness from executing a commission for the imperious and very worthless Archbishop Hieronymus of Salzburg. Michael Haydn was concert-meister

at Salzburg, and the archbishop had the meanness to threaten to stop his salary if the two duets were not forthcoming. This salary, by the way, was only 600 florins a year (£48) with board and lodging! His friend Mozart readily undertook to write them for him, and the archbishop was kind enough to accept the substitute's work. He would indeed have been hard to please if it had been otherwise! Michael Haydn was exceedingly grateful, and we are told that "he prized the works very highly, and for the rest of his life retained the original score as a valuable memento."

It is seldom that so much presence of mind is shown by the public as on the occasion a few weeks ago, when smoke and flames were seen to be issuing from the floor at Mme. Lowe's concert in Princes' Hall. For one thing, there could not have been a better *locale* for such an alarming incident, as Princes' Hall is one of the few places where you are able to step out almost directly from the hall into the street. Fortunately, Miss Zimmermann, who was playing at the time, continued the piece with perfect coolness, and (save for the fact that several critics and other gentlemen showed to advantage in calming the fears of some perturbed ladies), nothing further happened, as the fire, which was caused by an overheated stove in a room below, was promptly extinguished. But it is not pleasant to think of such a thing occurring in St. James's, or some other halls we might mention, where a rush to the doors, and by narrow stairs down to the exit, would probably result in the loss of many lives.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is a miracle of juvenility. At a recent concert at St. James's Hall he played his Fantasia, "Scotland," and rattled off the Reel with which it concludes, with a fire and vigour that some of our younger pianists would find it hard to rival. Sir Julius has lately been travelling with Mme. Cave-Ashton's Opera Company, and on November 27th, his eightieth birthday, at Weymouth, a pleasant surprise was afforded him in the following birthday presents, given with sincerest good wishes by the members of the company:—For himself a handsome travelling bag, for Lady Benedict a writing-desk, and for Master Albert Edward, their child (the Prince of Wales's godson), a photographic album, which in days to come will no doubt prove very useful.

For those of us who like music "with a tune in it," commend us to Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts! None but the best artists are engaged, and if the songs are sometimes of the familiar and weakly sentimental drawing-room type, there is seldom a concert without some of the grand old favourites, still unsurpassable in their way. At the first concert Mme. Minnie Hauk appeared, and though her style is a little too pronounced for the concert-room, the beauty of her voice, and her piquant singing of the "Styrienne" from "Mignon," and the "Stabanere" from

"Carmen," raised a storm of applause. The two novelties were a rather weak and conventional song by Molloy, "Love's Old Sweet Song," given by Mme. Antoinette Sterling, and "Shipmates," composed and sung by Mr. Maybrick, one of those sensationally vigorous songs of the "Little Hero" sort to which he has accustomed us. Miss Mary Davies, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Maas, and Signor Foli were the other vocalists. Mme. Norman Neruda's violin-playing greatly enhanced the pleasure of this concert, her selections being the slow movement from Mendelssohn's Concerto and a dashing Scherzo fantastique by Bazzini. Mr. Sidney Naylor's tasteful accompaniment should not be overlooked. The second concert, was of a similar character.

In these chill days of fogs and rain, the concert-giver or operatic manager must feel the liveliest solicitude for the health of his artists. He can never be sure that the sudden enforced absence of one of them will not necessitate most awkward changes in programme or opera. At the same time, such sudden absences often give opportunities to artists in the background, who, but for such accidents, might have no chance of showing what they can do. An illustration of this is afforded by a recent occurrence at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, where Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company were performing. The opera was "Il Trovatore," with Mme. Marie Roze as Leonora, and Mr. Barton McGuckin as Manrico. After for some time manfully struggling against the effects of a severe cold, Mr. McGuckin at last broke down and had to retire. Who could take his place? It seemed impossible to finish the piece, when a Mr. Wilson stepped forward and offered to take Mr. McGuckin's part. Mme. Marie Roze was consulted and readily consented to sing with Mr. Wilson. The opera then proceeded, and it was soon evident that the young tenor was quite equal to the work he had undertaken. He sang and acted admirably, and at the end of the opera Mme. Marie Roze led him forward to receive the most hearty applause of the grateful audience. Thus, at last, the young artist got "the opportunity" we have spoken of.

THE story of the seed found in the casing of an Egyptian mummy, and afterwards planted and growing up to flower and fruit in these latter days, has something of a parallel in the case of a trombone which was some years ago unearthed from Pompeii, so long the buried city of the dead. This instrument was made of bronze with a gold mouthpiece, and, strange to say, when tried, it gave forth tones in their order of succession and harmonic relations exactly similar to those of trombones in use at the present day. After being buried for nearly two thousand years, it spoke again in the grand pure tones of this noblest of wind instruments. This interesting relic of the Roman world is said to have been presented by the King of Naples to George III. of England.

Musical life in London.

HERE are only two complaints that the critic can possibly make anent the Crystal Palace Concerts; the one is that the cold railway journey to Sydenham and back is something of a penance for him in these winter days; the other is that, notwithstanding his pathetic appeals to Mr. Manns that "Time (especially of railway trains) waits for nobody," that respected gentleman will so often arrange for new pieces to be put at the very end of the programme. But, apart from these legitimate causes for grumbling, these Saturday afternoon concerts are the finest of their kind to be found in or near London. Shortly to tell the tale of the past month's Crystal Palace concerts which, like most recent ones, have not been particularly distinguished for novelty, we begin with "The Rose of Sharon," on November 24th, conducted by Mr. Mackenzie, the composer, and performed for the second time since its production at the Norwich Festival. Several judicious "cuts" had been made, and the principal singers were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson (who has such a lovely voice, and sings so well that it was a pity she had not more to do), Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Watkin Mills. Especially delightful was Mr. Lloyd's rendering of the tenor solo, "Rise up, my love."

AT the concert on November 29th Herr Fritz Blumer, a young pianist, whose playing is of the brilliant and sensational school, performed M. Saint-Saëns' G minor Concerto; but the work, though extremely difficult, is not very interesting. Schumann's Rhenish Symphony, containing that wonderful musical picture of a procession in Cologne Cathedral, was splendidly played. There did not appear to be any special reason why Rubinstein's Ballet music with the peculiar title of "La Dégustation des vins," should have been placed in the programme. It is supposed to represent the national characteristics of various vintages, but the music is sadly devoid of sparkle or special flavour. Mr. Maas sang. At the next concert Herr Heckmann, concertmeister at Cologne, played Bruch's first violin Concerto, and showed himself to be a sound artist and skilful executant. The principal orchestral selection was that of three movements, including the delicious *scène d'amour*, from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette." Of the concert of the 13th little need be said, save that Mr. F. H. Cowen conducted his Welsh Symphony, which, though containing much that is melodious and gracefully imaginative, does not quite equal his "Scandinavian."

THE Chevalier Bach, who announces himself as pianist to the Royal Court of Prussia (why not of Germany?), may at least be credited with something like audacity in giving a concert, the programme of which consisted simply of three of Beethoven's concertos, one after the other, played by himself. He has

great manual dexterity, but is not free from the vice of piano-pounding. Moreover, he indulges too much in the *rubato*, which in the slow movements gave an air of affectation that would have been distasteful to the great composer himself. But the works performed, the Concertos in C minor, Op. 37; in E flat, Op. 73; and in C major, Op. 15, are such marvels of beauty that the listener could not fail to be delighted *quand même*. The band consisted of members of the Crystal Palace and other bands, conducted by Mr. Randegger. Their playing was so coarse, ragged, and uncertain, and there were so many serious slips, that the question inevitably forced itself upon one—could there have been any rehearsal at all?

THE Royal Albert Hall Choral Society has never done better than during the present season. It may now truthfully be said that this choir is now the finest in London—thanks to the admirable training of Mr. Barnby. The performance of Berlioz's "Dannation de Faust" was the best yet given. The performance, especially near the end, with the mocking shouts of the students, the demon choruses, and the terrible "Ride to the Abyss" was electrically effective, and enough to stir even the coldest blooded of critics. Of the principals, it is enough to say that Mme. Valleria, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Pyatt sang in the finished style that we always expect from them; and that Mr. Barrington Foote, taking for the first time in London the part of Mephistopheles (his voice is exactly suited to the music), did exceedingly well. Who can say anything new about the "Elijah"? It is more than thirty-eight years since it was first performed in England, and it now has an assured place besides the "Messiah" in the loving regard of all, musicians and amateurs alike. Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley at the Royal Albert Hall performance, on December 10, all, in company with the chorus, acquitted themselves nobly. Of the other great choral society, the Sacred Harmonic, we need not say more, for the reason hinted at above, than that admirable performances of the "Messiah" and "Elijah" have been given during the past month.

MME. VIARD LOUIS has given two more of her "Beethoven Meetings," which are of especial interest to all students of the works of the great master, as they are intended to include the performance of all his pianoforte works in succession. At the first she played the B flat Sonata of the Countess Browne series. Mr. Carrodus assisted her in two sonatas for piano and violin, and she was joined by Messrs. Walsh, Lazarus, Mann, and Wotton in the melodious E flat Quintet. At the second, on December 19, she played the Sonata in A flat (with Funeral March) and in C sharp minor (Moonlight), and took part with Mr. Carrodus in two lovely Sonatas for piano and violin, Op. 30, Nos. 1 and 2. Mme. Antoinette Sterling sang four of the "Schottische Lieder," which, however, are by no means worthy of the great name of Beethoven.

THE Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts have been pursuing their even course, the most noticeable feature, perhaps, being the clever and spirited playing of Mlle. Kleeberg, and the exquisite duet singing of Mme. Fassett and Miss Phillips. At the Saturday Concert, on November 29th, Mr. Hallé played Schumann's "Papillons," a delightful set of short pieces for the piano, and he was joined by Mme. Norman-Neruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti in Mackenzie's Quartet, a vigorous and artistic work—dedicated, by the way, to Mr. Hallé. On the Monday following Mme. Fassett and Miss Louise Phillips repeated the beautiful duet by Tchaikowsky, "Morgueuroth," which they had sung at a previous concert. On December 6th Mr. Hallé again appeared, and played Beethoven's E minor Sonata in his own well-known style. At this concert the name of Liszt appeared for the first time in a Monday Popular programme! Mme. Löwe was the vocalist, and sang "Mignon's Lied," finely set by the great Hungarian composer and pianist. On the following Saturday Mlle. Kleeberg reappeared, and played Schumann's "Carnival"—"Scenes Mignonnes" with great spirit, though with some lack of appreciation of the finer poetical points in them. On the next Monday she chose for her solo Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia," which was brilliantly dashed off. It would, however, have been better if, instead of being taken at such an express speed, the time had been more moderate. Mme. Norman-Neruda played with Herr Straus the beautiful duet No. 2, written by Mozart for his friend Michael Haydn. Mrs. Hutchinson sang Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds" very tastefully, but was not so successful in a new setting by Miss Maude Valerie White (who accompanied her) of some passages from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The words are hardly suited to a musical form, and the pieces are rather works for the piano with vocal accompaniment than songs pure and simple. A magnificent performance of Schubert's A minor Quartet greatly added to the enjoyment of this concert.

ONLY the inexorable laws of "space" prevent a detailed account of several other concerts of the past month. Mme. Sophie Lowe has given two most interesting ones, the first consisting exclusively of vocal and instrumental works by Schubert and Schumann, the second being devoted to Brahms' works. Mlle. Kleeberg's recital at the Princes' Hall more than confirmed the favourable impression already received from her playing at the Crystal Palace and the Monday Popular Concerts. There have been three monster Scotch concerts in honour of St. Andrew's Day at Covent Garden, St. James's and Princes' Hall and the Royal Albert Hall in which all the leading artists took part. A concert was also given at the Steinway Hall, on December 3rd, by Mme. Emily Tate and Miss Amy Stewart, at which the first-named lady, by her playing of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 12, showed herself to be a skilful pianist.

The Opera in Paris.



THE difficulty at the National Academy of Music—the Opera House—has been overcome by the appointment of MM. Gailhard and Ritt as joint directors. The various concessions made by the State will place this important and valuable institution on a better and firmer basis. Several engagements with artistes of eminence have been made by the directors, and the production of new and meritorious works has already received attention. It has been definitively arranged that Wagner's "Lohengrin" will form one of the attractions of 1885, the distribution of the rôles of this admirable work having already been made. The Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers has also consented to a diminution of the rate of royalty hitherto payable—a concession which will prove a great financial advantage.

MM. Gailhard and Ritt are well known in the musical world, each having for several years past been increasing the high reputation their respective abilities have gained for them. As the directors of this far-famed national institution they have already shown themselves to be "the right men in the right place," and there is every prospect that, under their vigorous management, a bright and prosperous future will result from their judicious administration.

Reference was made last month in these columns to the great success achieved by Mme. Marcella Sembrich at the Italiens, in her various operatic performances, and her last appearance this season in the opera, "La Traviata," is worthy of record as a genuine artistic triumph, being in every way a splendid representation. The *prima donna* was in excellent voice, and her finished and artistic style gained for her at frequent intervals enthusiastic marks of approbation. Several of the airs and other choice portions of the opera had to be repeated, the usual reward following—showers of handsome bouquets, some of which were of colossal proportions. The audience, desirous of taking their farewell for the present of the charming Russian cantatrice, was one of the most brilliant of the season; indeed, all the Paris world of fashion and beauty were present. The dresses of the ladies were very elegant and costly, and diamonds and other gems in profusion sparkled in every direction.

M. Lassalle, one of the favourite singers at the Opera, has entered into an engagement with M. Maurice Strakosch, to appear in America for a period of six months, at a salary of 500,000 francs, or £20,000, to commence at the expiration of his engagement at the Opera next spring. This is a large sum for so short a term, but M. Strakosch was anxious to secure M. Lassalle's immediate services, and offered to pay the forfeit of 120,000 francs, or £4,800; but the honoured vocalist declined to accede to that proposition, preferring to remain till his services can be dispensed with without inconvenience and the risk of offending his many admirers.

The new opera, "Aben-Hamet," was to have been produced at the Théâtre Italiens on the evening of the 11th inst., but on the morning of the day Mlle. Calvé, the *prima donna*, was taken ill, rendering a postponement inevitable. M. Maurel at once announced that "Il Ballo in Maschera" would be substituted for "Aben-Hamet," and despatched messengers to Mme. Valda, who had returned to Paris, asking her to undertake the duties of the evening, which she graciously consented to do. This charming cantatrice was in splendid voice, and created quite a furore throughout the building by her representation of the handsome page. Every part of her performance revealed the true artiste, her graceful action and splendid vocalisation charming all present.

A pleasing surprise was the *entrée* of M. Maurel, who sang the leading baritone rôle with his accustomed excellence. The other principal characters were filled by Mlle. Violetti and M. Petrovitch, both of whom acquitted themselves well and merited the marks of approval bestowed upon them. The orchestra was, as it invariably is, exceedingly good, playing with great precision and effect, under the able direction of Maestro Gialdini. On the following evening "La Traviata" was represented, Mlle. Torrigi being the principal singer, acquitting herself very praiseworthily. The appearance of Mme. Valda, on Sunday night, in "La Sonnambula" added another laurel to her wreath of fame.

Signor Perugini has resigned, and the Director of the Théâtre Italiens has written to the young American tenor thanking him for his good services during his engagement. Signor Perugini intends visiting Spain as soon as he has completed his studies under the direction of Mme. Marchesi. His voice is rich in quality, but scarcely powerful enough for a large building. This will be overcome as his vocal powers become more fully developed. He is a young but promising artiste, and, from personal observations and frequent opportunities of hearing his voice, a brilliant career may be predicted for him.

The comical operetta at the Nouveautés, "The Château de Tire-Larigot," increases its popularity, and has already been represented upwards of sixty times. The bright and sparkling music and the well-sung *chansonnettes* impart a degree of liveliness and merriment wholly irresistible. Several of the airs may now frequently be heard in the public thoroughfares.

Mme. Jane Hading has been eminently successful in the leading female character of the "Maître de Forges," a piece which has been performed at the Gymnase more than three hundred times. She is ably supported by M. Damala, the two parts being superbly represented by these famous artistes. Both intend visiting New York next spring, and their American tour will assuredly enhance the high reputation they have gained. M. Georges Ohnet has been very lucky, for this striking piece has brought him in, as author's fees, upwards of £6,000 up to the present time. He very generously gave, for charitable purposes, three thousand francs on the evening of the three hundredth representation. Who who will venture to say after this dramatic authorship is not profitable?

The new Lyrical Theatre which is to be erected in the Rue Mogador will be one of the most complete of its kind, M. Lamoureux, who is to be the presiding genius, being thoroughly conversant with all the details essential to ensure success. He has the necessary funds for the undertaking, having already upwards of one thousand subscribers, who have promised each to contribute two thousand francs per annum in payment of their *fauteuil*. With the private and annual subscriptions of two millions of francs, M. Lamoureux intends to produce all the best classical works by the most eminent composers, promising amongst other popular high-class compositions, "Parsifal," the colossal work of Richard Wagner.

M. Gounod's opera, "Roméo et Juliette," has delighted the patrons of the Opéra Comique, the melodious music never failing to captivate its numerous admirers. The part of Juliette finds a very able representative in Mlle. Heilbronn, who sings charmingly, giving full dramatic effect in all the most striking situations, and equalling Mme. Carvalho, who originally appeared in the same character. The Roméo of M. Talazac was an excellent performance, and French critics have loudly praised his "marvellous" execution of all he so thoroughly accomplished. MM. Fournets, Mouliérat Collin, Cambot, and Cobalet, and Mme. de Grandi contributed greatly towards the successful result. The choruses were given with considerable precision and effect; the orchestra, directed by M. Daubé, played the whole of the music in a most superb manner, and all went well from first to last.

Foreign Jottings.

— A conservatory of music has been established at Charleston, S. C. Any person contributing 100 dols. will be made an honorary member, and will be entitled to place one scholar in the institute for instruction for one year.

— Musical lectures are entirely the fashion in Boston at present. Professor John K. Paine is to repeat several of his lectures on "Musical History" (originally delivered in Harvard University) in Boston very soon.

— The Polish composer, Ladislaw Zelenski, has completed an opera entitled "Conrad of Wallenrod."

— The death is announced of Louis Quicherat in his eighty-fifth year. He was the author of a "Traité Élémentaire de Musique," and an admirable life of his friend, Adolphe Nourrit, the great French tenor.

— Tschalkowsky's opera, entitled "Eugene Oneguine," has been brought out in St. Petersburg. Private letters mention the production as having been artistically successful.

— A commemorative tablet was recently inaugurated at Perugia in honour of the great composer, Francesco Morlacchi.

— Mme. Sophie Menter, who is acknowledged the greatest of living lady pianistes, one day last week woke up to find herself also the richest of artistes. The Russian banker, Stieglitz, who recently died at St. Petersburg, and who was a great personal admirer of the lady in question, left her the little sum of 6,000,000 roubles, a very substantial token of friendship and respect.

— An opera bouffe by Offenbach, called "Whittington and his Cat," will be performed for the first time in Paris this winter. It was written for the Alhambra, London, in 1876, and was a great success.

— A new edition of Pacini's "Memoires" will shortly appear in Italy. We have read the original edition, but were disappointed. Pacini talks constantly of himself, and lets the opportunity slip by of giving interesting criticisms and opinions of the great composers and singers of his day. He began his career when Rossini began his, and wrote over ninety operas of all kinds. One alone of these survives him, "Saffo," and it requires an exceptionally gifted *prima donna* to make it effective. Gazzaniga has sung it in this city, and Urban abroad is the best representative of the part.

— The celebrated baritone Verger, has decided to abandon the stage and devote himself to teaching in Madrid. Verger sang in "Ernani" and "Barbiere" very acceptably in 1867 (the latter opera with Patti), but his voice never had much volume.

— There is some talk of reviving Morlacchi's once famous opera, "Raoul de Creque," in Italy. Morlacchi was a charming and erudite musician, and it is a pity that many of his operas are neglected. He resided many years in Dresden and was an intimate friend of Carl Maria von Weber. Perugia, his native town, has honoured him by a monument, and Count Rossi-Scotti has written an admirable life of the composer.

— The famous musical publishing house of Mme. Lucca (Milan, Rome, Naples) has made at last the long-desired change in the make-up of Italian opera libretti. Formerly they were simply printed on poor paper with little coloured covers, cheap and inartistic. Now the paper is of fine quality, and an artistic picture representing a scene from the opera is placed on the cover. The latest we have seen is Donizetti's "Duca d'Alba."

— A young Italian composer has written an opera called "Fernande" (three acts), which was given at the Teatro Ristori, Verona, last month. It was not favourably received, and the reason is easy to explain. The plot of "Fernande" is almost the same as that of "La Favorita." When young and inexperienced musicians sit down to surpass melodies like "Spirito Gentil" and the wonders of the fourth act of Donizetti's masterpiece, failure is not far off.

— The Paris correspondent of a contemporary, not long since, related an anecdote setting forth how the distinguished French engineer, Yvon Villarceau, being many years ago at Smyrna in company with his fellow St. Simonian, Félicien David, composer of "Le Désert," found himself, together with his friend, in a lamentably impecunious condition. The musician had brought his pianoforte with him, and, "pricked by the halberts of necessity," as Balzac euphuistically defined the condition of a traveller with no money wherewith to pay his hotel bill, Félicien David hoisted his instrument on to a barrow, which Villarceau drew about the streets. The musician played his loudest, and was rewarded with a plenteous crop of coppers. M. Villarceau was accustomed in after years to say that he was not at all ashamed of the part he took in the transaction.

— The German Liederkrantz gave their first concert of this season at their elegant hall at Fifty-eight Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, on Sunday, 30th November, before an attendance which, both in numbers and quality, outrivalled most of those seen at our fashionable musical events. The concert, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, culminated in the production of a fragment from Weber's opera, "Euryanthe," which was splendidly given. The mixed chorus of the Liederkrantz, excellently trained by Mr. E. Heimendahl, did most nobly. Miss Emma Juch, who also sang the letter aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" with rousing effect, was perfectly charming in her delivery of Euryanthe's cavatina, and sang with feeling and expression. Max Heinrich was an excellent Lysiat, and Oscar Steins highly satisfactory as the King. John F. Rhodes gave a brilliant performance of the violin fantasia on themes from "Othello," by Ernst, and was heartily applauded. The orchestra, under Theodore Thomas played magnificently.

Whit-Rat.

— It is stated that the Prince of Wales, after witnessing the performance of "The Grand Mogul," expressed a desire to inspect the serpents which Miss Florence St John entwines round her arms. The snakes, it is added, were accordingly taken round to the Royal box, and examined with much interest by His Royal Highness.

— The death of Mrs. Meadows White, better known to the musical public by her maiden name of Alice Mary Smith, is announced.

— A case of importance to the musical world has been mentioned to Mr. Justice Pearson in the Chancery Division, London. Mr. Roberts, a publisher of Carnarvon, had sued Messrs Treherne & Co., of Buxton, and a Mr. Lucas Williams, of London, to restrain them from publishing or advertising a popular song known as "Llongau Madoc," on the ground that the printed copies of such publication contained a colourable imitation of a melody or air which the plaintiff alleged was his own peculiar property. The novelty in the case is that the plaintiff does not claim any exclusive interest in the words of the song, or in its title or the accompaniment, but only in the air or melody, and this he contends is as much a species of copyright property as any other intellectual production. This question has on several previous occasions been raised, but has always gone off on some collateral argument.

— It is stated that M. Lassalle, the distinguished baritone of the Grand Opera in Paris, has accepted an engagement to sing in America, accepting in return 10,000 francs a performance, with a guarantee that he shall receive 500,000 francs in six months. The Paris papers give credence to this extraordinary story.

— The Queen has granted a pension of £80 a year from the Civil list to Mme. Balfe, widow of Michael William Balfe, in recognition of his musical distinction.

— Dr. Leslie Ogilvie has been appointed physician to the Royal Academy of Music, London.

— Mr. Henry Irving has been served with a summons to answer why he should not pay Mr. Robert Stoepele 2,000 dollars for the use of the music composed for his plays while Stoepele was the conductor of the orchestra at the London Lyceum. He composed the music in dispute while under engagement to Mr. and Mrs. Bateman. Mr. Irving now uses Stoepele's music for only one play, "The Lyons Mail." Mr. Irving will contest the suit in order to establish definitely the principle that music composed by a conductor remains the property of the management by whom he is employed and paid. For the other plays named in Stoepele's complaint Mr. Irving has, long ago, had music written by other composers, so that the suit will hinge upon "The Lyons Mail" alone.

— The musical writer in the *World* says some fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the *soirées* were flourishing, when the amateurs had not yet learned to do without the artistes, and when, during the summer season, some hundred private concerts were given, Madame Nilsson was in the zenith of her first success at Her Majesty's, and was, of course, much invited to such parties. One day she asked could I not give her an advice how to get paid better without offending Madame Tietjens, who was then the female chief of the troupe, and took the now ridiculous price (to which I yet hope we will return) of £25. I said, "You cannot ask more than Madame Tietjens, anyhow; but what you could do is to refuse all these *soirées* whenever you are asked, and say that the rehearsals, &c., fatigue you to such an extent that you cannot go to those late parties and then get up early for the rehearsals." "And how will that help me?" she asked. "In this way. You say that you don't want to go, and that in order to be left alone you demand £60; that you know very well nobody will pay it, but that that is just what you want. Believe me, there are a number of people who will take you just because you ask £60, and you can then pose as a victim who did all you could to get out of it, but people would not let you." Not a week passed, and she was engaged for a party in Grosvenor Square, and played the whole scene just as arranged, and, just as expected, the people paid her. The funniest part of the story is that when she did sing, a friend of mine, Jules Lefort, who sang in the same party, came home and told me the whole story of the sixty pounds, and the reluctance of Nilsson, who was too weak to stand the fatigue, &c. But the evil consequence was

that the moment she went up with her price the others did the same.

— Mme. Helen Hopekirk has been seriously ill. She was compelled to give up her engagement with the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society for the rehearsal and concert on the 28th and 29th of last month.

— A musical scandal, the like of which has never been witnessed in Vienna before, was enacted at a concert given in the large hall of the Conservatoire by Dr. Hans von Bülow. The concert-hall was crowded, and among the audience were the Archduchess Valérie, Archduke Karl Ludwig, Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria, and many leading members of the aristocracy. The programme included Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." After the previous numbers had been played Herr von Bülow stepped forward to the front of the platform, and taking from his pocket the *Fremdenblatt*, addressed the audience in a tone of mingled ill-temper and irony. He said that the journal in question had found fault with his previous rendering of Beethoven's "Egmont," and that, as he would not like to wrong the great composer again, his orchestra would play instead the "Academical Overture" of the Austrian Brahms. The public indignantly protested, and called for Beethoven's overture, which, after some hesitation on the part of Herr von Bülow, was produced. Brahms' "Academical Overture" was then expected, but Herr von Bülow, after putting on his overcoat, once more addressed the audience. "I cannot render it on the pianoforte," he said, "and my musicians are too tired to play it themselves." It would be difficult (the correspondent adds) to describe the angry feeling roused among the public by Herr von Bülow's behaviour. It is questionable whether he will ever be asked to play in Vienna again.

— Presiding over a concert and lecture in Manchester, Professor Blackie, in the course of his address, said: I should be glad indeed if the present generation, instead of spending its hours in dull talking, took to singing. I sometimes wish myself back into the middle ages, when the minstrel was the only teacher, and when singing was almost the only sermon. And I will tell you why; reading is a stupid, dull kind of thing, but singing stirs up the whole soul. In the best days of the world there was no reading, and no books at all. Homer never saw a book, never could have seen a book. If you wish to be happy cultivate song. Be as busy as you can at any work put before you, and then sing songs. Make them if you can. I sometimes make songs; that is better than singing them. A German proverb says that bad men have no songs because they cannot sing. It is true; peevish, bad men do not sing. The mixing of music with words, words that stir the soul and instruct the mind, is the most intellectual of all possible kinds of entertainment. The ancient Greeks always had their music to words that they understood.

— While Offenbach was the furnisher of pieces for the Bouffes, his author's rights amounted to 40,000 dollars some years. The composer has been dead only four years, and now his heirs receive scarcely 250 dollars a year. And yet, for the kind, his music has never been replaced.

— The Great Handel Festival to be held next year in commemoration of the 200 anniversary of the composer's birth has been fixed for Friday, June 19; Monday, June 22; Wednesday, June 24; and Friday, June 26. Two of the dates will be occupied by performances of the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," and the programme of the selection days will be carefully considered with the view of embracing as many novel and effective pieces as possible.

— Pianoforte saloons are the latest novelty in connection with railway travelling. Some are now being constructed, it appears, at the Saltley Works. If the improvement should come into general vogue, a host of inquiries will suggest themselves. Will the carriages be lighted sufficiently to enable the performer to read the notes? Or warmed in winter to the point of keeping the fingers from freezing? And will the Inland Revenue people insist that a music licence must be obtained?

— "Personal Recollections of Wagner."—The translations of the brochure of Herr August Lesimple on Wagner which has been made by Mr. Carl Armbruster (Stanley Lusac, Weber and Co.), will be eagerly read by those who are interested in the life of the great German musician. It does not pretend to be more than a personal account of the acquaintance with Wagner by the writer, who was one of his most enthusiastic admirers. The anecdotes related do not, however, give a very exalted idea of the composer's character. It shows him

to be impatient of the opinions of, and wanting in consideration for, others. According to Lesimple, Wagner had a very high estimate of himself, was rough and rude to those whose talents he did not admire, the perpetrator of poor jokes—pooreven for a German—and had an exalted appreciation for his own works, not so much for their art-value as for the money they brought. Mr. Armbruster has made his translation very readable, but it is doubtful whether any real good will result from the publication. If Wagner could have read it he might with reason have said, "Save me from my friends."

— We are informed that the concert recently given in Bradford on behalf of the Railway Guards' Universal Friendly Society has resulted in an addition to the funds of the society of no less than £85 5s., which is an increase of £21 10s., on last year's concert. The society wish to tender their sincere thanks to the benevolent public who have helped them to attain so satisfactory a result.

— The committee of the Hereford Festival, which is to take place in the autumn of 1885, have already commenced their preparations. An incorrect statement having been promulgated to the effect that the festival was not to take place, the committee have been met in their appeal for stewards by a larger number of offers of service and support than has ever been made before in the history of the festival.

— Mozart, speaking of Bach, said: "He is *papa*; we are only his children." If Mozart was only a child in his estimation when compared with Bach, what are the hosts of minor composers?

— Mme. Albani will not sing at New York next month, as erroneously stated in certain journals. During the entire month of January she will be *prima donna* of the Italian Opera, at Barcelona, and will subsequently fulfil engagements in Holland, &c. She will take the chief soprano parts in Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita," at the Birmingham Festival next year, and in the new work to be written for that festival by Anton Dvorák.

— Wagner's "Souvenirs" have been translated into French by Camille Benoit (Paris chaprentier, 1884, in 18). This book contains curious details about Spontini, Rossini, and other musicians.

— If the true artist, as some cultured critics say, will recoil with horror from the sensational, what must Mozart have felt on his first introduction to the public? The programme of his first performance, drawn up by his father at Frankfurt in 1764, has lately been discovered in Germany, and according to the *Gartenlaube* runs thus: "My daughter twelve years old and my son of seven," the son being the great Mozart, "will execute the concertos of the greatest masters on several kinds of pianos, and my boy on the violin likewise. My son will cover the fingerboard of the piano with a cloth and play as if it were not covered. He will guess both standing near or at a distance any note, any accord sounded on the piano, on a bell or any other instrument. In conclusion, he will improvise as long as desired both on the organ or the piano, in all keys, even the most difficult, as anyone may choose. But his rendering of organ music differs greatly from that of the piano."

— Joseph Thorp, who is engaged to Miss Annie Longfellow, one of the daughters of the late poet, resides in Wisconsin. His father, J. G. Thorp, is a wealthy lumberman living at Eau-Claire. The daughter Sara married Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, in 1879. The son Joseph, now engaged to Miss Longfellow, is about thirty-four years of age. He entered the State University when about twenty years old, and acquired considerable reputation as a college athlete. Afterwards he went to Harvard and graduated from both its academic and law departments. He is much liked. He has frequently travelled in Norway and on the Continent with his mother. At Bergen each summer Mme. Ole Bull hospitably entertains distinguished Americans who may chance to be visiting in the land of the Vikings. Here she entertained Longfellow's daughters last summer, and young Mr. Thorp made the trip over to escort the young ladies home to Cambridge. Upon the return voyage the engagement was entered into that is now attracting so much attention in literary and social circles. Mr. Thorp is heir to his father's goodly estate, which is chiefly invested in the Eau-Claire lumber mills. Young Mr. Thorp's mother is well known in Wisconsin as the leader of the women's exhibit at the Philadelphia Exposition. She is a woman of wonderful energy and determination and understands how to influence a Legislature in behalf of any measure that women are interested better, doubtless, than any other person in the State.

Letters from Our Correspondents.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

CHRISTMAS DAY in the churches of Paris is regarded as one of the principal religious *fêtes* of the year. The eve of Noël, at midnight, is observed by the celebration of grand high mass in nearly all the churches, the great attraction at these services being the introduction of special music rendered by artists of high repute. But Christmas Day is not generally considered by the masses of the people as of any particular importance, the non-religious section preferring to reserve their festivities for the *Jour de l'An* (New Year Day). One of the prettiest sights on Christmas Day is the *fête* given to some four thousand children refugees from Alsace-Lorraine, by some of the kind and influential ladies of Paris. The entertainment consists of a gigantic Christmas-tree laden with presents for the children, and the large arena of the Hippodrome, where the *réunion* is held, presents a gay and cheerful aspect. A choice selection of lively music by an excellent band enlivens the proceedings, and "La Fête de l'Arbre de Noël" is anxiously looked forward to by those participating in these festivities as one of the brightest days of the year.

St. Cecilia's Day was celebrated with the customary *éclat*, the Association of Musical Artists giving the usual annual performance at the church of St. Eustache of the mass and music in honour of their patron saint. The music of the mass was exceedingly pretty, and M. Theodore Gouvy, the composer, who is not altogether unknown, has proved himself to be a thorough musician and possessed of considerable talent, his new work bearing every mark of originality as well as a true knowledge of composition and orchestration. The Mass is in F minor, with soli, choruses, and orchestra. The *morceau de résistance* was the adagio executed by the renowned violinist, M. Sarasate, his masterly and finished instrumentation on this occasion creating enthusiastic delight. M. Gouvy was absent from indisposition, and his inability to assist at the execution of his work was atoned for by the presence of M. Lamoureux, who ably directed the orchestra he has so well organised. The impressive ceremony terminated by the "Laudate," a highly meritorious composition from the pen of M. Ambroise Thomas. The *fête* of St. Cecilia is looked upon as one of the great musical festivals of the year, the high character of the music and its brilliant execution attracting large assemblies.

The Classical Concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver are deserving of the patronage bestowed upon them, from a musical point of view, but it is to be regretted that Sunday afternoons are deemed the most favourable opportunities for these entertainments. The music at these concerts is always good, consisting of some of the works of the best composers, the services of many of the leading artists being engaged to render the interpretation of the selections as perfect as possible. MM. Saint-Saëns and Jancières have rendered valuable aid at these concerts by the production of some of their most popular works, and these have been followed by M. Charles Widor, the author of the "Korrigane," who recently directed the performance of a "Symphonie" of his own composition, which proved a very interesting work. Mlle. Rosine Bloch, of the Opera, sang on the same occasion the stanzas from Gounod's "Sapho," and a new song, "L'Aurore," by M. Benjamin Godard, the director of the concert. M. Quirot sang an air from "Erostrate," by E. Reyer, and a "Melodie," by Ferroni, with his accustomed skill. Mme. Marie Jaell deserves special mention for her wonderful execution of the Concerto in G minor by M. Saint-Saëns, the same skilful artiste delighting the auditory by playing Liszt's "Jeux d'Eaux de la Villa d'Este" and Schumann's "Toccata." The stringed instruments played Haydn's Minuet of the 76th Quartet, which was repeated in response to the general desire, the orchestra concluding the concert by giving Wagner's march in the "Tannhäuser." The whole of the music was delightfully rendered, and M. Benjamin Godard obtained his accustomed success for his able direction of his well-trained orchestra.

M. Bottesini was the hero of the day at the concert at

the Châtelet, where he played upon the double bass a Concerto, an Andante, and a Tarentelle, composed by himself. These were executed with marvellous dexterity and precision, his enormous instrument being completely under his control. He was recalled several times, and on the last occasion played the "Carnaval de Venise," with variations—the piece which procured for Paganini a perfect triumph.

The concerts at the Château d'Eau are generally very good, high-class music being closely adhered to, and invariably performed in faultless style. There are some few exceptions, an instance occurring very recently, when a violinist, having the reputation of being clever, M. Rivarde, executed, in a somewhat clumsy fashion, a Concerto by Max Bruch. On the same occasion the March, from the "Carnaval d'Athènes," by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, and the "Marche de la Götterdämmerung," with "Crépiscide des Dieux," by Wagner, elicited enthusiastic approval, the *bisiteurs* causing considerable extra labour for the executants by their extravagant demands for repetitions. These concerts are always interesting and well patronised by the lovers of good music.

Musical assemblies are now of frequent occurrence in the *salons* of the Parisian noblesse. Lady Caithness and the Duke de Pomar have resumed their receptions at their residence in the Rue de l'Université, the guests being entertained by the performance of high-class music by artists of eminence. The Countess de Staurovitch (*née* de la Grange) has also resumed her charming *assemblées* at her apartments in the Rue Condorcet. These *matinées* are very select, and take high rank among the musical events of the Paris winter season. The Countess possesses great musical talent, and has at the present time a goodly number of pupils studying under her method, several of whom give promise of attaining distinction.

The Academy of Fine Arts has sustained a great loss by the death of M. Victor Massé, who so ably filled the fauteuil of the section of music. There were three candidates, MM. Leo Delibes, Ernest Guiraud, and Victorin Jancières, for the vacancy, the first-named being elected by a considerable majority. The honour conferred upon M. Leo Delibes is a just recognition of his merits as a musician, as well as his many private and social virtues. He was born in 1836 at Saint Germain-du-Val (Sarthe), and is consequently in his forty-eighth year. His career has been steady and progressive, commencing as a chorister, afterwards organist, then accompanist at the Théâtre Lyrique, and second chief of the choruses at the Opera, he has learnt in detail the musical and dramatic profession. The music of the ballet "La Source," composed by M. Delibes, was one of the successes of the Opera in 1867, and from this time the talented author took a prominent place in the ranks of musical men of note. His industry is unbounded, as his numerous works amply testify. Some of these works deserve mention for their originality and brilliancy, amongst them being "Sylvia," "Le Roi l'a dit," "Jean de Nivelle," "Lackmé," and many others equally meritorious. M. Delibes is professor of composition at the Conservatoire, in conjunction with MM. Massenet and Guiraud, and has received the decoration of the Legion of Honour in recognition of his conspicuous abilities.

The musical season at Monte-Carlo will, it is expected, be of unusual excellence, and the *salons* of Paris will be deprived of some of the most popular and favourite artists, whose services have been secured for these entertainments by M. Pasdeloup, the famous orchestral director. The soloists at present engaged include, amongst others, MM. Faure, Capoul, Vergnet, Biorkstein, Villaret, and Couturier; Mmes. Krass, Frank-Duvernoy, Donadio, Belloc, Salla, and Devriers. The instrumentalists comprise MM. Sivori, Marsik, Mdle. Carpenter, violinists; Mme. Essipoff; MM. Th. Ritter and Plante, pianists; M. Hasselmans, harpist. The other attractions at this favourite resort will also be well provided for, so that concerts, balls, and other sources of amusement will afford visitors a constant change of festivities.

T. W. H.

Paris, December 24th, 1884.

BRADFORD.

DEC. 22nd.

The month's record embraces two out of the most important series of musical performances in Bradford—the Subscription Concerts to wit. Of these decidedly the most interesting was the former, consisting of chamber music, which took place on the 28th Nov. The programme was made up of rare gems, and the performers were worthy of it. Most conspicuous, in virtue both of its proportions and of the serious purpose which marks every detail, was Brahms's "Sestet" in B flat for strings. Superbly played as it was by such artistes as Madame Neruda, Signor Resigari, Herr Straus, Herr Speilmann, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Smith, it came home to the large and miscellaneous audience with remarkable effect. The result proved that a noble elevation of thought and intellectual dignity of expression are not beyond the comprehension of the natural taste. Naturally the marvellous spirit of the scherzo proved most thoroughly congenial, the movement being encored; but even the more abstract passages were apparently appreciated. More easily understandable, however, and appealing more strongly to the emotional side of a musical taste, was Rheinberger's splendid quartet in E flat for piano and strings. In this Mr. Hallé took the piano part, and the rendering was magnificent. The work has been several times heard in Bradford, but never did it seem richer in ideas, or their individual beauty appear more captivating, or the fulness and glow of the construction more glorious. Another fine item was Beethoven's trio, op. 70, No. 1. Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti contributed solos: the former variations by Mozart on a theme in D minor, the latter a Largo by Boccherini and Piatti's "Bergamasca."

The second of the two concerts alluded to was a performance of the "Messiah" on the 18th Dec. This is an annual local event, in event of failure of which nobody could believe that Christmas was at hand. It is enormously popular, and the would-be audience is always ahead of the capacities of the concert hall. An arrangement has been come to, whereby this lucrative event is assigned in alternate years to the Bradford Festival Choral Society and the Subscription Concerts Committee. This year it fell to the lot of the latter body, although the former, as usual, supplied the chorus. With a like following of tradition Mr. Hallé's band was engaged, and the soloists were Miss Mary Davies, Mme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton. Few amongst the innumerable performances of the ever green masterpiece can have equalled this one, which, indeed, was as near perfection as human finiteness can attain to.

Of numerous other more or less important events, perhaps the most interesting was the production of Félicien David's Symphonic ode "Le Desert." This remarkable work has seldom, if ever, been heard in England outside the Crystal Palace. Musicians know its history—how the composer travelled into the desert to get his "local colour," carrying his piano with him; but few have listened to its marvellously picturesque and sometimes sublime strains—symbolising not only the barbaric magnificence of orientalism, but also the vague immensity of the untracked desert. The honour of introducing it in this part of the country belongs to the Bradford Glee Union (on the 24th Nov.), which, with the assistance of Mr. Stocks Hammond's orchestra, gave a creditable rendering of the work. In the same week, at Saltaire, the latter body gave a representation of that famous practical joke of Haydn's, known as "the Farewell Symphony."

Another music professor in the town, Miss Drake, gave a chamber concert on the 10th Dec., when, with the assistance of other members of the musical family to which she belongs, she presented an excellent programme, including Dvorak's trio in F. The lady herself, who is a pupil of Miss Agnes Zimmermann, showed a thorough technique and highly cultivated intelligence in Beethoven's fifteen variations on a theme from the Eroica Symphony, and in Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8.

LIVERPOOL.

DEC. 20th, 1884.

Musical matters in Liverpool have undergone some abatement of activity during the space of time since my last letter, but there are three or four events of considerable moment which may be worth a few words of description, and the first to which I will allude is the third concert of Mr. Charles Halle's admirable series, given on the 25th ult., for which event Mr. Halle departing somewhat from his usual custom, provided a pianist other than himself. His choice of Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave unqualified pleasure to the audience, for this talented and painstaking lady is well and favourably known in Liverpool, and to hear her refined and capable method is always a source of elevated and artistic enjoyment. Mr. Halle had on this occasion provided such a profusion of good things that it became necessary to discard the overture with which the entertainment usually opens, and we accordingly plunged in *medias res* without preface. The Raff Symphony "Im Walde" was the opening number and received a thoroughly careful and luminous exposition from the artistes whom Mr. Halle has gathered together so patiently, and trained so sedulously. Although this composition has attained considerable fame, and been accepted as not unworthy a place amongst standard classical orchestral works, yet it is not free from considerable shortcomings, and does not reveal the composer in the most favourable light. Great contrapuntal and canonical ability is undoubtedly displayed; thorough acquaintance with orchestral possibilities and great ingenuity of device are everywhere apparent; but a want of taste and refinement mars the composition.

The greatest symphonic composers have shown us over and over again that breadth, boldness, and vigour are quite possible without coarseness and mere musical and grammatical noise. The latter epithets may not unfairly be applied, especially to the last movement of the Raff under notice. If such ideas were in the mind of the compiler of the programme, a delightful antidote was supplied by the Schumann Pianoforte Concerto in A, Op. 54, a composition brimming over with the almost morbid sensitiveness and poetic delicacy by which nearly all Schumann's works are characterised. The leading themes are marked by true melodic beauty, and the graceful and exuberant fancy and the richness of imagination with which they are worked out must ever keep this gem in the affections of all true music lovers. Miss Zimmermann's rendering of the solo portion of the concerto was alike rich in conception and ripe in execution. It was a real treat, and the accomplished lady was the object of gratifying plaudits. Adhering to his purpose of giving a Wagner selection at each concert, Mr. Halle on this occasion provided the overture to "Die Meistersinger," in which we have a vivid true picture of mediæval life, with its loves and strifes, its guilds processions, and merry makings. Madame Albani was the vocalist, and it would be superfluous to dwell upon the delight and pleasure her singing aroused.

The fourth concert of this same series came off on the 9th inst., and was rich in beauty. Madame Norman Neruda was the extra instrumental attraction, and I need not insist in detail upon the splendour and finish with which she played the solo instrument in Spohr's 7th Violin Concerto. This work is not the best, perhaps, of the dozen or so of this class of composition left by that most talented and indefatigable writer for the violin. But it is by no means devoid of great and signal beauties, which, together with its executive difficulties and opportunities for display, will always constitute it a favourite with any soloist who can do it justice. Mme. Neruda's graceful bowing, her perfect technique, and the finish and beauty with which her intelligent reading are seconded, were again fully acknowledged by the audience. Another most delightful selection was the duet for violin and viola by Mozart, in which she was joined by Herr Strauss, the accomplished leader of the band. This charming little thing, so perfect in form and so rich in grace and beauty, was composed by Mozart whilst on his wedding tour for his friend Haydn (the brother of the composer of the "Creation"), who was ill, and unable to comply with the demands of his patron. The genial and kindly bridegroom thus did an immediate service for his friend and a permanent one for posterity, for this delightful duet is a justly treasured, though not very often played. The two performers on this occasion made exquisite melody, and the little work was played with rare skill and sympathy. The Symphony of the evening

was Schumann in C, Op. 61, a work of great originality and beauty. It acquires special and pathetic interest from the fact that it is the artistic outcome of a period of convalescence following one of those serious and mysterious nervous and mental attacks of illness to which Schumann was subject at periods throughout his life, and ultimately took him off so lamentably and prematurely. A detailed notice is not possible nor even necessary to readers of this Magazine, but mention might just be made of the wonderful horn subject, heard in the introduction, and not confined, as is usual, to one movement, but repeated in various forms so cleverly and interestingly at intervals throughout the whole work. This charming innovation upon custom is fully justified by the effect. It forms, as it were, a central text round which the subject-matter of the whole symphony gathers. The "Charfreitag's Zauber" from "Parsifal" was the Wagner selection. This "Good Friday magic" music is full of weird, solemn, and mystic suggestiveness, and exhibits Wagner's extraordinary power of dealing in sounds with religious or supernatural subjects.

The fifth of the Philharmonic Society's concerts was given on the 2nd inst. The principal feature of it was the C minor Pianoforte Concerto of Beethoven, Mr. Charles Halle presiding at the solo instrument. It will readily be imagined that this number proved a great and refined treat. Mr. Halle's artistic sympathies, ripened and mellowed by much pondering and practice, together with his finished executive skill, enabled him to expound the great and varied beauties of his work with an effect that might well be the despair of younger competitors. The symphony was Haydn 5, but this simple and artlessly beautiful fare was somewhat interfered with by the Beethoven banquet which just preceded it. One's mental palate was not quite in order for the full enjoyment of Haydn beauties immediately after the complex and elaborate style of Beethoven. Madame Trebelli supplied the vocal music in her own inimitable and magnificent manner. Her selections were varied in style, and in each she was *facile princeps*, her rich and glorious voice showing no sign of decadence or even fatigue.

EXETER.

DEC. 18.

The month has been an unusually interesting one in musical circles. To take in their chronological order the events which have crowded upon us, the first—and certainly one of the most important concerts for the year—was Mr. Farley Sinkins' second concert of his Subscription Series. The artistes engaged were Mme. Antoinette Sterling (the popular contralto), Mlle. Adelina Hirlemann, Mr. Isidore de Lara, Mr. Joseph Maas, Mr. Farley Sinkins (basso of Exeter Cathedral choir), vocalists; Signor Giambattista (piano), Mlle. Anna Lang (the brilliant Swedish violinist), and M. Albert (cello), instrumentalists. In addition to this imposing array of the leading talent there was the very fine band of the Coldstream Guards, who, under the leadership of Mr. Dickenson, rendered some excellent selections in an admirable manner. The concerts (morning and evening) were a brilliant success artistically; at that of the morning the attendance, though large, was not what might have been anticipated, no doubt owing to the very tempestuous weather; in the evening the large hall was crowded, and a number of persons had to be sent away. A feature in connection with these concerts was the attempt made by the promoter to put down the abuse which has of late grown up in connection with the *encore* system, particularly at evening concerts. It should be stated that the public generally supported him; in two or so instances, however, *encores* were irresistible, and, to make up for these, corresponding numbers were omitted from the programme. Mr. Sinkins must be congratulated on the success of his venture; from a public point of view two such high-class concerts deserve success—they not only stimulate a healthy desire for musical knowledge on the part of the masses, but they also refine the tastes of those who have received such education. The next day (the 5th) Mr. Fowler, the well-known pianist and composer, gave a recital of classical music. The audience—which was select rather than numerous—enjoyed the finished rendering of the several pieces. Mr. Fowler was assisted by Mlle. Dinelli (a most promising violinist), Mrs. Wright (soprano), Miss Islip (contralto), and Mr. Suchet Champion.

The Oratorio Society on Tuesday gave for their Christmas performance a fine rendering, generally speaking, of Handel's "Samson." The leading soloists were Mme. A. Paget, Miss Ameris, Eos Morlais (the Welsh

tenor), and Mr. Farley Sinkins. The orchestra and chorus were 180 strong; Mr. Barré Bayly led the former; Mr. E. M. Vinnicombe was at the organ; Mr. W. Morrow was solo trumpet. Mr. G. W. Lyon conducted in his usual able manner.

Events of lesser note have been too numerous to receive detailed notice.

LEEDS.

Musical matters have not been at a standstill here during the last month. On December 1st the members of the Leeds Amateur Orchestral Society had their opening concert in the Albert Hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The solo instrumentalists were Mlle. Bertha and Mr. Adolphe Bronsil—neither of whom had been heard in Leeds for many years—and the conductor, Mr. J. P. Bowling. The vocalist was Mme. Emilie Clark. Mlle. Bertha Bronsil's rendering of Joachim's exquisite "Romance" for violin was most delightful to listen to; and so, too, were her brother's solos on the violoncello, "Le Desir," by Servais, and a nocturne by Chopin, both of which were beautifully given and enthusiastically received. Mr. J. P. Bowling, who played the accompaniments, as well as conducted the band, also executed, in a truly brilliant style, Mendelssohn's elegant "Prelude and Fugue" with choral (E minor) on a superb Schiedmayer full grand pianoforte. A novelty was introduced—not often performed in England—viz., a Trio by Goetz, for piano, violin, and cello, to which the three executants above-mentioned did every justice, although the whole of the movements were not given. Mme. Emilie Clark sang with good taste and great purity of voice a new song of Arthur E. Grimshaw's, entitled "Dreams of Thee," and the florid, "Il Bacio," by Arditi, the latter eliciting an unanimous encore. The most successful pieces performed by an orchestra, some forty strong, were the "Fest" overture by Leutner, and a selection from "Iolanthe," which were creditably played, and the concert, taken altogether, was thoroughly enjoyable.

On the following Thursday evening, Spohr's "Last Judgment" was produced at the Leeds parish church, the principals being Miss Letitia Moore, Master C. W. Bramham, and Messrs. Wadsworth and Morton, all of whom acquitted themselves in a highly satisfactory manner. The choruses were sustained by a hundred picked voices, and Dr. Creser, organist and director of the choir at the parish church, presided with marked ability at the organ.

Mr. Rawlinson Ford's third chamber concert took place on Tuesday evening, the 16th, at the Albert Hall, included Schumann's Quartet in E flat. The executants were Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Messrs. J. T. Carrodus, Doyle, and Howell. In the quartet for strings only, Mr. Bernhard Carrodus, a son of the leader of the party, was associated with the above-named gentlemen. We have heard much better *ensemble* playing than was the case at this concert, notwithstanding a marvellous exhibition of skill on the part of the accomplished *virtuoso* who was at the piano. The great treat of the evening was Chopin's very beautiful, if difficult, Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35, given to perfection, and entirely from memory, by Miss Zimmermann, which simply kept the audience spell-bound. At the conclusion, the applause was perfectly deafening, and the lady, in response to a spontaneous recall, returned to the instrument and played a caprice of Paganini's for violin, arranged by Liszt for pianoforte. Mr. J. T. Carrodus chose as his violin solo Ernst's "Rondo Papageno," which he executed brilliantly and with true artistic feeling. Mr. Howell was the other solo instrumentalist, and selected a Sonata in G minor for violoncello, by Marcello, who is better known for his vocal than for his instrumental compositions. Mr. Howell was well received, but failed to create any great amount of enthusiasm. That admirable young contralto, Miss Damian, was the vocalist, and her choice of her songs did her the utmost credit; these were "The Worker," by Gounod, "The Storm," by the late Dr. Hullah, and "The Last Dream," by Cowen, and on being encored for this she gave with fine feeling the old English ditty, "Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree."

The previous evening Mr. Charles Wilkinson gave the first of his series of early English music at the Philosophical Hall, which was very largely attended. The various motets and madrigals were capably sung by a choir numbering forty voices, the conductor himself introducing, by way of varying the programme, a couple of pianoforte solos, "Variations Serieuses" (Mendelssohn), and Bach's Suite in E major.

GLASGOW.

DECEMBER 19TH.

Recent correspondence in the London *Times* anent orchestral concerts in the great metropolis has struck a sympathetic chord in local musical circles. I venture to touch upon the subject in this column, because the example of Glasgow has been cited in several quarters, and with no uncertain sound. Mr. Ganz has, undoubtedly, something of the first importance to suggest. That is to say, a guarantee fund is absolutely necessary. More, the guarantors must make up their minds to sustain a loss for the first two or three years; but, to a certainty, such tangible devotion to the interests of art will soon bring its own reward. The Glasgow Choral Union concerts being now established on a secure basis, there is little need to record that the eleventh series was ushered in on the 9th inst. with auspicious success. St. Andrew's Hall was simply filled, and by a brilliant and representative audience. Mr. August Manns, on making his bow as conductor, was accorded a warm greeting. There was, indeed, a spontaneity about the recognition which seemed to express a sense of indebtedness to past valuable services for it is not too much to say that the Crystal Palace *chef* has been the means of educating many an amateur north of the Tweed. Mr. Manns's ripe experience and catholicity of taste have won for him here, as elsewhere, high regard. Under his watchful eye the programmes of the Choral Union concerts are, of course, drawn out, and there is a good deal to note in favour of the comparatively light selections which were submitted on the evening just named. Nobody wanted what is known as a "heavy" bill of fare; had the programme been devised on "unpopular" lines, the audience might indeed have regarded the inauguration less favourably. To be brief, the opening concert introduced old and trustworthy friends. Fresh beauties were revealed in a fine performance of Beethoven's symphony in D. No. 2. Weber charmed, as of yore, by reason of a superb interpretation of the *Freischütz* overture, and the wood wind distinguished themselves to the satisfaction of all in the *Scherzo*, from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Considerable changes have taken place in the *personnel* of the orchestra, and for the better, moreover. Of that there can be no doubt. The strings, notably the fourteen first violins, are crisp and penetrating, and the new leader, Herr Robert Heckmann, can only be regarded as a valuable acquisition. His continental reputation had preceded him, and it has been amply confirmed. Admirable technique was shown in Bazzini's *Concert Stuck*, while grace, expression, and singular purity of tone characterised his playing of a *Reverie* by Vieuxtemps. The vocalist of the evening was Madame Minnie Hauk, but, strange perhaps to say, the favourite exponent of *Carmen* signally failed to arouse interest. It was, moreover, her first appearance in Scotland. The second concert of the subscription series, which took place on 16th inst., was remarkable for an interesting performance of "Elijah." It was soon made manifest that great care had been bestowed on the choral rehearsals. The results reflected credit on Mr. Allan Macbeth, who does much work, behind scenes, of which the public know little. The double quartet was sung by members of the Union, and with intelligence; the soprano section of the chorus must be felicitated on its strength and fine quality of tone—the high A's incidental to the score being rung out with clarion power. If the *nuances* were not at all times sufficiently marked, there was much to admire in the interpretation of several numbers, and enough to show good musical progress since last season. The contraltos seem to be the weakest division of the choir, and it would be well to enlist a few good recruits on an early date. In both the tenor and bass contingents notable improvements fall to be mentioned. Mme. Valleria gained a signal success as the principal soprano. The contralto soloist of the evening, Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, appeared to be somewhat nervous; Mr. Charles Chillely was the tenor, and Mr. Ludwig, in the music of the Prophet, stimulated his audience by an unique personation of a part hitherto indelibly associated with Mr. Santley. The version was intensely dramatic, and it secured for the artist very frank approval. Mr. Manns conducted, Herr Heckmann led the band, and Dr. Peace presided at the organ.

The series of Popular Concerts, in connection with the Choral Union organisation, opened on Saturday evening, 13th inst. The programme included the overtures to *Benvenuto Cellini* and *William Tell*, Mendelssohn's

Scotch symphony—as fine a performance as we have ever had in the North—and cello solos which served to accentuate the wisdom of the management in again retaining that admirable artiste, M. Jules Lasserre. Mdle. Maria de Lido, from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, was the vocalist. Her felicitous account of "Caro Nomé" and the engaging method with which she gave out "The last rose of Summer," won hearty recognition from many old and new friends. It may be of interest to note that these Saturday concerts attract visitors from many neighbouring towns, a special train, for example, leaving for Stirling at a late hour of the evening.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company terminated a successful twelve nights' engagement, at the Royalty Theatre, on 6th Dec. At this hour what of a fresh complexion can be said about the wonderfully compact troupe which the impresario brings to the provinces? Amateurs "further London town" know well the value of those country visits. The familiar *répertoire* is invariably bracketed with a novelty or two. That is part and parcel of Mr. Rosa's creed. True, the "Beggar Student" startled some prim disciples of the hard and fast line, but there is really no sound reason why light and eminently tuneful comic opera should not occasionally be heard. The other novelty created unwonted stir in local musical coteries, and warm acknowledgment falls to be made of the enterprise which decreed a hearing of Boito's "Mefistofele." The unique method of the Italian poet and musician proved a veritable conundrum to many folks who pin their faith to Gounod's exposition of a familiar text. As the opera proceeded, however, and more especially in the scene depicting the Shores of Peneus, the puzzled audience awakened to the presence of a master of the musical art. The new school and the old had, so to speak, been conciliated. The luscious strains of the duet assigned to Helen of Troy and Pandalus made their usual impression.

To-night the "Glasgow Society of Musicians" entertained Mr. Fred H. Cowen, the favourite composer, to dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. Julius Seligmann, the president, and Messrs. Macbeth and Robertson discharged the duties of croupiers. The meeting was remarkable for the enthusiastic reception extended to the guest of the evening. Mr. Julius Seligmann gave Mr. Cowen's health in felicitous terms, and the company, numbering considerably over a hundred, responded with "Highland honours"—a token of recognition which told a flattering tale. In the course of his reply, Mr. Cowen complimented the society on its being the first organisation of the kind started in this country, and trusting that the musicians in other leading centres would speedily follow suit. In his own genial way he also expressed a hope that the society would be the means of fostering a genuine *esprit de corps*, and thereby helping to develop the best interests of the harmonic art. During the evening bright and vigorous speeches were made by Dr. Macleod and the Rev. James Rennie, of St. Vincent Street U. P. Church, and Herr Franz Rummell (from Berlin), Messrs. Carrington, Walton and Woeton (from the Choral Union orchestra) contributed some admirably executed solos.

BIRMINGHAM.

DECEMBER 25TH, 1884.

Music here has been creeping on at a slow pace during the autumn months. After Messrs. Harrison's Concert, on the 17th Nov., nothing of importance occurred until the 27th, when the Festival Choral Society performed Schubert's "Mass in E flat," and J. F. Barnett's cantata, "The Ancient Mariner." Both works were well rendered, but the "Mass" (written in the last year of the ill-starred composer's life) seemed to be over the heads of the audience. "The Ancient Mariner" was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1867, and by it Mr. Barnett first achieved fame.

On the 4th of the present month the members of the Amateur Harmonic Association gave the first of two private subscription concerts at the Town Hall, performing, for the first time in Birmingham, a cantata, "The Golden Legend," composed by the Rev. H. E. Hodson. The work has been heard once in London, and once or twice in the provinces. It displays an amount of invention and originality sufficient to warrant the belief that the composer is capable of doing good work in the future. What militates more than anything else against its effectiveness is the compass adopted for some of the solo parts. The tenor airs, &c., are so low that they might be easily sung by a baritone, while the baritone airs, &c.,

are so high as to be trying to any but the possessors of voices of very extended compass.

The third for this season of the Midland Institute Concerts was given on the afternoon of the 6th inst. The programme comprised a selection of good chamber music, the novelties being a violin Tarentella by Franz Schubert (of Dresden), and a romance for the same instrument by Herr Pattersen (of Rugby), who was principal violin.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Stockley gave the second of his Orchestral Concerts at the Town Hall. The occasion was important chiefly because Mr. F. H. Cowen was present, and conducted a first performance here of his last Symphony (the so-called Welsh). He also conducted his charming Suite, "The Language of Flowers." It was a generally expressed opinion that the Symphony is a work of the highest excellence, full of beauty and individuality, and the performance reflected honour upon the members of Mr. Stockley's band. The "Suite," however, was not so well played. Another interesting item in the programme was Mr. Mackenzie's Ballad for Orchestra, "La belle Dame sans Merci," a fine piece of programme music founded upon Keats's poem. Considering its great difficulty it was well played, and evidently gave pleasure to a large number of those present. The vocalists were Mme. Rose Hersee and Mr. Edward Lloyd, and if judgment may be pronounced according to measures of applause, the honours of the evening were won by the gentleman artist. Mr. Lloyd sang "Rise up, my love," from Mackenzie's new oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," exquisitely, obtaining golden opinions both for himself and for the composer of the music, and Gounod's "Lend me your aid," with a grandeur of effect which took the audience by storm.

EDINBURGH.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1884.

The musical season here has had a prosperous beginning. In the months of October and November Mr. Waddell occupied the field with his Chamber Concerts. In maintaining year after year his attempt to foster a liking for this comparatively neglected form of music, Mr. Waddell is entitled to thanks. Probably he will have a more tangible reward in the growing success of his concerts, which, however, are wisely made to conform in respect of meeting place and selectness to the "chamber" idea. It is impossible to conceive conditions better fitted to the enjoyment of the finer characteristics of music. The programmes have been uniformly good, and Mr. Waddell has been fortunate in his coadjutors. A concert, in which Mr. Sims Reeves was the central attraction, proved a striking success. The *bénéficiaire* happily bethought him that the greatest artist cannot alone maintain the interest of an audience through an entire evening, and he provided other elements popularly satisfying, yet not uninteresting in a musical sense. The Amateur Orchestral Society attended in full force, and rendered some favourite overtures in a spirited style. A very young violinist, Miss Carpenter, sprang into sudden favour with the audience, and the finish alike of her bravura and cantabile playing warrants the highest hopes of her future. Madame Christine Nilsson's concert attracted the largest audience which has been seen in the Music Hall for some time—the interest being doubtless enhanced by the infrequency of the Swedish singer's visits to Edinburgh. Of her highly dramatic and brilliant renderings it is unnecessary to speak, except to say that singing equally expressive has been heard with less of demonstration. Dissatisfaction was certainly felt with the programme as a whole. Concert-goers do not pay highly for seats to listen to Henry Parker's platitudinous and repetitious songs, even when they happen to be rendered by so excellent a vocalist as Signor Foli. On 10th inst. the Choral Union began work. This year the orchestra, under Mr. Manns, seems on the whole improved in quality, the strings certainly having gained by the addition of the Cologne quartet, with Herr Heckmann at the leader's desk. Much familiar matter appeared in the first programme, but of a kind that never grows stale. Beethoven's Second Symphony drew forth the full strength of the players, and proved the sonority and decision the band is capable of. The rendering withstood at all points a fairly alert criticism, and much good work may be confidently expected from the orchestra in the course of the series. Madame Minnie Hauk raised the vocal element to a height which it will certainly be difficult to maintain, and much gratification was derived from the first appearance of this admirable singer in our city. On the 15th instant Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" was performed.

The Philharmonic Society.

THE season of 1845 opened with three concerts conducted by Sir Henry Bishop, whose failing health obliged him to resign his *bâton* at the third attempt to M. Moscheles, who directed the remaining five concerts of the season.

Musically speaking, the year was a flat one in the way of new works by eminent men. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Weber were dead, and Mendelssohn was almost in his death illness, and their successors had not appeared.

Next year, 1846, was signalised by the production of Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" in D, one of the master's highest instrumental and vocal triumphs, composed when he was in the very plenitude of his genius, the leader being Signor Costa. Although the new captain of the Philharmonic forces had held the position of musical director to Her Majesty's Theatre since 1832, and had thus limited his experience to within the bounds of the Italian school, he soon proved himself capable of conducting classical music of the highest kind, and held his position with honour to himself and to the satisfaction of all concerned until 1854, when he unexpectedly resigned. The "Mass" was performed under the most favourable circumstances. The vocal soloists were doubled, the chorus numbered one hundred strong, the rehearsals were many, and the performance was perfect; but, in spite of all, this now thoroughly appreciated work fell flat on the public. The only other remarkable event of the year was the first appearance of Mmes. Dulcken and Pleyel before a Philharmonic audience, and the production for the first time of Spohr's Symphony in D, which was composed expressly for the society.

In 1847 Mendelssohn appeared at the Philharmonic for the last time, and conducted his Symphony in A minor at the fourth concert. He met with a most enthusiastic reception, for his audience could see that the end could not be very distant; nor was it, for this great tone-poet breathed his last on the 4th of November following.

The following year, 1847, produced the overture to "Struensee," the Chorus of Dervishes from the "Ruins of Athens," J. H. Griesbach's overture to "Titania"—a work of genius which seems to have been unaccountably forgotten—and lastly a MS. Symphony, No. 8, by Spohr. On the 10th of April a most extraordinary scene took place, which is almost unparalleled in the history of concerts. This was the day on which that wild enthusiast Feargus O'Connor made a futile attempt to rouse the London mob to rebellion. The concert on this evening opened as usual; but when the first part was over a cry was raised for "God Save the Queen." The request was complied with, but when the soloist reached the words "confound their politics," the whole audience rose to their feet with one accord and cheered lustily for several minutes.

In 1849 was remarkable for the successful production of Mendelssohn's "Athalie." As is well known, Racine's masterpiece was originally written to be accompanied by choruses, marches, and other musical aids, but the original music had long disappeared. When, therefore a German translation of Racine's "Athalie," by Edmond Devrient, was produced at Berlin in 1846, Mendelssohn was commissioned to write the musical accompaniments. Although as first produced at Hanover-square the performance was virtually a series of lyrical pieces with little or no connection between them, the work created quite a *furia*. The society therefore determined to make the performance complete by commissioning Mr. Bartholomew Mendelssohn's English secretary to write a free and condensed translation of Edmond Devrient's adaptation of Racine's verse to the exigencies of music. This was done, and at the second rendering Mr. Bartholomew's verses were declaimed by that admirable actor the late George Bartley. This concert was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort, who showed their thorough appreciation of this splendid work, and of the perfection with which it was performed, by repeated applause. Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Spohr's Historical Symphony were the other striking triumphs of the season. The overture to "Ruy Blas" was performed for the first time, but did not meet with a very warm reception.

Little worthy of note occurred until 1854, when Costa unexpectedly resigned his position of musical director. He was succeeded in 1855 by Herr Richard Wagner. This was one of the most disastrous seasons that the society ever passed through, for the author of "Parsifal" failed in winning the confidence of his orchestra as well as in pleasing the public. The overtures to "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were given, but did not suit the English taste at all. Beethoven's Choral Symphony was also produced, but Herr Wagner appended to the programme a series of observations on the work, written in the highest and obscurest style of German transcendentalism that did much in bringing down upon his head a torrent of that ridicule which kills. Ernst appeared for the last time during this year, and Charles Hallé made his first appearance at the Philharmonic in Chopin's Concerto in E minor, which he performed in such a manner as at once to win him the favour of the somewhat fastidious Hanover-square *virtuosi*.

The directors grew alarmed, and quickly determined to dispense with Herr Wagner's services at the end of the season. At their annual meeting in November they sought and obtained the services of a much-neglected English master, Mr., afterwards Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, during whose reign of ten years the society was never so prosperous and enterprising. They also reduced the season from eight to six concerts, the subscription being proportionally cut down from four to three guineas, in addition to which non-subscribers were to be admitted to single concerts at fifteen shillings. This new scale lasted until 1859, when the old prices were resumed, and the number of concerts raised to the old figure. The fifteen-shilling tickets, however, were still issued.

To return, however, to the year 1856, the principal events in which were the *début* of Mme. Schumann, who from the very first took her audience by storm in Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in C at the first concert, Miss Arabella Goddard following her example in Beethoven's Concerto in C at the fifth.

This year was also marked by the performance of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," on the occasion of the visit of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and a number of foreign personages of distinction, who were the Queen's guests at the time. The performance of this work was, it is said, suggested by Mme. Goldschmidt-Lind, who came forth from her retirement to take the solo parts in company with Mme. Weiss and Messrs. Lockey and Benson. The cantata was magnificently performed, but in spite of this and of the perfect manner in which Mme. Lind executed her share of the work, the piece was not successful: and while the audience gave the performers every mark of approval which their efforts deserved, they made it perfectly evident that the cantata itself was not to their liking, in spite of its having been performed by Royal command.

Next year, 1857, was, on the whole, uneventful, with the exception of the first appearance of Rubinstein in his own Concerto in G. The following year, too, was almost devoid of musical interest, with the exception of the *début* of Mr. Cusins, who made his first appearance by playing Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor in the most admirable manner.

The year 1859 was marked by the first performance in London of Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," which had already met with an enthusiastic reception at the Leeds Musical Festival of a few years before. Its delicious music was highly appreciated by the audience, and from this time forth its composer took first rank amongst English musicians in the eyes of the music-loving public. The solo parts were taken by Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss. Mmes. Schumann and Arabella Goddard and Charles Hallé continued to enrapture their admirers, and Mlle. Csillag made her first appearance in London under very favourable circumstances. Joachim, too, showed that he was a composer as well as an executant by performing his now well-known Hungarian Concerto for the first time.

The next year, 1860, was marked by a most unpleasant occurrence. For some inexplicable reason, the directors of the Italian Opera, who had hitherto worked most harmoniously with the society, suddenly took it into their heads to forbid the members of their band to take part in the concerts at Hanover-square. Sharp letters passed between the rival directors, but all to no purpose, for the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre held firmer than ever. In the end, the Philharmonic lost nearly half their band, but it was found to be no loss ultimately, for

the directors set to work with unparalleled activity, and by the opening of the season of 1861 they succeeded in forming a band which in point of quality and numbers was quite equal to the old one. In other respects the year was an uneventful one, all the old performers continuing to charm their audiences as of old.

The year 1861 was characterised by the same want of striking events in the way of the performance of new pieces or the introduction of new aspirants to musical fame. The only occurrence worth recording in this year is the last appearance of Moscheles, whose connection with the society had been long and valuable.

The following year, 1862, was not only the International Exhibition year, when under ordinary circumstances the society would be bound to excel itself, but it was also its jubilee year. They consequently felt bound to take special steps for celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their birth in a manner worthy of the occasion, but a proper account of the *faits et gestes* of this memorable year must not be given at the heels of an article.

(To be continued.)

Then and Now.

MR. W. BARCLAY SQUIRE, who has undertaken to furnish biographies of English musicians for Mr. Leslie Stephens' colossal "Dictionary of National Biography," recently addressed an interesting communication to the *Athenæum* respecting certain papers which he has examined at the Record Office, and which relate to the state of music in England in 1655-6 and 1656-7. He gives the text of the following petition, dated February, 1656-7:—

"To the Right Honourable the Committee of the Council for Advancement of Musick. The humble Petition of John Hingston, David Mell, William Howse, Richard Hudson, and William Gregory, Gentlemen, on behalfe of themselves and others the Professors of Musick, sheweth, that by reason of the late dissolution of the Quires in the Cathedralls where the study and practise of the Science of Musick was especially cherished, many of the skilfull professors of the said Science have during the late Warre and troubles dyed in want, and there being now noe preferment or Encouragement in the way of Musick, noe man will breed his child in it, soe that it must needs bee, that the Science itselfe must dye in this Nation with those few professors of it now living, or at least it will degenerate much from that perfection it lately attained unto, Except some present maintenance and Encouragement bee given for educating of some youth in the Study and practise of the said Science. Wherefore your petitioners must humbly pray, That there bee a Corporation or Colledge of Musicians erected in London, with reasonable powers to read and practise publicly all sorts of Musick, and to suppress the singing of obscene scandalous and defamatory Songs and Ballads, and to reforme the abuses in making all sorts of Instruments of Musick, and in all things to regulate the profession of Musick, with other reasonable powers of purchasing Lands, and having a Common Seale and suing and the like, as were heretofore granted to the professors of the said Science. And also that whatever Lands, Rents, Moneys, or other Estate or Revenues shall bee found to have bin heretofore given or employed for maintenance of professors of Musick in any way, may bee restored, settled and employed for future maintenance and Encouragement of the said Science. And your Petitioners shall pray, &c." More than two hundred years have elapsed since the presentation of this petition, and it is only within a comparatively recent date that any portion of its prayer has been answered. Now the State substantially recognises the value of musical education in elementary schools; but it still withholds its aid from institutions designed to impart higher training in music. At a recent meeting reference was made to the desirability of the official registration of the musical profession—a reform which is no nearer accomplishment than when John Hingston and his colleagues devised their petition.

DURING the performance of an opera by a poor company, a tenor with a weak voice was struggling through a high solo. The highest notes were sung with a tremulo, in which the singer's voice became so weak that a wag in the gallery spoke down to the artist when the theatre was pretty still—"Arrah, Teddy, is that the gas?"

GLASGOW.

DECEMBER 19TH.

Recent correspondence in the London *Times* anent orchestral concerts in the great metropolis has struck a sympathetic chord in local musical circles. I venture to touch upon the subject in this column, because the example of Glasgow has been cited in several quarters, and with no uncertain sound. Mr. Ganz has, undoubtedly, something of the first importance to suggest. That is to say, a guarantee fund is absolutely necessary. More, the guarantors must make up their minds to sustain a loss for the first two or three years; but, to a certainty, such tangible devotion to the interests of art will soon bring its own reward. The Glasgow Choral Union concerts being now established on a secure basis, there is little need to record that the eleventh series was ushered in on the 9th inst. with auspicious success. St. Andrew's Hall was simply filled, and by a brilliant and representative audience. Mr. August Manns, on making his bow as conductor, was accorded a warm greeting. There was, indeed, a spontaneity about the recognition which seemed to express a sense of indebtedness to past valuable services for it is not too much to say that the Crystal Palace *chef* has been the means of educating many an amateur north of the Tweed. Mr. Manns's ripe experience and catholicity of taste have won for him here, as elsewhere, high regard. Under his watchful eye the programmes of the Choral Union concerts are, of course, drawn out, and there is a good deal to note in favour of the comparatively light selections which were submitted on the evening just named. Nobody wanted what is known as a "heavy" bill of fare; had the programme been devised on "unpopular" lines, the audience might indeed have regarded the inauguration less favourably. To be brief, the opening concert introduced old and trustworthy friends. Fresh beauties were revealed in a fine performance of Beethoven's symphony in D. No. 2. Weber charmed, as of yore, by reason of a superb interpretation of the *Freischütz* overture, and the wood wind distinguished themselves to the satisfaction of all in the *Scherzo*, from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Considerable changes have taken place in the *personnel* of the orchestra, and for the better, moreover. Of that there can be no doubt. The strings, notably the fourteen first violins, are crisp and penetrating, and the new leader, Herr Robert Heckmann, can only be regarded as a valuable acquisition. His continental reputation had preceded him, and it has been amply confirmed. Admirable *technique* was shown in Bazzini's *Concert Stuck*, while grace, expression, and singular purity of tone characterised his playing of a *Réverie* by Vieuxtemps. The vocalist of the evening was Madame Minnie Hauk, but, strange perhaps to say, the favourite exponent of *Carmen* signally failed to arouse interest. It was, moreover, her first appearance in Scotland. The second concert of the subscription series, which took place on 16th inst., was remarkable for an interesting performance of "Elijah." It was soon made manifest that great care had been bestowed on the choral rehearsals. The results reflected credit on Mr. Allan Macbeth, who does much work, behind scenes, of which the public know little. The double quartet was sung by members of the Union, and with intelligence; the soprano section of the chorus must be felicitated on its strength and fine quality of tone—the high A's incidental to the score being rung out with clarion power. If the *nuances* were not at all times sufficiently marked, there was much to admire in the interpretation of several numbers, and enough to show good musical progress since last season. The contraltos seem to be the weakest division of the choir, and it would be well to enlist a few good recruits on an early date. In both the tenor and bass contingents notable improvements fall to be mentioned. Mme. Valleria gained a signal success as the principal soprano. The contralto soloist of the evening, Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, appeared to be somewhat nervous; Mr. Charles Chilley was the tenor, and Mr. Ludwig, in the music of the Prophet, stimulated his audience by an unique personation of a part hitherto indelibly associated with Mr. Santley. The version was intensely dramatic, and it secured for the artist very frank approval. Mr. Manns conducted, Herr Heckmann led the band, and Dr. Peace presided at the organ.

The series of Popular Concerts, in connection with the Choral Union organisation, opened on Saturday evening, 13th inst. The programme included the overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* and *William Tell*, Mendelssohn's

Scotch symphony—as fine a performance as we have ever had in the North—and cello solos which served to accentuate the wisdom of the management in again retaining that admirable artiste, M. Jules Lasserre. Mdle. Maria de Lido, from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, was the vocalist. Her felicitous account of "Caro Nomè," and the engaging method with which she gave out "The last rose of Summer," won hearty recognition from many old and new friends. It may be of interest to note that these Saturday concerts attract visitors from many neighbouring towns, a special train, for example, leaving for Stirling at a late hour of the evening.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company terminated a successful twelve nights' engagement, at the Royalty Theatre, on 6th Dec. At this hour what of a fresh complexion can be said about the wonderfully compact troupe which the impresario brings to the provinces? Amateurs "furth London town" know well the value of those country visits. The familiar *répertoire* is invariably bracketed with a novelty or two. That is part and parcel of Mr. Rosa's creed. True, the "Beggars' Student" startled some prim disciples of the hard and fast line, but there is really no sound reason why light and eminently tuneful comic opera should not occasionally be heard. The other novelty created unwonted stir in local musical coteries, and warm acknowledgment falls to be made of the enterprise which decreed a hearing of Boito's "Mefistofele." The unique method of the Italian poet and musician proved a veritable conundrum to many folks who pin their faith to Gounod's exposition of a familiar text. As the opera proceeded, however, and more especially in the scene depicting the Shores of Peneus, the puzzled audience awakened to the presence of a master of the musical art. The new school and the old had, so to speak, been conciliated. The luscious strains of the duet assigned to Helen of Troy and Pandalus made their usual impression.

To-night the "Glasgow Society of Musicians" entertained Mr. Fred H. Cowen, the favourite composer, to dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. Julius Seligmann, the president, and Messrs. Macbeth and Robertson discharged the duties of croupiers. The meeting was remarkable for the enthusiastic reception extended to the guest of the evening. Mr. Julius Seligmann gave Mr. Cowen's health in felicitous terms, and the company, numbering considerably over a hundred, responded with "Highland honours"—a token of recognition which told a flattering tale. In the course of his reply, Mr. Cowen complimented the society on its being the first organisation of the kind started in this country, and trusting that the musicians in other leading centres would speedily follow suit. In his own genial way he also expressed a hope that the society would be the means of fostering a genuine *esprit de corps*, and thereby helping to develop the best interests of the harmonic art. During the evening bright and vigorous speeches were made by Dr. Macleod and the Rev. James Rennie, of St. Vincent Street U. P. Church, and Herr Franz Rummell (from Berlin), Messrs. Carrington, Walton and Woeton (from the Choral Union orchestra) contributed some admirably executed solos.

BIRMINGHAM.

DECEMBER 25TH, 1884.

Music here has been creeping on at a slow pace during the autumn months. After Messrs. Harrison's Concert, on the 17th Nov., nothing of importance occurred until the 27th, when the Festival Choral Society performed Schubert's "Mass in E flat," and J. F. Barnett's cantata, "The Ancient Mariner." Both works were well rendered, but the "Mass" (written in the last year of the ill-starred composer's life) seemed to be over the heads of the audience. "The Ancient Mariner" was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1867, and by it Mr. Barnett first achieved fame.

On the 4th of the present month the members of the Amateur Harmonic Association gave the first of two private subscription concerts at the Town Hall, performing, for the first time in Birmingham, a cantata, "The Golden Legend," composed by the Rev. H. E. Hodson. The work has been heard once in London, and once or twice in the provinces. It displays an amount of invention and originality sufficient to warrant the belief that the composer is capable of doing good work in the future. What militates more than anything else against its effectiveness is the compass adopted for some of the solo parts. The tenor airs, &c., are so low that they might be easily sung by a baritone, while the baritone airs, &c.,

are so high as to be trying to any but the possessors of voices of very extended compass.

The third for this season of the Midland Institute Concerts was given on the afternoon of the 6th inst. The programme comprised a selection of good chamber music, the novelties being a violin Tarentella by Franz Schubert (of Dresden), and a romance for the same instrument by Herr Pattersen (of Rugby), who was principal violin.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Stockley gave the second of his Orchestral Concerts at the Town Hall. The occasion was important chiefly because Mr. F. H. Cowen was present, and conducted a first performance here of his last Symphony (the so-called Welsh). He also conducted his charming Suite, "The Language of Flowers." It was a generally expressed opinion that the Symphony is a work of the highest excellence, full of beauty and individuality, and the performance reflected honour upon the members of Mr. Stockley's band. The "Suite," however, was not so well played. Another interesting item in the programme was Mr. Mackenzie's Ballad for Orchestra, "La belle Dame sans Merci," a fine piece of programme music founded upon Keats's poem. Considering its great difficulty it was well played, and evidently gave pleasure to a large number of those present. The vocalists were Mme. Rose Hersee and Mr. Edward Lloyd, and if judgment may be pronounced according to measures of applause, the honours of the evening were won by the gentleman artist. Mr. Lloyd sang "Rise up, my love," from Mackenzie's new oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," exquisitely, obtaining golden opinions both for himself and for the composer of the music, and Gounod's "Lend me your aid," with a grandeur of effect which took the audience by storm.

EDINBURGH.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1884.

The musical season here has had a prosperous beginning. In the months of October and November Mr. Waddell occupied the field with his Chamber Concerts. In maintaining year after year his attempt to foster a liking for this comparatively neglected form of music, Mr. Waddell is entitled to thanks. Probably he will have a more tangible reward in the growing success of his concerts, which, however, are wisely made to conform in respect of meeting place and selectness to the "chamber" idea. It is impossible to conceive conditions better fitted to the enjoyment of the finer characteristics of music. The programmes have been uniformly good, and Mr. Waddell has been fortunate in his coadjutors. A concert, in which Mr. Sims Reeves was the central attraction, proved a striking success. The *beneficiaire* happily bethought him that the greatest artist cannot alone maintain the interest of an audience through an entire evening, and he provided other elements popularly satisfying, yet not uninteresting in a musical sense. The Amateur Orchestral Society attended in full force, and rendered some favourite overtures in a spirited style. A very young violinist, Miss Carpenter, sprang into sudden favour with the audience, and the finish alike of her bravura and cantabile playing warrants the highest hopes of her future. Madame Christine Nilsson's concert attracted the largest audience which has been seen in the Music Hall for some time—the interest being doubtless enhanced by the infrequency of the Swedish singer's visits to Edinburgh. Of her highly dramatic and brilliant renderings it is unnecessary to speak, except to say that singing equally expressive has been heard with less of demonstration. Dissatisfaction was certainly felt with the programme as a whole. Concert-goers do not pay highly for seats to listen to Henry Parker's platitudinous and repetitious songs, even when they happen to be rendered by so excellent a vocalist as Signor Foli. On 10th inst. the Choral Union began work. This year the orchestra, under Mr. Manns, seems on the whole improved in quality, the strings certainly having gained by the addition of the Cologne quartet, with Herr Heckmann at the leader's desk. Much familiar matter appeared in the first programme, but of a kind that never grows stale. Beethoven's Second Symphony drew forth the full strength of the players, and proved the sonority and decision the band is capable of. The rendering stood at all points a fairly alert criticism, and much good work may be confidently expected from the orchestra in the course of the series. Madame Minnie Hauk raised the vocal element to a height which it will certainly be difficult to maintain, and much gratification was derived from the first appearance of this admirable singer in our city. On the 15th instant Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" was performed.

The Philharmonic Society.

THE season of 1845 opened with three concerts conducted by Sir Henry Bishop, whose failing health obliged him to resign his *bâton* at the third attempt to M. Moscheles, who directed the remaining five concerts of the season.

Musically speaking, the year was a flat one in the way of new works by eminent men. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Weber were dead, and Mendelssohn was almost in his death illness, and their successors had not appeared.

Next year, 1846, was signalised by the production of Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" in D, one of the master's highest instrumental and vocal triumphs, composed when he was in the very plenitude of his genius, the leader being Signor Costa. Although the new captain of the Philharmonic forces had held the position of musical director to Her Majesty's Theatre since 1832, and had thus limited his experience to within the bounds of the Italian school, he soon proved himself capable of conducting classical music of the highest kind, and held his position with honour to himself and to the satisfaction of all concerned until 1854, when he unexpectedly resigned. The "Mass" was performed under the most favourable circumstances. The vocal soloists were doubled, the chorus numbered one hundred strong, the rehearsals were many, and the performance was perfect; but, in spite of all, this now thoroughly appreciated work fell flat on the public. The only other remarkable event of the year was the first appearance of Mmes. Dulcken and Pleyel before a Philharmonic audience, and the production for the first time of Spohr's Symphony in D, which was composed expressly for the society.

In 1847 Mendelssohn appeared at the Philharmonic for the last time, and conducted his Symphony in A minor at the fourth concert. He met with a most enthusiastic reception, for his audience could see that the end could not be very distant; nor was it, for this great tone-poet breathed his last on the 4th of November following.

The following year, 1847, produced the overture to "Struensee," the Chorus of Dervishes from the "Ruins of Athens," J. H. Griesbach's overture to "Titania"—a work of genius which seems to have been unaccountably forgotten—and lastly a MS. Symphony, No. 8, by Spohr. On the 10th of April a most extraordinary scene took place, which is almost unparalleled in the history of concerts. This was the day on which that wild enthusiast Feargus O'Connor made a futile attempt to rouse the London mob to rebellion. The concert on this evening opened as usual; but when the first part was over a cry was raised for "God Save the Queen." The request was complied with, but when the soloist reached the words "confound their politics," the whole audience rose to their feet with one accord and cheered lustily for several minutes.

In 1849 was remarkable for the successful production of Mendelssohn's "Athalie." As is well known, Racine's masterpiece was originally written to be accompanied by choruses, marches, and other musical aids, but the original music had long disappeared. When, therefore a German translation of Racine's "Athalie," by Edmond Devrient, was produced at Berlin in 1846, Mendelssohn was commissioned to write the musical accompaniments. Although as first produced at Hanover-square the performance was virtually a series of lyrical pieces with little or no connection between them, the work created quite a *furia*. The society therefore determined to make the performance complete by commissioning Mr. Bartholomew Mendelssohn's English secretary to write a free and condensed translation of Edmond Devrient's adaptation of Racine's verse to the exigencies of music. This was done, and at the second rendering Mr. Bartholomew's verses were declaimed by that admirable actor the late George Bartley. This concert was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort, who showed their thorough appreciation of this splendid work, and of the perfection with which it was performed, by repeated applause. Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Spohr's Historical Symphony were the other striking triumphs of the season. The overture to "Ruy Blas" was performed for the first time, but did not meet with a very warm reception.

Little worthy of note occurred until 1854, when Costa unexpectedly resigned his position of musical director. He was succeeded in 1855 by Herr Richard Wagner. This was one of the most disastrous seasons that the society ever passed through, for the author of "Parsifal" failed in winning the confidence of his orchestra as well as in pleasing the public. The overtures to "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were given, but did not suit the English taste at all. Beethoven's Choral Symphony was also produced, but Herr Wagner appended to the programme a series of observations on the work, written in the highest and obscurest style of German transcendentalism that did much in bringing down upon his head a torrent of that ridicule which kills. Ernst appeared for the last time during this year, and Charles Hallé made his first appearance at the Philharmonic in Chopin's Concerto in E minor, which he performed in such a manner as at once to win him the favour of the somewhat fastidious Hanover-square virtuosi.

The directors grew alarmed, and quickly determined to dispense with Herr Wagner's services at the end of the season. At their annual meeting in November they sought and obtained the services of a much-neglected English master, Mr., afterwards Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, during whose reign of ten years the society was never so prosperous and enterprising. They also reduced the season from eight to six concerts, the subscription being proportionally cut down from four to three guineas, in addition to which non-subscribers were to be admitted to single concerts at fifteen shillings. This new scale lasted until 1859, when the old prices were resumed, and the number of concerts raised to the old figure. The fifteen-shilling tickets, however, were still issued.

To return, however, to the year 1856, the principal events in which were the *debut* of Mme. Schumann, who from the very first took her audience by storm in Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in C at the first concert, Miss Arabella Goddard following her example in Beethoven's Concerto in C at the fifth.

This year was also marked by the performance of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," on the occasion of the visit of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and a number of foreign personages of distinction, who were the Queen's guests at the time. The performance of this work was, it is said, suggested by Mme. Goldschmidt-Lind, who came forth from her retirement to take the solo parts in company with Mme. Weiss and Messrs. Lockey and Benson. The cantata was magnificently performed, but in spite of this and of the perfect manner in which Mme. Lind executed her share of the work, the piece was not successful: and while the audience gave the performers every mark of approval which their efforts deserved, they made it perfectly evident that the cantata itself was not to their liking, in spite of its having been performed by Royal command.

Next year, 1857, was, on the whole, uneventful, with the exception of the first appearance of Rubinstein in his own Concerto in G. The following year, too, was almost devoid of musical interest, with the exception of the *debut* of Mr. Cusins, who made his first appearance by playing Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor in the most admirable manner.

The year 1859 was marked by the first performance in London of Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," which had already met with an enthusiastic reception at the Leeds Musical Festival of a few years before. Its delicious music was highly appreciated by the audience, and from this time forth its composer took first rank amongst English musicians in the eyes of the music-loving public. The solo parts were taken by Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss. Mmes. Schumann and Arabella Goddard and Charles Hallé continued to enrapture their admirers, and Mlle. Csillag made her first appearance in London under very favourable circumstances. Joachim, too, showed that he was a composer as well as an executant by performing his now well-known Hungarian Concerto for the first time.

The next year, 1860, was marked by a most unpleasant occurrence. For some inexplicable reason, the directors of the Italian Opera, who had hitherto worked most harmoniously with the society, suddenly took it into their heads to forbid the members of their band to take part in the concerts at Hanover-square. Sharp letters passed between the rival directors, but all to no purpose, for the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre held firmer than ever. In the end, the Philharmonic lost nearly half their band, but it was found to be no loss ultimately, for

the directors set to work with unparalleled activity, and by the opening of the season of 1861 they succeeded in forming a band which in point of quality and numbers was quite equal to the old one. In other respects the year was an uneventful one, all the old performers continuing to charm their audiences as of old.

The year 1861 was characterised by the same want of striking events in the way of the performance of new pieces or the introduction of new aspirants to musical fame. The only occurrence worth recording in this year is the last appearance of Moscheles, whose connection with the society had been long and valuable.

The following year, 1862, was not only the International Exhibition year, when under ordinary circumstances the society would be bound to excel itself, but it was also its jubilee year. They consequently felt bound to take special steps for celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their birth in a manner worthy of the occasion, but a proper account of the *faits et gestes* of this memorable year must not be given at the heels of an article.

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Literature of Music.

MEMOIRS OF KAROLINE BAUER.*

 THESE volumes are not likely to be overlooked, even at a time when the reader is offered a remarkable wealth of "Memoirs" to select from. They are the work of a writer who was at once an artiste and a woman of the world, an acute observer, and a spirited narrator. In about equal measures they are compounded of the inner history of German Court life, and of reminiscences of theatrical and musical experience. Much of the writing, touching high personages, is certain to excite comment in distinguished places, though intrinsically it is rather dull. The love-making of the members of the house of Koburg is to-day neither very interesting nor improving reading, and the little frivolities of the Prussian Royal family simply confirm what is already known of the domestic side of royal minds. This part of the book exhibits a full-blown German "School for Scandal," and the admission must be made that it has much of the piquancy with which other people's affairs are usually treated. The glimpses into the musical life of Berlin during the first quarter of this century are, however, valuable; and the memoirs would have to be consulted by anyone who desired fully to understand the effect produced by such artistes as Paganini and Sontag. Karoline Bauer had the best opportunities for intimate observation. Herself a musician and an actress in the Royal Theatre, she moved within the circle of the leading musicians, writers for the stage, and critics. It is right to say that her judgments on contemporaries show laudably few traces of professional jealousy, while they are often aptly expressed. Her style suffers little by change into an English dress, the translation being easy and animated, with a pleasant superiority to the influences of German idiom and construction.

Karoline Bauer was performing in the Royal playhouse at the time that Paganini gave his first concert in Berlin—the concert-room being within the same building. The actress tells us the company were gathered together at the end of the first act, grumbling at the audience having left them in favour of the magician Paganini, when the scene-painter rushed up in great excitement, crying, "Children, I have heard him. He fiddles like a god—yes, but like a demon too. Our Berliners are out of their minds. Such applause has never been heard before." It appeared that at the end of a passage connecting the concert-room and theatre there was a small door, at the keyhole of which the actors listened by turns to Paganini until the sound of the curtain-bell called them back unwillingly to the stage. "That is no wooden violin," said Devrient; "that is the weeping and wailing from a poor, lacerated human breast! I would that I could command such tones as King Lear."

The absurd stories, such as that Paganini possessed supernatural power, that he was a demon in league with Satan, from whom he had received a "wonder-violin," were, of course, rife

in Berlin, as in every other artistic centre. Doubtless they grew out of the personal appearance of the man as much as out of his unprecedented playing. In these volumes there is a picture of him, painted in tolerably strong colours. He is described as repulsively ugly and haggard, seeming to consist only of olive-coloured skin and rattling bones. The black clothes he wore were literally dangling about this skeleton; his gait was languid, as if the whole bone-fabric must collapse the next moment and drop at least some of its joints. His face looked like a mummy-head; from the deep sockets of his eyes shone forth dismal, black fire; long, thin hair in ringlets framed, like serpents, this death's-head. To Karoline Bauer, who was subsequently introduced to him, the face suggested the Furies in Schiller's "Kraniche des Ibis." Others have compared the ghastly head with that of John the Baptist upon Herodias' charger. Very few of those who thronged Paganini's concert-room, first laughing, then hissing, and finally furiously applauding, seemed to have had a sympathetic thought for the tragic life that his exterior bore witness to. Of his playing the writer gives an equally vivid account. "His performance had the effect of flashes of lightning on a dark night." Goethe employed a similar figure, calling his play "meteoric—a pillar of flames and clouds." One critic curiously maintained that Paganini played better upon a single string than upon all. On the G string "he speaks, he whines, he imitates sea-storms, the stillness of night, birds that descend from heaven, &c."

There is less exaggeration in this than the critical reader is apt to conclude. Paganini played to an audience wholly unused to such a free use of the instrument. He effected a revolution in violin-playing, and many of the effects that astonished his contemporaries are to-day the commonplace of violinists. The impression made upon cultured auditors, as recorded in these volumes, enables us to some extent to measure the progress of the art.

Mendelssohn's personality is presented in the memoirs with its usual happy environment. Of all musicians, he was born under a fortunate star. Karoline Bauer describes him as a youth two years her junior, and most charming and amiable—"With his beautiful, pure face, the long hair of dark locks, the good, intelligent eyes, and the fresh, sweet mouth, he might have served as model for a picture of Benjamin, whilst Zelter would have made a capital patriarch Jacob." Regarding the Sunday morning concerts in the house of the Mendelssohns, the talks with Zelter, the production of "Camacho," the writer speaks with the fresh air of an eye-witness. Zelter's is a character to which the reader warms. His correspondence with Goethe abounds in pithy phrases; his intercourse seems to have had a certain robust loveableness; and there is in his talk a lively and refreshing sense of humour. One story may be given here out of several preserved in the memoirs. Soon after the epoch-making first performance of Weber's "Freischütz," in 1822, he was returning home one night lost in musical thoughts, when in front of him a shoemaker's apprentice sang indefatigably, very loud, but quite wrongly, "Wir

winden dir den Jungfernkranz," but not another line, repeating ever, till at last, behind him Zelter's strong bass voice joins in angrily, "Mit veilchen-blauer Seide." Then the lad turned round, exclaiming pertly, "I say, my little man, if you want to sing 'The beautiful green Maidenwreath,' then start it for yourself. Otherwise it is street robbery!" Heine also gives an amusing account of the persecution to which he was subjected by the popularity of Weber's music.

Of all the *virtuosi* the writer confesses to having liked Moscheles best, and even Zelter acknowledged that he played "so that one has to take a Lethean draught and forget all his predecessors." Moscheles, however, did not much affect the Prussian capital, and his figure but dimly shows on the pages.

In connection with Sontag, who was for long the idol of the Berliners, a slight glimpse of Beethoven and his home is preserved. Beethoven entrusted Sontag with the solos in his mass, along with Karoline Unger, and treated the two beautiful songstresses to a quaint feast and choice sweet wine in his chaotic bachelor apartments. One who was present says of this meeting:—"I see the plain room still before me, where a rope served as a bell-pull; a large table stood in the centre, upon which was served the goodly roast beef, with the exquisite sweet wine. I see the second room adjoining, entirely filled up to the ceiling with music for the orchestra. In the midst of it stood the grand piano, which Field, if I am not mistaken, had sent to Beethoven from London. Jette Sontag and I stepped into this room as into a church, and we tried, unfortunately in vain, to sing something to the beloved master. I remember my saucy remark that he did not understand how to write vocal music, because one note in my part lay too high for me. He answered, 'Just learn it; the note will come, no fear.'"

The memoirs are unusually rich in gossip accounts of Sontag's private and public life. For her sister artist the writer has words of genuine enthusiasm, and the image the reader thus forms of Sontag is a peculiarly bright and attractive one. It is possible to trace the career of this gifted singer in her triumphal progress through European cities, in her marriage with Count Rossi (the Sardinian ambassador) and subsequent withdrawal from the lyric stage, and in her reappearance in London after twenty years, without feeling one jarring note. Her last days are told, too, with an approach to pathos. Sontag, seeking a fortune for her children, went to the New World, where she said the applause was "perfectly tropical." In Mexico she sang her swan song. Cholera seized her, and she died in the full maturity of her powers on June 17, 1854.

Sontag, in her own *genre*—a small one—was admittedly peerless. A pure, silvery tone rather than fulness or strength seems to have given character to her voice, and her high notes in roudades were struck "with the accuracy of a tiny flute-clock." Her English provincial tour with Thalberg, Lablache, and Piatti in 1849 has still a place of loving remembrance in musical tradition.

It is not our purpose here to follow the fortunes of Karoline Bauer. Her life was, on the whole, a fairly tangled web.

History of the Pianoforte.

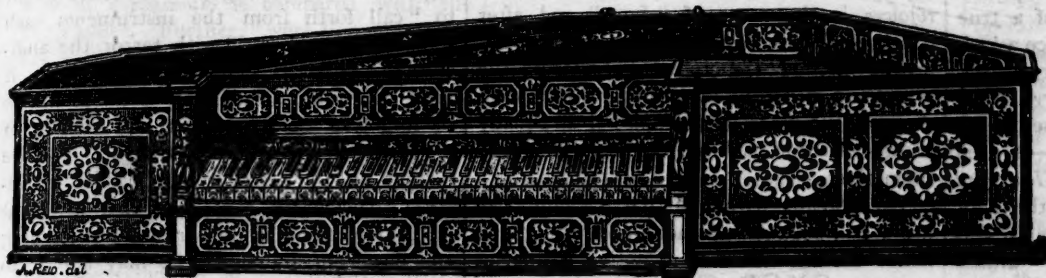
ONE of Queen Elizabeth's virginals is still in existence at Worcestershire. At the sale of Lord Spencer's effects at Chichester it was described as having a "case of cedar, covered with crimson Genoa velvet, the inside of the case lined with strong yellow silk." It is light and portable, being only twenty-four pounds in weight, five feet in

and in some instances an additional set of keys, were afterwards added, and other ingenious inventions were introduced into the harpsichord, until this instrument became quite an intricate piece of mechanism.

A description of the instrument bequeathed by Handel to his secretary, Smith (who wrote the music that Handel composed and dictated), will explain many of the improvements introduced in the harpsichord. This instrument (which was manufactured by the celebrated Hans Ruckers, of Antwerp) is six feet eight inches in length, three feet in height from the ground, and three feet in

row of keys for playing the soft passages. Handel's performance upon this instrument must have been very fine, for, even when his loss of sight compelled him to trust to his inventive powers in playing, his embellishments of the vocal and orchestral score at the Opera House, London, were so admirable that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment. This marked preference often mortified the singers, one of whom warned Handel that, if he even played him such a rick again he would jump down upon his instrument and put an end to the nuisance. Handel was

excessively amused at this outburst, and, with his usual dry humour, said, "You vill jump, vill you? Very vell, sare, be so kind and tell me ven you vill jump, and I vill advertise it in de bills." The attention of his audience was still gained by Handel, but it need scarcely be added that the threatened onslaught was not attempted. The effect of Handel's performance upon the harpsichord was not due to the instrument; for he



Italian Spinnet, ornamented with precious stones, made by Annibale dei Rossi, 1577. From the "Descriptive Catalogue of the Musical Instruments in the South Kensington Museum," by Carl Engel.

length, sixteen inches wide, and seven inches deep. The front is covered entirely with gold. There are fifty keys, with jacks and quills, thirty of them ebony tipped with gold, and the semitone keys (twenty in number) are inlaid with silver, ivory, and different kinds of wood, each key consisting of about 250 pieces. The paintings of the royal arms and the ornamentation give it a most beautiful appearance.

The English spinnet was similar to the virginal, except in its shape, which was nearly that of the harp laid horizontally, supposing the clavier or keyboard to be placed on the outside of the trunk or sounding-board. Amongst the excellent specimens of spinnets in the interesting collection of old musical instruments at the South Kensington Museum is one probably made by Annibale dei Rossi, of Milan; compass, four octaves and an eighth, from E. This instrument has the inscription upon it, "Anniballis de Roxis, Mediolanensis, MDLXXVII," and is a most beautiful specimen, being almost covered with precious stones, as even the keys are profusely ornamented with them.

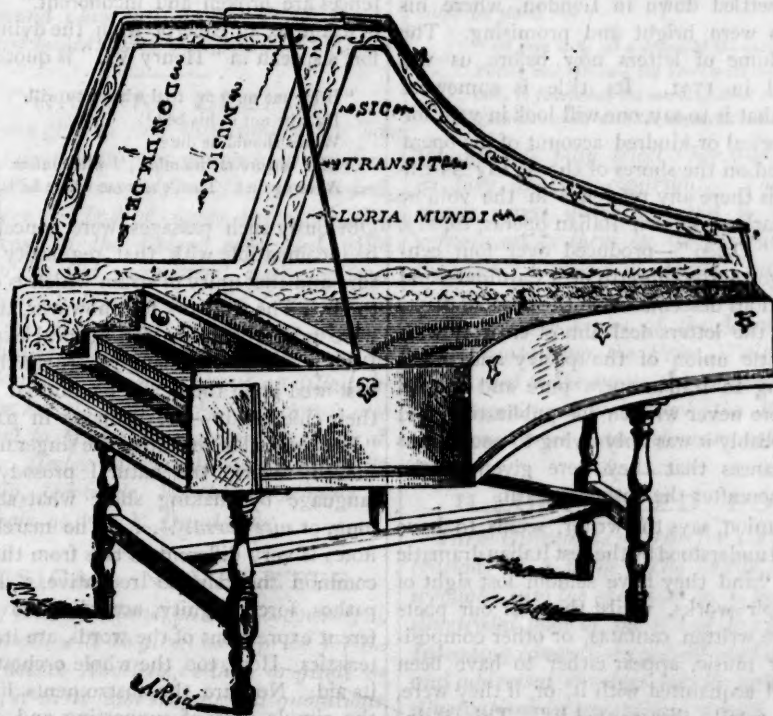
Like the virginal, it had but one string to each note, which was set in vibration by means of the jack, with the raven or crow quill attached. When a second string was added to each note to render the instrument more powerful and capable of some slight degree of expression, it was named the harpsichord.

The harpsichord was, in effect, a double spinnet, as two rows of quills were used. When the performer wished to play softly, he was compelled to take one hand of the keyboard to move a stop to the right. A single string only was then twanged by the quill, the second row of jacks and quills being moved by the rail in which they were fixed, so that, when raised by the key, the quills passed between the strings without setting them in vibration. If the player required greater power, he would move the stop to the left again, causing the jacks to return to the proper position for snapping both the strings belonging to each note. Many rows of jacks,

width. The case is the same shape as that of the modern grand piano, and is made of black japanned deal, with painted ornaments inside the top and upon the sounding-board. It has two rows of keys, the compass of each of which is four octaves and seven-eighths—G to F. The upper row of keys presses one quill only against one of the strings; the lower row, by use of the stops, can be made to raise quills to strike one or two strings; still further to increase the tone, a third row

would have made any instrument attractive.

At a country church Handel played so splendidly upon a very ordinary organ that the congregation, instead of being "played out," remained fixed in admiration, quite calling for the organist's impatient remark, "You can't play them out." He then showed Handel the way, by playing a few chords in the ordinary manner, and these speedily operated upon the people, the church being quickly cleared. Handel's favourite harp



Handel's Favourite Harpsichord, made by Hans Ruckers. From the "Descriptive Catalogue of the Musical Instruments in the South Kensington Museum," by Carl Engel.

with finer and shorter strings under the others, with separate bridges, could be vibrated by another row of quills. By the use of the stops the player, while pressing down a single key, could make two strings sound in unison, and a third an octave above, using the upper

sichord-maker was Hans Ruckers, who in 1585 was the inventor of the third string tuned to the octave, and who extended the compass to nearly five octaves. Besides Ruckers and his family, the principal harpsichord makers were Geronimo, of Florence, Couchetti and Tabel.

A Scotch Musician's Letters.



BUDGET of old-world letters is at all times interesting, and, when read in the light of to-day, a last century collection of observations on the lyrical drama can hardly fail to possess some attraction for the curious in musical matters. *Letters on the Italian Opera, addressed to the Hon. Lord Monboddo, by the late Mr. John Brown*, contain, certainly, some remarkably pawky things. Brown was a Scotchman of a true type. Who was he? it will be at once asked. Well, he was neither the North-country clergyman who wrote a *General History of the Church*, nor the venerable D.D. whose life has been sketched by Dr. Cairns, nor—it need hardly be said—the genial author of *Rab and his Friends*. The worthy whom the Kincardineshire lawyer delighted to honour was just plain John Brown, of Edinburgh, “draftsman, philosopher, and sound scholar,” a man endowed, moreover, with a “refined taste in all the liberal and polite arts.” Monboddo, in his *Origin and Progress of Language*, has drawn upon him—indeed, thankfully, acknowledges his indebtedness—for the account to be found in his work on the Italian tongue.

While travelling in Italy, Brown met at Rome Townley, the sculptor, who was favourably impressed with his pen-and-ink drawings. A drawing of the Homer bust was one of his last efforts. But we are only concerned with this, in some respects, notable Scotchman as a musician. He died in 1787, just a year after he had settled down in London, where his prospects were bright and promising. The little volume of letters now before us was published in 1791. Its title is somewhat hazy; that is to say, one will look in vain for any historical or kindred account of the opera as planted on the shores of the sunny South. Neither is there any reference in the volume to the earliest known Italian operas, to, say, the first “Orfeo”—produced over four centuries ago to the libretto of a Cardinal—and other curious descendants of the miracle plays. In short, the letters deal almost entirely with the artistic union of the poetry and music pertaining to Italian opera pure and simple. They were never written for publication, and very probably it was only owing to necessitous circumstances that they were given to the public soon after the author's death.

This union, says the writer, seems to have been well understood by the best Italian dramatic writers, “and they have seldom lost sight of it in their works, whilst those of our poets who have written cantatas, or other compositions for music, appear either to have been not at all acquainted with it, or, if they were, to have totally disregarded it.” This is intelligible, but there is some difficulty in following the letter-writer in the immediately succeeding sentence, where he says that “the Italians have with great propriety considered that the speeches in the drama, whether in dialogue or soliloquy, must be either such as are expressive of passion and sentiment, or such as are not so.” He is on clearer ground

when animadverting on the absurdity of narrating facts, giving directions, and proclaiming abstract truths or moral reflections in spoken dialogue. “Simply to have spoken these passages, however, and then abruptly to have set up a singing when any pathetic part presented itself, would have produced exactly that barbarous jumble or prose and poetry, of music and dissonance, which characterise the English comic opera.”

Precisely and at the moment we are reminded of a droll custom inaugurated and often supported by a favourite tenor. In one scene from a certain musical drama he “gags” something about an innamorata who rejoices in the name of “Jane,” and after dilating upon her charms in the most approved method, the orchestra strikes up the symphony ushering in Bishop's “Bloom on the rye.” Numerous examples of an equally absurd situation will readily enough recall themselves.

The Italians perceived that a “jumble of prose and poetry” was not a good thing, and hence the invention of recitative, dating, as every musical reader knows, from the days of Giovanni Bardi, when the spirit of the Renaissance imbued Peri, Galileo, and the other members of the band of enthusiasts who met at the house of the Florentine Count. Recitative *secco* but paved the way for recitative *obbligato*. The Italians, says our author, “must have observed that all those passages in which the mind of the speaker is agitated by a rapid succession of various emotions are, from their nature, incompatible with any particular strain or length of melody. Air is even inadmissible in passages in which, though the emotions be not various, yet the sentences are broken and incoherent.” By way of example, an excerpt from the dying Beaufort's speech in “Henry VI.” is quoted:—

“Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed?
Where should he die?
Oh! torture me no more; I will confess.
Alive again! Then show me where he is,” &c., &c.

Obviously such passages were conceived “to be incompatible with that regularity of measure and that unity of strain which is essential to air. The Italians felt, however, that they were proper subjects for musical expression. Both poet and musician, we are further told, bestowed upon them, and by mutual consent, their chief study—the composer in particular. “In this kind of recitative the singer must not, indeed, reverse the natural prosody of the language by making short what should be long, or *vice versa*. . . . The march of the notes is very different in this from that of the common or simple recitative. Delicacy, pathos, force, dignity, according to the different expressions of the words, are its characteristics. Here, too, the whole orchestra lends its aid. Nor are the instruments limited to the simple duty of supporting and directing the voice.” Here again the Italians are said to observe another fine distinction between the descriptive and the pathetic powers of music. “These last are proper to the voice; the former to the orchestra alone.” And then the letter-writer proceeds to note that the instrumentation is often *particularly* descriptive of the surroundings. Thus, should the

scene depict a prison, “the symphonies, whilst they accord with the general tenor of the words, will paint, if I may be allowed the expression, the horrors of the dungeon itself;” and Mr. Brown assures his Scotch patron that he has heard symphonies of this kind strongly expressive of such horrors.

Moonlight, solitude, and silence call for realistic orchestration “during the pauses of the speech,” while the angry storm is a splendid opportunity which the skilful composer can simply make his own. “He contrives to make the rain beat and the tempest howl most fearfully by means of the orchestra.” Again, the wild ravings of a Beaufort ought to “call forth from the instruments such sounds as would thrill with terror the audience.” There is something in all this, it must be frankly owned, only it ought not to be forgotten that imitation and suggestion are two vastly different things. A little further on the letter-writer becomes apologetic. Hence his confession that a “great part” of what he has hitherto said concerning the power of Italian music may appear to most people as “the language rather of enthusiasm than of anything else.” Be this as it may, he is far from being an uninteresting companion. Whether the disciples of the Bayreuth master will say “Amen” to this is another question. It may be taken, we rather suspect, that they will view certain tenets with distinct symptoms of abhorrence. Let, however, our Scotch musician proclaim his faith in his own way, and, before proceeding to describe the “different kinds of airs,” he thinks it not improper to say something about the symphony by which they are in general preceded:—

“This symphony is the enunciation by the orchestra of the strain or subject, what the Italians call the *motivo* of the air; it gives time to the singer to breathe, already, perhaps, fatigued by a long recitative; it often fills up with propriety a natural pause, and always finely prepares the audience for what is to come after, by enabling them, having thus once heard the strain, to listen with more intelligence, and, of consequence, with more interest and pleasure to the song.” There. The creed is unmistakable, but whether it is an artistic one or the reverse it is not for us to say at the present moment. Hasten we, rather, to glance at our author's sub-divisions of the Italian melodies. Those airs comprise every possible sentiment, affection, or passion, the expression of which is extended through one sentence of a certain length; such sentences as these—“I fear his wrath,” “I mourn her loss.” It is Mr. Sutherland Edwards who relates that, while listening one night to Mario, in the duet from “Rigoletto,” a neighbour in the stalls asked what the Duke was singing to Gilda. “He is telling her that he loves her.” “But what is he singing this time?” was the query addressed to the journalist a minute or two afterwards. “He is just telling her that he loves her.” “Why, he said that already,” remarked this curious personage, and wondering why on earth the Duke couldn't sing “I love you” once and for all in three words. “He will sing it again,” answered Mr. Edwards, “and then she will sing it, and then they will sing it together;

indeed, they will sing nothing else for the next five minutes, and when you hear them exclaim 'addio' with one voice, and go on repeating it, it will still mean the same thing."

Our author then classifies Italian melodies, taken as the first the *aria cantabile*. Its exponent ought to be "a perfect master of the science of counterpoint, that he may know precisely what liberties to take with respect to the harmony of the other parts." Yet it is certain that the greater the vocalist's feeling, and the more correct his taste, the more sparing he will be in the application of embellishments. Finally, the *aria cantabile* is to music what the Corinthian order is to architecture. The *aria di portamento* is compared with the Doric order. Further, "were Venus to sing, her mode of song would be the *cantabile*; the *portamento* would be that of the Queen of gods and men." The *aria di mezzo carattere* may be soothing, but not sad; it may be pleasing, but not elevated; it may be lively, but not gay. Dealing with the *aria parlante*, Lord Monboddos correspondent condemns the operatic ditty when, shorn of stage surroundings, it is transferred to the concert platform. "Your lordship must see with what impropriety airs of this kind are introduced in our concerts, where, without the audience being apprised either of the interest of the piece, or the nature of the characters, they are sung by a fellow standing bolt upright, with one hand in his side and the other in his breeches pockets, and where, into the bargain, the unmerciful scrapers of our orchestra, taking the advantage of the fortissimo, which they find now and then written above the notes of their parts, seem to vie with one another who shall most effectually overpower throughout, both the voices of the singers and the melody of the song. It is this kind of ignorant selection and murderous execution which give sensible people a distaste to Italian music in general. Hundreds of rather comical situations can doubtless be remembered where a *prima donna* proceeded, on mounting the platform, to warble something about, say, the fiery ardours of a personage concerning whose identity and general history the audience felt somewhat foggy. Such tender outpourings create, mayhap, a wondrous impression in the opera itself, but the fugitive imputation often appears silly enough in the concert-room. The *aria di bravura* has but the scant sympathy of our author. And this is how he hits off its characteristics. "It is an air composed chiefly—indeed, too often merely—to indulge the singer in the display of certain powers in the execution, particularly extraordinary agility or compass of voice. In such a composition, the means are evidently confounded with the end of the art; dexterity (if I may be allowed the expression) and artifice, instead of serving as the instruments, being made the object of the work. Such are the airs which, with us, we so frequently observe sung to ears erect and gaping mouths, whilst the heart, in honest apathy, is carrying on its mere animal function."

Further on the eccentricities of certain concert programmes are again reviewed, and Lord Monboddos "philosopher and sound scholar" has a parting fling at the situation which for-

bids "the elegant flirtation of face and figure, and where fanciful and exuberant sallies are gravely pronounced by a lady standing at the harpsichord with downcast, or, at best, unmeaning eyes, and without the smallest apparent tendency to motion." Modern spectacles discern at once that Mr. Brown's *prima donna* and a lively *cantatrice* at, say, a Floral Hall gathering, are not exactly one and the same personage. The classification of melodies finally referred to in the letters treats of *airs of imitation*. Our author, quoting, in support of his views, Galatea's address to the birds presumed to be singing around her—

'Hush, hush! ye little warbling quire;' &c., &c.,

F.

Prize Competition.

In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of composition.

PRIZE SONG.

The MSS. received in response to our invitation have not been as numerous as those sent in for Anthem and Waltz Competition. The musical talent displayed, however, is of a higher order, and considerable diversity has been manifested in the manner of treating the words and in the accompaniments.

The two best songs are by M. J. C. Collinson and Mr. John Moore Smeaton. Each possesses considerable merit, and as the contrast of style cannot fail to afford pleasure to our readers, we have duplicated the prize. The second place falls to Mr. T. W. Dodds, the third to Mr. Walter Mitchell, F.C.O.

ORIGINAL DESIGN.

We are glad to find this competition has found favour with our young lady readers. It is difficult to escape from the conventional, and there is a lack of vigour and originality in many of the designs submitted. We, however, would recommend many of our competitors to try again. The Three-guinea Prize for Illustrated Poem gives another opportunity. The best design is that sent by C. Baldwin.* We print same on title-page of Prize Song. Honourable mention is also awarded to Misses Maconochie, Barbara J. Forster, Hester Marion Wansay, Edith E. Wansay, Gertrude Farthing, Maggie J. MacOrrie, and K. E. Dumbreck.

MUSICAL NOVELETTE.

Fifty Guinea Piano, patent Sostenente, by Brinsmead, will be given as a prize for the best Musical Novelette, either original or selected, with at least six musical quotations, from any source, which seem most fully to express in the language of music the ideas or situations contained in the story. The Novelette should not exceed in length two or three pages of the "Magazine of Music." If selected, the source must be fully stated. The musical quotations should be kept within

* We shall be glad to receive Baldwin's address.

four bars each; and the works from which they are taken and the composers' names must be accurately given. Pieces in competition should be written on one side of the paper, and must reach the Editor not later than 15th February, for announcement in March Number.

SONG.

Ten Guineas are offered for a song. This is meant to induce our readers who are also song-writers, to aim at a high standard of excellence. The prize will only be given to a production the words of which are held to satisfy the requirements of poetic feeling, lyrical movement, and technical accuracy; and the character of the pianoforte part will be regarded as of quite as much importance as the voice part. Competitors have the utmost freedom as to the words they select for setting, so long as these are non-copy-right, the words and music of the song necessarily becoming the property of the "Magazine of Music." Twenty-five copies of the April Supplement containing the prize song will be forwarded to the successful competitor. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor not later than 10th March. MS. should be sent flat, not rolled.

The prize will be re-announced if no piece lodged by the time specified is held to be of sufficient merit.

VOCAL WALTZ.

Three Guineas will be given for the best Vocal Waltz. It must not exceed, when printed, six full pages of this magazine. The following words from Prize Song may be used:—

"Oh, can it be but a dream of the night,
Filling and thrilling my heart with delight,
Only to fade when the morning shall rise?
Then let me die with the dream in mine eyes."

Competitors may select other words, so long as they are non-copyright. Those using words given above are not to adapt the refrain set to them by the prize-winners of the song "Princess of Thule," published in this number.

Twenty-five copies of the March Supplement, containing the Prize Waltz, will be forwarded to the successful composer. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor, as above, not later than February 5th.

ILLUSTRATED POEM.

Three Guineas is offered for the best illustrations of a poem. The words are to be wrought into the sketch so as to form a full illustrated page of the size of the Magazine. Intending competitors should send a stamped and addressed envelope for the words. The illustrations in competition should reach the Editor not later than 10th March, for announcement in the April Number.

The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from competitors.

A Dumb Singer.

By LESLIE KEITH.

I SUPPOSE you will tell me that Heine was a great cynic, and perhaps it was so; but, for all that, he said a great many true things about marriage. You dredge queer things out of that mysterious sea when you let down your net into its waters—"monsters or pearls," as the German puts it. My poor friend Philip Field did not secure a pearl when he made his venture, at any rate; and as for me—well, there was once a time—but that's long past, and has nothing to do with this story; and, besides, every man has a right to suppose that he might have secured a jewel if he chose—has he not? That does nobody any harm.

If Field had contented himself, like me, with a bachelor's dream of what might have been, he would have been a happier man this day; but he must needs realise the thing practically by rushing into wedlock with a woman who no more understands him than that thief of a blackbird who is stealing my currants understands the complexion of my thoughts about him at this minute.

They say it was after he lost his voice—a glorious voice, I'm told, a voice that the world would have heard of—that he changed his whole plan of life: the life that looked so prosperous. He was a tutor of his college, vowed to celibacy and the delights of the Common Room, immensely popular with the undergraduates as a jolly, sociable fellow, twenty-five, a rare athlete, and the very best singer in the world. Queer that a man who had taken a good degree and had his way cut out for him, as it were, either at the Bar or in literature, should care for nothing at all except that singing-pipe of his; but so it was.

He did the other things well because it was his way to do everything well; but music was the very life and soul of him. They say it made one think of one of the "strong angels" in Revelations to hear him sing in the Cathedral. Sooner or later he would have renounced all his prospects, and given that gift of his to the world; but before that time came his voice gave him up. Who can tell how it happened? Perhaps a little chill stole up out of the treacherous river as he swung along the bank, coaching his college crew in that loud, ringing voice of his. Perhaps I wrong the Isis; he never cares to speak of that time. Anyhow, so I've heard, Field the popular disappeared for a space, reported to be ill, to the desperation of his boat, and when he came back again into the world of men and books it was without that divine voice that he valued as his best possession. It changed him outwardly and inwardly; he looked a dozen years older; his shoulders stooped and his chest fell in, and the light died out of his pleasant eyes. It was as if the best half of him had died before the time; and he had to go maimed and crippled for the rest of his days. After that he threw up everything, his academic life and his chances of a fellowship, and went in for the Church, taking the first living that was offered to him—a wretched business, here in a little hole of a village, where a man can barely keep body and soul together on the lesser tithes, which are so small, indeed, as to be hardly visible, and where there isn't a soul worth speaking to except me. And then, as if that wasn't enough, he must needs share his poverty with a woman poorer than himself, not only in worldly goods, but a very beggar in mind and brain and heart compared with him. Well, well—I'm glad I never married; though there was once a girl—

"What did you do it for?" I asked Field one night as he smoked a pipe in my little garden. Mrs. Jane Field thinks smoking "low," forsooth, and forbids it at home.

He knew quite well what I meant. "There

was nothing else to do," he said. His speaking voice is pleasant yet, though it has lost its clear ring, and is husky at times.

"Good Heavens!" I said sharply, "is all the business of the world conducted by song? Must a barrister be a barytone to succeed, and does the editor of a newspaper insist that you shall be acquainted with the Tonic Sol-Fa system before he accepts a leader from you? Or if you must needs wag your head in a pulpit, wouldn't a fashionable London church with versicles and anthems and a full cathedral service have been more to your liking?"

"I can preach best to disappointed people," he said, with a smile.

"And do you call Hodge a disappointed person?" said I, provoked by this foolish way of taking up my argument. "He is the most contented animal on the face of the earth, because he hasn't brain enough to be discontented; and if you think he cares for you and your sentimental sympathy, you are mightily mistaken. You only mystify him: he would like a worse man better so long as he didn't bother him so much."

"Perhaps, perhaps," he answered, absently, knocking the ashes out of his pipe; and getting up from the bench where he sat, he stepped over the flower border with a long stride and crossed the bit of lawn to the sundial I've put in the middle. "It's close on tea-time," he said; "Jane will be waiting for me."

"I'll walk up with you," I said, for something in his look as he turned his back towards me touched a soft place in my heart. Seen from behind, with his stooping shoulders and grey head, he might have passed for sixty, and his coat had not been new these many years.

He turned round impulsively at my words as if he would have spoken, and there was a look in his honest eyes, half of fear and pain, and yet of affectionate fondness, that told me as plainly as if he had said it aloud that there had been "words" about me in the vicarage. Mrs. Jane and I exchanged no pretence of love, though we were decently civil to each other; I for Philip's sake, and she because I was too useful to offend. I was the more determined to go since she did not want me, for I knew as plainly as if I had heard her shrill voice calling after him that she had said, "Don't bring that James Smith home with you."

What did I care for Mrs. Jane and her tantrums?

"I'll take a basket of my golden pippins to Mrs. Field," said I, by way of making things pleasanter for him, and I chose a bigger basket than I should have done but for that look in his eyes. When it was as full as I could bring myself to fill it, we set out. Philip soon forgot his worries as we went along the dusty country road. That is the best of your man with a musical temperament; he has a world of his own to which he can retire when he wills. All the sounds about us—the creaking of the mill sails in the breeze, the sharp murmur of the same wind in the sapless trees, the thin, autumn song of the birds—all the thousand-and-one inarticulate voices of nature were so many "rough elements of music" to him, out of which, I suppose, he weaves a divine harmony. Well, I let him alone when he looks like that. For myself, I was never able to distinguish "Rule Britannia" from "God save the Queen," though there was a woman's voice long ago that I could have listened to for hours.

Mrs. Jane stood in the vicarage porch as we came up—a little, spare, angular woman. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Smith, is it!" she said, and she put as much unpleasantness into the words as they could well hold; but she stopped when she saw my apples. "You can get no such pippins in all the shire." She had a thin voice, and it fell somehow into one sharp note that must have tortured her husband's sensitive ear, since it even grated

on mine; possibly she may have been comely long ago, but the roses in her cheeks had gone into two bright round vermilion spots, such as one sees on the face of a child's wooden doll, and her blue eyes were hard and keen.

She could not but ask me to tea after the present of the apples, and I stayed for Philip's sake, though I could have had a much better meal at home. There can't have been more than two teaspoonfuls of tea in the pot, and when I reflected that my old servant would be enjoying the contents of my little Rockingham at that minute, I felt I was doing a great deal for Phillip. We had hardly sat down when a message came calling on him to visit a sick labourer at the other end of the parish.

"Will you go?" I asked.

"Of course he will," Mrs. Jane answered sourly for him. "He is at the beck and call of everyone of them. He will do anything for anybody except his wife."

"It's what I'm here for: to go to them in their need, Jane," he answered, with a dignity that sat well on him in spite of his shabby coat.

I was for going with him, and half rose too, but Mrs. Field said so pointedly, "You'll stay and keep me company, Mr. Smith?" that I sat down again out of sheer amazement. Things had come to a strange pass when Mrs. Jane Field wanted my company.

"Mr. Smith," she said, when we had heard the last of the vicar's steps as he went down the little gravel path, "Mr. Smith, you are my husband's best friend."

Now, thought I, for I know a little about women, she's wanting something. I cast my eye round the room, willing to listen, but not caring to look at her as if I was surprised. Of course I am poor Philip's best friend. How bare the place was as my eye took in the details! When I first knew it, some eight or ten years ago, it was snug enough, with the college tutor's classic library and his well-chosen pictures. Where were those fine reproductions of Raphael and Titian now? where those solid and sober Latin and Greek masters? Gone, like his watch and his oars and his tankards; every relic of his happy youth vanished except the piano, the upright trichord by Collard, that still stands on one side, but dumb as its master. I remember the day when it discoursed noble music; it was shortly after they were married, but Philip had forgotten his wife and me, and was away in a world of his own. Poor fellow, he was brought back quickly enough by Mrs. Jane, who fell to sobbing and wailing, and declaring that he cared for his music more than he did for her. I think Heine must have known a Jane Field. From that day the piano has been silent; I believe she hid the key. She keeps a big basket of mending on the top, as if to imprison the music; I could see the frayed cuff of one of the vicar's shirts sticking out from it that night.

She soon recalled me from my recollections.

"I can see what you are thinking of," she said bitterly, "and it's true enough. We are miserably, wretchedly poor, and we're getting poorer every day, and Philip does nothing to help it. Only yesterday he gave half of his tithe back to a woman because her husband is out of work, and yet he would let his wife starve. He would see me die of hunger, though he might be rich if he chose."

"Madam," I began sternly—but she was at me before I could get out another word.

"There's his uncle," he said, "rolling-in-wealth, with more money a year than he knows what to do with, and nobody to give it to. If Philip had become a singer, as it was his godless intention to be, before Providence mercifully interfered and took away his voice (that was how she looked at it), I could understand his uncle casting him off; but a clergyman, a vicar who has never had the smallest difference with his Bishop, and who

does his duty to everyone except his own wife—what should he have against him? He would be proud to help him, and Philip won't write, or even let me write." Her voice broke off into a kind of wail, and as I looked at her I actually saw tears in her hard, cold eyes. "He sees me starving, and he won't put out a finger to help."

I was uncomfortable enough, you may suppose. If there's one thing that disturbs me it's to see a woman cry.

"Philip knows his own affairs best," I began; but she wouldn't hear me.

"He will listen to you," she said bitterly; "if you like to help a distressed woman you can."

She kept at it till, if only to cease from hearing that thin voice of hers, I gave in and promised to speak to Philip. He is a proud man with all his gentleness, and I knew from the first it was of no use. I may as well say here that Philip never wrote. He cut me short with the only frown I ever saw on his face, before I had fairly broached the subject. I knew it would be so; women never will understand that a man knows his own business best, though all the same Philip was a fool to quarrel with his rich relation.

I was taking my after-breakfast stroll next morning, and was sauntering past the church, when I noticed that the door was ajar, and I obeyed an idle suggestion of my mind to go in. Our church is poor, like everything else in the parish, but there is some old glass of the oak-leaf pattern that I have rather a fancy for. The moment I got inside I recognised the parson's voice in the little gallery above me. It had a dreamy note I knew of old.

"Handel loved music from a little child. It was a passion with him, and yet they would not let him play. It was as hard for him to learn as it would be for any of you. He taught himself, shut up in a garret, so that nobody might hear him, and the whole world is better and richer for the music that he learned in pain and trouble."

"Dear, dear," thought I, "what folly will not some people commit!" I crept softly up the ladder-like stair and peeped over the top rail. The vicar sat at the organ, and the village children who sing on Sundays, stood gaping, open-mouthed, round him. He was describing the "Messiah" to them, and though I thought it was all very absurd and ridiculous, I caught myself listening too, and somehow, somehow, we were on the hillside at Bethlehem among the gentle sheep, and the little gallery and the children's faces faded away, and night had "unyoked her starry team," and the air was filled with music that was not of this earth as the promise of the Deliverer came to bring peace to men's yearning hearts.

Philip stopped when he saw me looking over the rail; but though he smiled, the light died out of his face and he looked of a sudden old and worn. He dismissed the children and came down with me and out into the churchyard. Then I made up my mind to a bit of extravagance.

"I'm going to Oxford for the day," I said (I had not thought of it till that minute), "and you will go with me." He was on the point of refusing, but I stopped him. "We'll have Millbank's trap, and be in time for the mid-day train," I said. It was very extravagant, but I reflected that two third-class return tickets would not cost much more than double fare for one by second class, and I do not often spend money foolishly. "I'll call and tell Mrs. Field when I have ordered the trap," I said. I knew Mrs. Jane would not dare to refuse me, and she didn't, though she took care to remind me of my promise.

By 2 o'clock that day we heard the silver jangle of Oxford's bells, sweetest music to my poor friend's ears, and saw the sky fading peacefully in pink light behind St. Giles'. I never knew him so bright and boy-like. He would drag me here and there to all his old haunts, though he

knew very well I had never been to college and had no great taste for seeing everything. Sight-seeing always leads one into a great deal of expense.

"You must at least see Addison's Walk, you worshipper of the *Spectator*," he said, gaily, and he had me in a twinkling beyond the cloisters and the Founder's Tower all draped with crimson, and under the trees, yellow with October's touch. We had hardly gone a pace or two when, with the gold all dropping and fluttering about her, a lady came to meet us. She was bright and beautiful—that any man could see—and as her dark eyes fell on us they brightened amazingly: the blood came red into her cheeks and she smiled bewitchingly. At the same minute I felt Field's arm twitch in mine, and there was a shining in his face too, though it was shadowed with something like pain. The lady stopped us and held out her hand.

"How long it is since we met!" she said, in a caressing voice; "years upon years."

"It is a lifetime, I think," he answered in a grave voice.

At that I left them. I have some discretion; I walked on. Now that is a woman I could understand a man like Field caring about—a woman with a voice like a flute and eyes that melt when they look at you. A queer sea, indeed, that of matrimony! When I came back to them she was saying that she would come and see his wife. How will Mrs. Jane like? that I thought; but I made no remark, and though Philip marched me round the whole of that walk that lingers faithfully by the Cherwell's side, he never opened his lips. What was he thinking of? I was thinking of a pair of bright eyes I once knew; but that's long ago.

There was an organ recital that afternoon in the Cathedral, to which, of course, I had to go. I have told you that I know nothing about music, and that it is little more to me than a pleasant enough noise. I believe that in their hearts half the multitude that filled the Cathedral felt the same, and only came to be able to say they had done so; but with some of them it was different, as you could tell by their faces. I am told it was the finest organist in England who played, and he had a way of making the organ speak as if it were a living thing, and could feel pain and anguish, and joy and triumph. Sometimes it was far off, like a whisper from heaven, and then it thundered through the aisles in a splendid sort of majesty. What were Philip's thoughts busy with as he stared at the coloured window high above him? Of his own lost voice that used to fill these same walls with happy sound? (if any bit of a man can go before him to heaven, I am sure Philip's voice is waiting for him there). Of the beautiful lady we met under the falling leaves? Whatever his thoughts were, I know they were high and pure, and quite fit to set to the music of Bach and Schumann that the organist interpreted for us.

Well, he enjoyed the recital more than I did, for by staying to hear it we lost our train. It was extremely provoking, for I should have to pay for Millbank's trap just the same as if we had used it; but it could not be helped. I had noticed a small inn in the High Street, where I thought they would charge us less than at the Mitre or Roebuck, and we went there. I took care that Philip should have a good tea, though I don't believe he noticed what he was eating. He was still wandering in a world of his own, and I left him there. He doesn't often get a chance of dreaming in Mrs. Jane's company, and besides, I was glad of the quiet to read the evening papers. We went home the next morning, and by good luck Farmer Black had come to the station for a parcel, and he gave us a lift home, so that I had not a treble hire to pay for after all. Thomas Millbank ought to charge less, since his trap went back empty.

I got out at the vicarage to explain to Mrs. Field how we were detained. As the expense all fell on me, it would be absurd if she were to grumble. The porch door was shut, but in spite of that, we heard a strange sound coming out of the house—the sound of someone playing and singing. Philip had been mooning and dreaming, but I saw him start and fire up red like a boy. He pushed past me, and went in, and I followed close, for I was curious, and had a suspicion. Yes, there at the piano, so long silent, sat the beautiful lady whom we had met in the golden walk yesterday. How had she got the key? The work-basket was tilted on the floor, and its heaped-up contents were flowing over. The lady only turned to smile at us as we came in, and went on with her song. It was something about parting and meeting again after years, and her flute-like voice put a soul into the silly words. Yes, she was a charming woman.

Suddenly I thought of Mrs. Jane. My eyes sought her a minute in vain, and then I discovered her in a corner. She sat rigidly upright, and the vermilion spots seemed to blaze in her cheeks like a consuming fire; her hands were tight clasped, and her eyes stared without any expression. What had the stranger said to her? What was there to tell? While I was puzzling over this, the high, clear notes were all at once crossed by a discordant shriek; it was Mrs. Jane in a fit of violent hysterics, if you can call her mad jealousy by that name. Philip, who had been standing near the piano gazing at the singer, went dead white; the next instant he was kneeling on the floor with his arms round his wife, trying to soothe her. I got the lady (whose name I never knew) out of the room somehow or other. She did not seem in a hurry to go, and kept looking back and listening to the gentle things Philip was saying to that mad woman, who was shrieking and crying all the while. I took the lady back to my cottage and got her a cup of my best Indian tea. She was curious over my little bachelor arrangements, and laughed gaily at them. She asked me a great many questions about Philip, too.

"Poor fellow," she said, with a little shrug, "his piano is dreadfully out of tune!"

She smiled as she said it, and I knew she was thinking of the discordant harmony in his home; but I was not going to speak of that. As we were sitting at tea a fine carriage and pair passed slowly along the highway. She made me run out and stop it, and then I had to go back and hand her into it, her train rustling over my late single dahlias as she walked down the little path.

"Say good-bye to poor Philip for me," she said, with a smile, leaning out after I had shut the carriage door.

She kissed her hand as she drove off. A charming woman; but I never asked her name, and sometimes I think I must have dreamed that she sat in my arm-chair and drank my tea.

I did not see Philip till late the next day, and he made no allusion to his visitor, so of course I did not give her message. Some things are best unsaid. He looked haggard and worn; he said Jane had been very ill, and he blamed himself for leaving her in her delicate state of health. He came to ask my old woman to sit up with her, and though it was rather inconvenient I let her go; I would do a great deal for Philip. For weeks after that he hardly ever left his wife's side. He was anxious, and yet brighter than often, for he was looking forward to a new hope in his life. After ten years of loveless wedlock, a baby was coming to draw those two alien hearts together, and he was as happy at the thought as if the child was bringing a fortune with it. I shall never forget the night he came late to my cottage door, bursting in just as I was going to bed, to tell me that a son was born to him. He was trembling with half-awed delight, and he never thought of me standing half-dressed with the draught of the

open door blowing in upon me. If these married people only knew how foolish they look! I had to turn him out at last, or I should have had no sleep that night. After this, of course, one heard of nothing but this wonderful baby; the whole womenkind of the parish were crazy over it. Baby, forsooth! A small, squalling bundle of humanity to make such a fuss about!

I put off visiting Mrs. Jane as long as I could, but when Philip asked me to go I did not refuse him. He was walking about the narrow parlour with a small bundle wrapped in a big shawl, and he did not look so ridiculous as most men would in the circumstances. Philip always had a great deal of the woman about him. He said it was five weeks old, and he was for lifting a corner of the shawl, and showing me the prodigy; but I declined the honour, and sat down by Mrs. Jane's sofa. She never troubled to look at me; she was following her husband's steps with hungry, jealous eyes. Poor woman! If she had lived that baby would have sundered them further than ever, but I had only to take one look at her sunk face, with the scarlet stains on it, and at her hollow, glittering eyes to know that her sentence was written down.

Philip did not know it then, but he found it out soon after, and from that day he never left her. She died quite suddenly one morning while he was reading to her. I never cared for Mrs. Jane Field, and her death did not kindle the liking I had not felt for her in life; but I was sorry for Philip, who seemed, somehow, to think that he had lost a treasure, and to blame himself for not having valued it more while he had it. After her death he always spoke of her as Jeanie, and I believe that boy of his thinks his mother was an angel. We are queer, self-deceiving creatures, some of us!

How that boy grew up I can't imagine. His father never lost sight of him for a minute out of the twenty-four; he took him the round of the parish before he was out of his long-clothes. There was more music than money in the house in those days, and how they scrambled along I don't know. Soon after Mrs. Field's death I noticed that the piano was gone. I never asked Philip what he did with it, but there was noise enough without it. An echo of the father's lost voice seemed to come back as he hummed the boy to sleep, and when he was older the two spent hours over the organ in the little gallery of the church. Before he knew his A B C the younger Philip had learned all about Handel and Mozart, and the little Felix Mendelssohn, who seemed to be a sort of angel to him, and Beethoven, who had to be beaten before he could learn the piano. He always told that with an astonished face. He was a queer, solemn child, with absent eyes like his father's, and no look of his mother.

When he could stand firmly on his feet and talk in his own quaint way, I began to take a good deal of notice of him. I saw that it would never do for him to grow up ignorant of everything but your playing and singing people, and I began to rub up my Latin and History, and give him little lessons. He had a strangely meditative mind, and would have got on well enough if my old servant had not constantly interrupted us with plates of bread and jam and cake—such extravagance!—and glasses of my best currant wine. Then he would be coaxed to play on the little toy flute somebody had given him, and the neighbours would come to the door and listen, and there would have been an end to all discipline if I had not been very strict. Sometimes when things went too far I turned them all out and locked the door, and then we got on better.

One day, perhaps five years after his mother's death, I was crossing the churchyard to go and see Thomas Millbank, the churchwarden, when I met Philip. He came out of the church leaving

the door open behind him. He beckoned to me and I went to him, for he looked pale and agitated, and I feared something was amiss. "The boy," I began, but he shook his head and laid his trembling hand on my arm. He led me softly into the church, and I went with him, wondering. He paused under the gallery, for from the organ-loft there came a clear, angel-like voice, floating down to us, and soaring away beyond us to the altar. It was the air of a hymn I had often heard the village children sing, but never like this. I stood with my mouth agape, too astonished to speak. Then my poor old friend let his two hands fall on my shoulders, and with tears running down his cheeks he said, brokenly—

"God has been very good to me, James; He has given me my lost gift again in my child."

Philip and the boy came to tea with me that night, for you see it was a great occasion. When the child fell asleep with his head against his father's shoulder we talked a long time about him. I suppose nobody will ever know why he kept that angel-voice of his locked up in his queer little breast all this time; he sings enough now, at any rate; too much for some of us.

Philip was radiant and full of schemes. The little one was to have the training he had never had, and to make the world rich in song instead of his father.

"And where is the money to come from to train this young genius?" said I, slyly (for I had a plan of my own in my head). You see they were poorer than ever, since there was nobody to pinch and scrape.

Philip looked confounded for a moment, and rather ashamed of himself.


"I quite forgot to tell you," he said at last, "that I had news this morning that my uncle is dead, and has left me his money."

It was like Philip to forget that. I was too provoked to congratulate him, for I had meant to leave my savings to the boy, and as I had said nothing about it nobody will give me credit for the intention now. And what good would they be to rich people like our vicar and his son? There is nothing more to tell. Philip is our vicar still, and the way he squanders that money of his on the parish is quite wicked. I'm glad I kept my poor savings after all.

I sometimes wonder what Mrs. Jane would say to all this, and am tempted to give the boy an idea of what his mother really was. But he thinks her a saint, and I have restrained my tongue as yet. As for Philip, if you saw him listening to the boy's singing, you would see how happy a man can be in this world. I believe every one of that lad's small triumphs gives him more pure joy and delight than the applause of a nation would have given him in his own singing days. But then Philip always was queer.

The Organ.

X.

 OUR next consideration is that of the doubles available for use upon the manuals. Their use is chiefly to give increased heaviness and thickness to harmonic structure, when added to the 8-feet foundation tone, though they are occasionally useful for doubling any solo passage in octaves, after the manner of effects common enough in orchestral music. In speaking of these doubles, it must not be forgotten that at present we are considering flue-work only. Of this class, then, the double-stopped diapason, or bourdon, requires first to be named. This, though of 16-feet tone, is but of 8-feet length, for the reasons before stated—viz., that a stopped pipe speaks an octave lower than an open pipe of the same length. This is the double most frequently found upon the manuals, and is

of soft and sweet tone. Sometimes in the swell organ a double dulciana of 16-feet tone is used in place of this, the difference in the tone of which is akin to that between the stopped diapason and dulciana. The double gamba (or contra-gamba, as it is sometimes called) is a little stronger than the bourdon; still, it is generally soft, and resembles the 8-feet gamba in the reediness of its quality.

The double dulciana and the double gamba somewhat resemble each other in tone, though the former is really the softest, while the latter is more intense in its effect.

Lastly, the double open diapason (or, as it is sometimes called, the double diapason), which must always be of 16 feet in length. This stop is of full, rich, and sonorous tone, and does a duty of giving breadth and dignity to a mass of organ tone which no other stop could accomplish. These doubles, then, as has already been said, add a thickness and body to the harmonic structure, and fulfil a useful end when used with the 8-feet foundation work already discussed.

The mutation stops now to be enumerated consist of stops of 4-feet and 2-feet length, together with those intermediate lengths arising from the use of stops which do not speak a note of the same name as the key struck—such, for instance, as the twelfth, which always speaks G from the C key.

It must here be impressed upon the reader that some writers have a slightly different method of classification to that now laid before him. It is well, therefore, to avoid confusion, to state that the different classification consists in calling all stops, reed or flue, that speak a note of the same name as the key struck (regardless as to whether it is a unison sound, or in different octaves), foundation stops. Under this order of things *anything* that is labelled 32, 16, 8, 4, 2, or 1 foot comes under this head. This, though adopted by men of the first standing, seems to be a faulty classification to the writer's mind; hence the reason for the different method adopted in the present case, which is also defended by other men of equal standing. To return to the enumeration of the mutation stops according to this plan, we take first the 4-feet stops. These embrace the different kinds of flutes.

Wald flute, a sweet though not particularly bright stop, and is as near as possible the same as that labelled plainly flute, or even that called lieblich flute.

Harmonic flute, a duplicate in the octave above of the stop bearing the same name among the 8-feet series. From the nature of this stop, its tone is more clear and penetrating than the wald or lieblich flutes.

The salicet flute and the flute d'amour, though fairly bright, produce tones of a more sweet and less penetrating character.

In addition to these varieties of the 4-feet flutes, which is not presumed to be by any means an exhausted list of the flute class, we have the gemshorn, a more reedy or string-toned stop, perhaps not very unlike a 4-feet viol da gamba. Sometimes, though very rarely, an 8-feet counterpart of the gemshorn is included among the 8-feet flue-work. Lastly comes the principal, the strongest of all the 4-feet stops. This stop is of little or no use by itself, so is rarely heard except in combination. At such times, when added to the 8-feet flue-work (foundation work) it lends a brightness (not to say shrillness), which none of the 4-feet work can supply. Little, therefore, as seems its utility, it *has* its use; and, indeed, it might be said that an organ would be incomplete without it, and that after the foundation work is laid, it is one of the first and most indispensable elements in building up that brightness and brilliancy which is one of the features of an organ, and which no amount of foundation work itself would supply.

Of the 2-feet stops in use, mention should be made of the piccolo, as being an octave above the 4-feet flutes. This stop is very bright and clear, and a very fair representative of the orchestral instrument of the same name, which in its upper notes in *forte* passages shrieks out its piercing notes clearly above the rattle and din of the *fortissimo* of the brass and drums of the full orchestra. That the piccolo stop in an organ can accomplish as great an effect would be asserting almost too much; still, it is remarkably effective in solo passages when the accompaniment is proportioned to it, and it is certainly the most acute stop in the organ available for separate use. Nearly akin to this, though perhaps not quite so clear and bright, is the 2-feet flageolet. On account of this likeness in effect the two are rarely or never included in one manual. These are almost the only 2-feet stops in use that are available for solo purposes. Other 2-feet stops are the gemshorn and the fifteenth, which last is the octave stop to the 4-feet principal. These two are useful for adding still further brilliancy than the addition of the principal made to the foundation work. But when these are added to the 8 and 4-feet work there is a tendency in most instruments to screaminess, unless the doubles be added to the other side of the foundation tone to restore the balance. The 2-feet stops are then most useful to crown the superstructure of tone. To re-survey this ground, it might be said that the foundation tone (8-feet) will bear the additional story of 4-feet tone without the musical sense of the fitness of things being in the least offended; on the contrary, there is additional brightness, which brings enhanced interest without disturbing the equilibrium or balance of tone. On the other hand, the addition of the 2-feet work to this is liable to produce a top-heaviness which cannot be reconciled to a consistent balance of tone until something heavier is added. This the doubles well supply.

Musical Celebrities.

IX.—RUBINSTEIN.

Who have heard Rubinstein play is to have gained one of the lasting experiences of the musical life. There is no musician known to the English public who possesses in so large degree what the Germans call *demonische*—that element of personal magnetism which seizes and sways the amateur, and attracts even the comparatively indifferent listener. A Rubinstein recital is a phenomenon in the progress of enthusiasm. The temper of an English audience is often at first but a few degrees above zero, and it rarely gets within measurable distance of Continental ardour. We are, in fact, constitutionally indisposed to the tearful emotions excited by great players abroad; if, indeed, the wet eyes be not apocryphal, and the sobbing an outcome of hysteria in the narrator. Yet there may be warmth not the less intense that it does not suddenly flame out, and Rubinstein must often have felt the gradual glow spreading under the fire of his genius. He has been seen to enter a concert-room in an almost chilly atmosphere, the auditors scarcely being conscious that one of the greatest pianists of this or of any age was before them. Soon, however, the power of his presence is felt. The firmly-knit frame and robust gait match the strong massively-outlined features, bearing a look of slumberous energy. With a recognition of the audience so slight that in another man it would seem offensively nonchalant or arrogant, he seats himself at the instrument, where his demeanour completes the impression made by his striking personality. The virtuoso has many ways of conducting himself at the piano. Beethoven, we are told, had an excited manner; Mendelssohn swayed his body, and was not guilt-

less of finger flourishing; Liszt, with less of natural distinction, would be showy; and, to take a long step downward, Pachmann, seemingly adopting the rapt ecstatic music of the comic illustrations as his model, at one moment seeks inspiration in the ceiling, at another bends an ear to catch the first faint intimation of an ideal pianissimo, then turns with a beaming confidence to lead the admiration of his hearers. Rubinstein's deportment is irreproachable, nay, attractive by its suggestion of concentrated energy. Excepting an occasional toss of the head, that by a sudden movement throws back the thick locks, the body is still, and the audience for him does not exist. He is for the time as if surrendered to the spirits of music, seeing with the "inward eye" alone. One need but look at him to divine his all-compelling power; and the duldest tympanum, the most sluggish imagination, does not long resist the tones he awakes.

Anton Rubinstein was born on November 30, 1829, at Wechotynetz, near Jassy, in Russia. He comes of a Jewish stock, and is thus one more testimony to the vitality of a race whose sons and daughters have been the chosen instruments of poetry and song since the days of the sweet singers of Israel. At the age of ten his command of the instrument was so marked that his teacher started with him on a concert-tour. In Paris, then the goal of all musical aspirants, he came into contact with Liszt, by whose example as well as advice he profited. The succeeding years were mainly spent in severe study, partly in Berlin and partly in St. Petersburg, where he had already been selected for honour by high personages. It was in 1856 that he may be said to have taken the world by storm as a virtuoso, while his original compositions—the fruit of years of unostentatious work—found a ready public, and laid for him the basis of a more enduring reputation than falls to the mere executant. From 1856 onward his career has been a prosperous one, there being, it is generally admitted, no musician except Liszt—whose place is unique and secure—to be named as surpassing him in technique. While St. Petersburg has been his home, and the musical advancement of Russia his peculiar care, he has made journeys into all lands, and commanded homage everywhere. He is the founder of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, and for several years held the office of Principal. The Russian Musical Society also owes its origin to him. Russia has not withheld its honours in recognition of his art-labours; and in 1869 he was ennobled, the Emperor conferring upon him the coveted Vladimir Order.

It is difficult to speak of Rubinstein's playing without seeming to indulge in hyperbole. Language that may justly describe a very high standard is yet insufficient in his case. For, the Russian pianist is a prince even among virtuosos. There are many players with as rich intellectual and emotional endowments: there are a few with qualities of technique only a degree less masterly, but certainly no other artist combines in such perfection the highest forms of technique with the superadded gifts of energy of temperament, and unexampled development of digital strength. His treatment of the instrument is a revelation not only of what a pianoforte can be made to produce and endure, but of the wondrously-heightened expression imparted to much-played compositions by an expansion of the whole sphere of tone-poetry. To hear Rubinstein is to gain an enlarged notion of *fortissimo*, and the listener's conceptions of all possible intermediate shades of expression, from tender quiet rising through a thunderous crescendo to an impassioned climax are relatively enhanced. It is commonplace to say that under Rubinstein's hands, the instrument speaks. It yields gradation of tones with almost orchestral power, evolving and carrying forward the language of music to an

unparalleled degree of emphasis. When interpreted with his massive grasp of chords and splendid bravura, his immense and fiery vigour of spirit impelling and sustaining the execution, and with a ready artistic poise that permits a transition into the softest expressions, the works of Beethoven, ranging from Titanic passion to calm poetic feeling and humour, are impressed upon an audience with a force absolutely new and delightful.

Individuality of this pronounced type has, of course, its accompanying limitations. In a sense Rubinstein falls short of the highest degree of musicianly conscientiousness—that is, in absolute fidelity to the composer's thought. His programmes are in the main formed from the classics, and he is understood to have but imperfect sympathy with the school that has grown out of Wagner and Liszt. Yet in his own way he manifests the free spirit. Intellectually, next to tremendous energy, is the most striking feature of his playing, but he is not an eclectic. He does not take examples of various forms and moods for the purpose of expressing faithfully the characteristics of each. Under his hands all composers receive more or less of the Rubinstein colouring. The notes are there, but the musical thought seems to have received the stamp of a fresh individuality. And who would wish it otherwise when under the wizard's spell? This, too, has to be said for Rubinstein, he never enfeebles ideas; the composer seems for the moment greater than the most liberal imagination had previously conceived him. There are players of repute who render Beethoven with admirable lucidity and correctness, yet hardly rise above the region of sentimental trifling. When Rubinstein attacks such a sonata as the Waldstein, expression marks have no value; but then how uplifting the power, how exultant the vivacity! This is what its creator's mind might have shaped when soaring beyond the limitations of human capacity. Rubinstein's playing of Chopin's *Etudes* is also in a style which that composer, whose power lay in delicacy and distinction, could never have dreamt of. It is as if the player were spurred by an insatiable desire for tone, demanding more and yet more from the instrument, and obtaining it in an electrifying crescendo. And when the storm subsides there is no player who can excel the grace, the tranquil beauty, the subdued pathos with which Rubinstein's instrument becomes eloquent.

Rubinstein has been a fertile original worker, though, with the exception of the "Ocean" symphony, he is only known in England by his slighter compositions. Melodic opulence, strength and euphony in the harmonies, with skilful thematic development on well-understood lines, are the most prominent qualities in work as yet hardly submitted for more than tentative judgment. In his pianoforte pieces there is, however, often a startling freedom in the progressions, without loss of charm, showing how the barriers of the schoolmen may fall at the touch of genius. His songs, too, some of which are familiar in the concert-room, have a certain suggestion of originality in their plaintive note, even when they are very slenderly built. Of Rubinstein's work in opera report speaks highly, though it is little known outside his own country. Probably waywardness in the choice of subject, or it may be the lack of the gift of dramatic characterisation, has here imposed a limitation. On the 11th November last his most recent work of this class—"Der Papager"—was produced at Hamburg, and had a favourable reception. It is doubtful whether he is within the stream of prevailing ideas as to operatic methods, although on this, as on his general original work, no final word can be spoken. The variety and extent of this work show an elasticity of the faculties and an intellectual patience hardly less noteworthy than his mastership at the key-board.

National Music.

"GIVE me the making of a nation's songs, and let who will make its laws." This is a maxim which, like many other maxims of general acceptance, does not bear a very close examination. But there can be no doubt that the songs of a nation afford a tolerably sure index of the national character, and, moreover, that those characteristics of which they are the outcome, are fostered and perpetuated by their influence.

To take examples at random: Is "God save the Queen" not truly English in its broad solidity and massive dignity? and is the grave and tender Scotchman not at his best in "Auld Lang Syne," and the gay, rollicking Irishman in "Garry Owen"? In song as in life, the Englishman delights in hunting the hare, the Scotchman bids his "dearie" come with him to Kelvinside or Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes; the Irishman has half sanguine, half despairing dreams of the triumph of the Shan Van Vocht. There is a brightness and an *elan* about such French war-songs as "La Marseillaise" and "Mourir pour la Patrie," which we do not find in German war-songs, these being marked by a calm and resolute purpose, which better fits the character of the people. That most glorious of all national anthems, the hymn-like "God save the Czar," is surely expressive of the strange, half-religious enthusiasm of the Russian peasant for his Emperor; and, on the other hand, it is surely no accident that the national anthem of Spain, "La Madrilena," is cast in a dance-measure resembling a waltz.

Again, there is something equally characteristic in the dance-music of the different nations. It is in some Highland glen, amid the wild "skirling" of the "pipes," that "Thulichan," "Tulloch-gorum," or "The De'il among the Tailors," comes off best. We can scarcely imagine a phlegmatic German or a courtly Frenchman joining in the "hooching" of a genuine Scottish reel, or taking part in the rattling fun of an Irish jig. The light and tripping Tarantella is meant for an Italian sky; and the elegant yet formal gallantry of the Frenchman sets off to best advantage the stately Sarabande or Minuet. The very measure of a country-dance seems to transport us to some pleasant village green where English lads and lasses are making merry under the maypole; while the free and open "Landler" carries us off in a trice to the mountain-air of Styria. Spain, too, has her "Bolero" and her "Cachucha," well fitted for her Carmens with their jingling castanets.

These few simple illustrations will show better than any precise definition what we understand by national music. It is no doubt true that in one sense all music is universal. The Eroica Symphony of Beethoven speaks as powerfully to an Englishman, a Russian, a Spaniard, or an Australian as to a fellow-countryman of its composer. In our own days, in music as in other matters, a tendency to cosmopolitanism seems to have set in; and while Herr Dvorak and M. Gounod have been received in this country with open arms, we have sent forth from among us a Goring Thomas, a Villiers Stanford, and a Mackenzie to reap in other lands a harvest of laurels richer even than they have gained in their own. Music is also universal in the sense that it is expressed in one universal language which is equally familiar to all; the fiat that went forth

from the Tower of Babel left the language of music pure and unbroken.

But in another sense all music is national. All music is to a certain extent influenced by local surroundings and circumstances, and by national feelings and aspirations. While it is true that Shakespeare was "not for an age, but for all time," he was still a true child of his age, an Elizabethan of the Elizabethans, and similarly the wideness and universality of his genius did not weaken or impair his English sympathies. And the same holds good of music. No doubt, even in symphonies and sonatas, one might find amid a general uniformity some *nuances* in expression which indicate variety in national temperament. But, broadly speaking, Art is one, while Nature is infinite; and it is not in the refined productions of cultured musicians, but in the untutored lays of a simple peasantry, that we have to seek that variety which springs from a difference in national character and disposition.

Into the question of the origin of national music, which ultimately merges in that of the origin of music itself, we cannot pretend to enter. We have no records of the beginnings of music such as we have in the case of poetry, and it would, indeed, hardly be safe to assign an age of more than a few centuries to any of the national airs with which we are acquainted. As, however, they have certainly been transmitted from generation to generation by the peasantry, who in all such matters have been eminently conservative and averse to change, it is possible or probable that the antiquity of many of these airs may be much greater than we are able to affirm.

That national music has been the heritage not of the rich and great, but of the mass of the people, there can be no doubt; and we have every reason to believe that the composers also were mainly drawn from the lower ranks in life. No doubt, then as now, there were noble song-writers, but if their compositions have lived, it is only in virtue of their having been adapted to the popular taste. The courtly trifling of the "Minnesingers" of the middle ages had no interest for the mass of the people, and thus, while the words of their songs have been preserved in the illuminated manuscripts of the day, the music, sustained by no tradition, has perished. The "Minnesingers," like the disciples of Petrarch and the Spenserians, dealt with the passion of love in a conventional fashion, simulating for artistic effect what they did not feel the composer of "Savourneen Dheelish" was certainly in love himself. Similarly, those modern composers who have gained for such songs as "Home, sweet Home," or "Die Wacht am Rhein," an universal popularity which fairly entitles them to be called "national," have succeeded through their full sympathy with feelings widely spread among their countrymen.

Considering the social position of the persons by whom the majority of our national songs were composed, it is not surprising that their names have not come down to us. It is somewhat melancholy to think that "the bard has perished, though his song yet lives." What would we not give to know something of the life and character of the men to whom we owe the melodies of "Savourneen Dheelish," "Robin Adair," or "Scots wha' hae"? Of course, the composers of the more recent national melodies are known. "La Marseillaise" will be always associated with the name of Rouget de l'Isle; the Austrian National Hymn is often called "Haydn's Hymn to the Emperor;" and Lvoff has immortalised himself as the composer of "God save the Czar;" but the authorship of "God save the Queen" is still as hotly contested as of old the birthplace of Homer.

It is an obvious reflection that many or most of the words with which we are familiar in connection with old-world melodies are comparatively

recent. In many instances the effect has been enhanced by the substitution of new words, and this was pre-eminently the case with Burns, the words of whose songs are always perfectly suited to the times with which he chose to associate them. In truth, Burns, a genuine son of the soil, and a true-hearted Scotchman, was in perfect sympathy with the conditions under which Scottish music arose; hence the secret of his marvellous success. The songs of Moore, on the other hand, are usually highly artificial and conventional, in fact, no more Irish than English, Dutch, Hungarian, or Spanish; and they are moreover frequently united to inappropriate tunes, words of burning hatred against England being sometimes rattled off to the tune of an Irish jig.

On the whole, it seems to us that the Scotch is the finest collection of national music which we possess. This pre-eminence Scotland owes to Robert Burns, the greatest lyricist the world has yet seen, who bestowed all the wealth of his genius on Scottish song. Love is the chief feature in Scottish song, but the whole range of human passion and emotion is treated, and every transition of feeling from grave to gay is musically represented. Patriotism, especially as shown in the passionate attachment of Scotland to the ill-fated house of Stuart, has bequeathed to us a score of war-songs which are unequalled, unapproached even in any country in the world.

Next I would place the national music of Russia and of Ireland, which in this respect are somewhat akin. The melodies of both countries possess a weird beauty and a dreamy melancholy which seem to be the common inheritance of the Celtic and Slavonic races. There is an undercurrent of this poetic melancholy present in Scottish song, but the main stream is Anglo-Saxon in its prevailing steadiness. This peculiar feeling, which lends so great a charm to national music, meets us in the melodies of Scandinavia, being there conjoined with the restless energy and the bold daring which are characteristic of these brave Northern peoples. Whatever may be thought of this strange dreaminess as a factor in life, it is wonderfully effective both in poetry and in music, and we have no hesitation in assigning a first place to those melodies in which it is most prominent. Were this all, or had Russia and Ireland each possessed another Burns, we should certainly have placed them first in our list.

The dance-music of Russia, Ireland, and the Celtic parts of Scotland shows the other side of the Celtic and Slavonic temperament—a wild, reckless gaiety which is not found in the music of any other country, except, perhaps, Hungary.

The music of the Anglo-Saxons and Teutons is widely different. It is a remarkable fact that England and Germany have comparatively few melodies written in a minor key, which appears to be little suited to the easy-going cheerfulness of these peoples. The chief feature of old English songs is a mirthful jollity, like that of the "Lasses and Lads" who are bidden to "take leave of their dads, and away to the maypole hie." So, too, the chief feature of German songs is "Heiterkeit," that disposition to make the most of life in which our German cousins resemble us. No country is without its drinking songs, but it would seem that more songs have been written on the Rhine wine than on the combined vintages of the world. The old-fashioned German waltz is somewhat slow and heavy—a characteristic which is not shared by the merry English country dance, which again has not the reckless abandon of the Irish jig or the Highland reel.

It may be worth observing that while the stream of national music ceased in Scotland with the Jacobite Revolt, having already run dry in Ireland long before that time, it flowed on in England and Germany with a sustained current which is not yet quite exhausted. Our sea-songs

* We propose to contribute a series of articles on this subject, the first being devoted to a sketch of the subject in outline, and the remaining to a more detailed treatment. The article in our next issue will be on the "National Music of England."

of the early part of this century, and the German war-songs of the same period, are truly national. Within our own time Germany has given birth to some "Volkslieder" (especially "Die Wacht am Rhein") as fine as many that it has taken a couple of centuries to ripen.

The national music of the Latin races, while it does not show much depth of feeling, is bright and graceful. The dance-music of these countries is exceedingly pretty, and some of their measures, such as the Minuet, the Gavotte, and the Tarentella, have been recognized and used as regular musical forms by the fathers of music.

Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary are remarkable for their spirited dance-measures, and we must not forget the wandering gipsy who has given an element of the picturesque to the music of those lands with which he has chiefly associated his name.

These may, we think, be accepted as the main characteristics of the national music of the countries of which we have spoken; we have had with regret to set aside numerous illustrations which would, doubtless, have lent additional clearness to the statement of our views, but which seem better suited for our proposed treatment of the subject in detail. If our readers will have the patience to accompany us month by month, we shall endeavour to place the subject before them in a stronger and more attractive light, and to obtain their fuller assent to the statements which we have made.

Humoresque.

THE CAT AS A MUSICAL CRITIC.

I LATELY (writes a clergyman in the south of Ireland), in visiting a musical friend, had the opportunity of witnessing the strange effects of certain kinds of music upon a cat.

Pussy was sporting with her young kittens on the rug, when her master drew my attention to her, saying that there was an air in Verdi's "Il Trovatore" which she detected, and would not allow to be whistled within her hearing.

Upon my expressing my surprise, and begging for an illustration of the truth of his statement, he began to whistle several airs in different styles. Of these, however, the cat took not the smallest notice. He then changed to the well-known "Ah ché la morte," when instantly her play stopped, and her ears pricked up with an uneasy motion. As the whistling continued she grew more and more restless, and at last, with a piteous cry, ran to her master, climbed up beside him, and put her paws on his mouth to stop the objectionable whistling.

I asked was it a trick pussy had been taught, but was assured that her antipathy to Verdi's celebrated air originated altogether with herself. The doctor had been one day pensively looking out of the window, thinking very little of either the cat or music. Half unconsciously he commenced the "Ah ché la morte," when suddenly he felt that pussy was clambering up his legs. She seemed much excited, and would not be quieted till she had stopped his breath with her paws.

From that day she had always shown the most determined aversion to this air as distinct from all others. It mattered not in what part of the house the doctor struck it up, it always brought her instantly to his side, and if any one else had the temerity to try the experiment it was with difficulty she could be prevented from tearing out his eyes, a fate which had well-nigh befallen a rash visitor who had ventured to whistle the tune before the extreme violence of the cat's objection had been discovered.

An old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbour said,—"Why, that is a very old anthem; David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied:—"Well, well, I now for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang to him."

A NEW opera is called "The Orange Girl." It is expected to provoke "peels" of laughter.

A Violin-maker's Ruse.

WHENEVER I see a connoisseur of violins eagerly examining one of his favourite stringed instruments—when I see him tapping it now on the back and now on the belly, casting a critical eye on the carving of the scroll and on the purfling, holding it with both hands at arm's length to catch the curves of the wood, or raising it under the chin to run his fingers down the board, now frowning, now smiling as the instrument falls below or rises to his ideal—when I see this, I am reminded of the story of the violin-maker, Pifficone.

Amades Pifficone worked in a little shop under the shadow of the Rathhaus in an old German town. The tall coloured roofs and gaunt gables the rusty ironwork and curiously finished windows gave to the place a warmth and mellowness that admirably accorded with the sentiment of violin-making. It was easy to conceive the instruments of deceased masters issuing from Pifficone's shop with their fine qualities deepened by age and by the rich atmosphere they had there enjoyed. And in truth, Pifficone worked wonders with all kinds of instruments. He seemed to have a genius for refurbishing up old violins, taking from each its finest parts and recombining these in instruments that were the temptation of the amateur collectors. All day long he sat on his bench in the doorway with the implements of his craft about him, and when asked where he had the good fortune to obtain so much useful material for the construction of violins, he was wont to answer, without looking up from his absorbing work, "Oh, from Cremona!"

Since the death of his wife, Pifficone's house has been kept for him by his daughter Mariele, a pretty maiden of eighteen summers, whose appearance was more melodious to some persons in the neighbourhood than her father's famous violins. The amateurs who visited the house were, in moments of enthusiasm, accustomed to draw comparisons between her and the magical outlines of beauty in their Cremonas. Mariele had, however, heard ere now the tune that comes sweetly to the young life. Franz, her father's godson and apprentice, had not passed his time under the same roof wholly absorbed in cutting f-holes and laying on varnishes. As some of the fiddlers might have said—for they love a professional joke—he had become as the fourth string of the instrument. And she was every moment expecting to see him enter, bringing with him from foreign lands a violin finished by his own hands, as a proof of his mastership in the art. Not that the maiden was deeply concerned as to the violin; but Franz hoped to snatch occasion while showing it to his old master to put a certain question regarding Mariele's future and his own.

At last he comes, fiddle in hand. If you were a connoisseur you would naturally devote your attention at once to the youth's handiwork. But there are moments when even violins seem stale and unprofitable. Mariele was willing to take for granted that Franz could have given hints to Stradivarius himself. Had not Franz returned, and what instrument could ever express the music of that? Yet their fate was bound up with violin-making; and remembering this, the youth betook himself to the private workroom of Pifficone.

The master welcomed him heartily. Then he seized the new instrument, that in its frankly modern garb contrasted strongly with its aged relations scattered around, and submitted it to a narrow examination. How his eye dwelt on the contours! Were the depressions in the back not

too deep? Was the sweep of the lines free enough? And the scroll—the test of the artist who loves his handiwork? At last he handed back the instrument, saying, "Well done, my boy, you are a worthy craftsman and do me no discredit."

Franz was elated by the warmth of this praise, and lost no time in putting into becoming words his request regarding Mariele.

"I shall now," he said, "be able to maintain a wife and family, and Mariele and I have long loved each other."

"Potz Wetter," cried Pifficone; "hear this *jungling*! How many of these new fiddles can you make in a year, and who do you think is going to purchase them? Did you ever know of anyone collecting new fiddles? Why, if you can contrive to live a hundred years, at the end of that time your fiddles may begin to fetch you an income. Till then your proposal would only succeed in fretting yourself and Mariele into fiddlestrings."

"But, master," pleaded Franz, "is this not the same art by which you have won reputation and money?"

"Bah! I should have starved long ago had I trusted to those miserable new violins. I work at another sort of thing: old instruments from Cremona; these alone bring in the gulden. Away with your white timber!" And seizing Franz's violin, Pifficone swung it in the air and then dashed it into fragments on the bench.

Pale and trembling, Franz saw the cherished product of his best art thus cruelly destroyed. Before he could speak his angry thoughts, Mariele rushed in and cast her arms round him. The destruction of the violin had brought about a crisis which the old man had not reckoned upon, and he saw that the young people were in deep earnest. As he really liked Franz, and preferred him as a possible son-in-law, he speedily gave the situation a new turn. First of all, he carefully collected the parts of the smashed violin. Then mounting a chair, he handed down from the wall the back piece of a cello. The result of this was to reveal a small door, bearing in fairly large letters the word "Cremona."

"Look here, Franz," he said, with a glance of quaint humour; "now I send your violin away."

He opened the little door, which was seen to give access to a part of the chimney. Within were the parts of several stringed instruments. Some were evidently of quite recent construction; others, being partly embrowned by the heat and smoke, had a more mature look; while yet others had such a tone that, when skilfully varnished and touched up with the signs of age, they would pass for the product of Stradivarius' workshop.

Pointing to the word on the door, Pifficone continued, "And later on you may get your fiddle from Cremona. You see, my son, there are fiddles which become old by the hand of Time, and there are fiddles which are made old by the hand of the artist. For my part, I think there is finer skill required in producing the latter, and the connoisseurs like them as well; and, what is important, are willing to pay for them. So by such means as you see I anticipate Time. Let those who will make new violins; you shall make old ones only; and as I do not know that Italy has any right to the exclusive possession of a Cremona, your violins, brown with antiquity and rubbed with much playing, shall all come from 'Cremona.' You will make yourself rich, and the collectors happy. I have vowed to disclose only to my children the secret of my Cremona violins."

Thus it is, whenever I see a connoisseur of violins gloating over a fine mellow instrument, and seeing the hand of Stradivarius in the cutting and modelling, in the masterly sweep of the lines, and in the pure amber varnish, I am reminded of the story of Pifficone and his Cremona.

A Musician's Ideal.



FOR several years previous to my acquaintance with Herman Richter, his face had become familiar to me as a frequenter of classical concerts. On these occasions I had watched him with great interest. He would usually enter the concert-hall with sullen features, and drop into his seat with the air of one who, wrapped in meditation, becomes oblivious of all surroundings. But, under the sunshine of melody, the clouds upon his brow floated tremulously away, until, when he leaned forward, listening eagerly to the music, his features relaxed, as though, weary of his own thoughts, he turned with relief to commune with those of another. At one of these concerts we happened to occupy adjoining seats, and I ventured to address him concerning the performance. At first he seemed so embarrassed that I almost regretted having spoken to him, but as the warmth with which I continued betrayed my deep interest in music, his manner lost much of its hesitation, and his conversation grew fluent, at times even enthusiastic.

That evening's talk led to subsequent discussions, and our mutual regard finally ripened into a close friendship. As he was more than nineteen years of age when we first met I was surprised to find that I was his only friend, but as our intimacy developed, and my understanding of his character became more complete, this circumstance explained itself. He was in the shadow of peculiar circumstances. I found a disposition by nature ardent and affectionate. As a child, already his only desire was to love and be loved; but a vivid imagination so exaggerated his bashfulness that, in time, it became a lamentable want of self-confidence, rather than a fitting modesty. His excitable temperament, while it magnified his expectations, equally intensified his disappointments, and frequently I have heard him express deep regret at the frustration of a trivial hope. His parents died when he was very young, and after their death he was obliged to live with a distant relative so cold and unsympathetic, that, until he made my acquaintance, there was no one to sweeten the bitterness of his thoughts. For these reasons I allowed him in the beginning of our friendship the comfort of my society as much as possible. Soon, however, I began to regard as a pleasure what at first I had looked upon as a sacrifice.

His secluded life made music almost his sole enjoyment, and his keen appreciation of the beautiful gave him a thorough knowledge of the master works of his art. He was most in sympathy with those composers whose sentiments never degenerated into maudlin melancholy, or whose intellectuality never threw a fog over their subject. These, he contended, had followed through life a lofty ideal. This ideal he believed to have assumed the shape of a beautiful woman, whose form ever floated before their eyes, and with whom their thoughts were ever in communion. He himself claimed to have a similar ideal, and would describe it to me in terms of such extravagant admiration that I believe he had then already conceived a deep passion for some woman who at that time lived in his thoughts only, but whom he hoped one day to possess.

Though he was a clever pianist, I could not persuade him to play before anyone but myself. He could never overcome his nervousness, his fear of failure, and that intense bashfulness I have already mentioned. So he had placed

a piano in his private apartment, and he could not be persuaded to perform on another instrument, or in the presence of others than myself, his only friend. I had chosen an artist's life, and many a pleasant evening we spent together; he looking over my sketches, criticising them candidly, but always encouragingly; while I was constantly exhorting him to cast aside his shyness, because I thought he might become, with proper instruction, not only one of the first pianists of the day, but also a leading composer, for he excelled in improvisation, and his intuitive knowledge of harmony and counterpoint was remarkable. It was his purpose when he should become of age and obtain possession of the property left by his parents, which sufficed for a competency, to visit Europe and study music with the best foreign instructors; not with any intention to appear before the public, but merely to gratify his artistic impulse. As the course of instruction I had mapped out for myself included similar travels, we determined to journey together. This was not a very difficult matter to arrange, inasmuch as musical conservatories abroad are usually found in art centres, where the musician can draw inspiration with the artist and the poet.

At last we started on our journey; and, without having anything special happen to us, we arrived at a small town in Germany. Here our first inquiries concerned art matters. For in these ancient places there is generally a picture-gallery containing many old paintings and a small number of modern works. From what I could learn at the inn, the local exhibit seemed unusually attractive, but I was tired, and decided to defer my visit until the morrow. Herman, however, was restless, so I asked him to see the pictures and to give me his estimate of them. He assented, and after he had departed I began to arrange our baggage and attend to matters which this involved.

About half-an-hour afterwards I glanced out on the street, and, to my surprise, saw Herman approaching with unusual haste. A moment later he rushed into the room. I had never seen him in such a state of excitement. His cheeks glowed, his eyes were unnaturally brilliant, and his voice trembled as he ejaculated, while he grasped my arm, "Come! Come! You must see her! She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen! More beautiful than my ideal!"

His manner was so earnest that remonstrance died on my lips. So great was his haste that I had difficulty in keeping pace with him, and, when I attempted to retard my steps, he would hurry me along by the arm, exclaiming:

"Come! she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

At last we came to an old building, and this we entered. I saw at once we were in an art museum. He hurried me through the hall and through several rooms, without noticing the surrounding statues and antiques, until we reached a room whose walls were covered with paintings. Here he halted and looked around. I followed his glance until it rested on a small, dark passage-way which led into another room. Two houses had evidently been thrown into one, for the passage-way was unusually long, and I accounted for this by the fact that it was cut through two walls whose thickness was part of the thorough architecture of olden time. His hasty manner became more subdued, and he approached the entrance as though he were nearing a sanctuary. He did not enter, but stood before it gazing at some object within. As I joined him I beheld, immediately opposite in the other room, one of the most beautiful faces I have ever seen. Though he did not tell me, I knew he must have recognised this as the pictorial embodiment of his musical ideal.

I forgot for an instant that my eyes were resting on a canvas; there was living beauty in

the features before me. It was an exquisite portrait of a young girl. The breath of roses lingered upon her cheeks, and her deep blue eyes peered through the golden hair that fell in idle ringlets over her brow. The painter appeared to have chosen a moment when her thoughts were far above this earth—her dreamy, absent gaze seemed to rest upon some fair offspring of a pure imagination. The passage-way was dimly lighted, and around about her hung desolate paintings by some unknown old masters; and this fair creature shone through this darkness as of a dreamy night the rays of a solitary star break through the sombre heavens.

For a long time we remained gazing in silence. Then I asked,—

"Who is she?"

"I do not know," he said, in a nervous, tremulous voice. "I do not know; but we will soon find out. This picture arrived here recently from Paris. I have the name and the address of the artist. I never heard the name. He must be a young man. He will show her to me. I must see her, I must know her. We leave here early to-morrow morning. In two days we can be in Paris. If you ever loved me, help me now, for I cannot help myself."

Poor fellow! I pitied him for this nervous excitement. I could not move him from the spot until darkness set in, and we were informed we could no longer remain in the building. He spoke of nothing but the picture the entire evening. It had so played upon his imagination that I saw an attempt to dissuade him from visiting the artist in Paris would be vain. Even when he fell asleep while I was preparing for our journey, I noticed that his dreams were troubled, and his slumbers restless. So I hastened the preparations for our departure, and next day we started.

We reached Paris on the evening of the second day. A drizzling rain chilled the atmosphere, and it was a dreary night. Herman had been so nervous that he had scarcely closed his eyes during the journey, and I was alarmed at his condition. But he turned a deaf ear to my entreaties to rest, and insisted upon seeing the artist at once. His manner was so urgent that I saw opposition would be waste of time, so I hailed the nearest conveyance. As I gave the driver the address, he said, hesitatingly—

"Is Monsieur sure of the address? The distance is great, and but few travellers go to that part of the town."

I again asked Herman to desist, but to no purpose.

The miserable weather caused the better parts of the city to look gloomy enough. But as we hastened on the surroundings grew gloomier still, for the streets became narrower and lonelier, and I noticed we were fast approaching a desolate quarter of the city. At last we stopped before a dingy-looking house. As we neared the door we heard loud, quarrelsome voices within, then a heavy fall, and oaths in quick succession. I had not the heart to knock, but nothing could stay Herman. As the door opened our eyes rested upon a loathsome spectacle. A stout woman, in the stupor of gross intoxication, was lying upon the floor, and by her side an empty bottle. A strong odour of spirits pervaded the house. Poverty, hunger, and despair were depicted in the features of the old man who ushered us into a miserable room, which seemed to serve as kitchen, bedroom, and studio. But I knew we were in the right house, for on the wall hung a copy of the picture we had seen two days before. My friend saw it immediately, and said—

"Are you the artist who painted that picture?"

"I am," was the reply.

"I will give you all this," said Herman, throwing down a handful of money on the table, and pointing to the portrait, "if you will show me who sat for you."

As Herman leaned anxiously forward to catch the reply, I could not tell whether the look of pity or the sarcastic smile predominated in the artist's face. He replied—

"That picture, monsieur, was completed twenty years ago; it is a portrait of my wife before we were married. You have seen my wife; she is the lady lying in the hall. I sold the original years ago in Paris. When it was exhibited, a great future was predicted for me, but—" He pointed in the direction of the prostrate woman.

After the first words the artist uttered Herman grew pale, and trembled so violently that I sprang to his side to support him, if necessary. When the artist had finished I grasped my friend's arm and hurried him out.

As we passed the woman he gave her a glance of despair, and then looked back at the picture. I dragged him away, and ordered that we should be driven with all possible speed to the nearest hotel. I felt alarmed for Herman. He did not speak a word; he seemed listless to all I said, and trembled violently. When we reached a resting place I sent for the nearest physician. When he arrived he found my friend in a raging fever, calling deliriously for the picture. When, on the third day, his fever and delirium increased, the physician pronounced his case hopeless. A week after we had reached Paris, Herman Richter died, in his twenty-second year.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

♭ Schubert's Sonatas.

THE work for our present consideration is the Sonata in D, Opus 53. The initial key of the first movement the composer barely establishes before he flattens his leading note, so as to lead into subdominant tonality. This, occurring in the second half of the second bar, gives a kind of prophetic indication of the tonal restlessness which a little later manifests itself. The key of G is very transiently used, for dominant harmony of the original key leads back in the fifth bar to a repetition of the opening figure, but, most disappointing and unusual at so early a place in the movement, it is this time in the tonic minor, not major. This leads to a passage in the key of F, where the rhythm of the leading figure is maintained by the left hand most effectively against running passages in the right, and these terminate in a sudden chord of C sharp major, of most startling and not altogether welcome effect, in the key of F major. On this strange harmony the four-quaver rhythm of the leading motive is alternately sustained by each hand for two bars, and then continued for two more on the dominant harmony of the original key, thus leading to a repetition of the opening bar and a half of the movement, though with a change from *furte* to *piano* after the first chord. In technical phraseology this would be termed the beginning of the bridge or causeway connecting the two subjects, and which is altogether constructed in this case on the ideas already exposed in the first subject. At first the opening figure is used in alternation with a scale passage of six notes and an *arpeggio* of four, till at the fifth time the scale passage seems to have won the day, for it pushes the opening motive for three bars and a half out of existence; and for three bars still more is continued by *arpeggios*, till (as if it were obliged to give over for want of breath) the original figure makes itself again heard as far as the rhythm is concerned, but the notes are different; and this assertion of the first motive again takes place after the scale passage has had another innings of a bar and a half, but this time the four even quavers are made uneven by dots, as if to give more point to its final utterance. After this an extension of the scale passage just given leads at once to the second subject—a four-bar phrase of melodious interest given out in unison by the two hands; and then repeated in a varied form, and this time clothed with harmony.

Schubert at this point, as if in fulfilment of the prophecy of the opening as to the restlessness of key, makes a sudden change from the key of A, in which the second subject has been most consistently given, to that of G, in which key, and at a slower time, he now gives out this strange bit of rhythm, for melody it has none:—

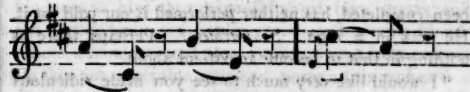


It would seem as if Schubert had congratulated himself on the orthodox manner in which he had treated his second subject, and, so, by way of celebration for so thoroughly curbing his waywardness, bursts out into this exuberant strain, like a boy just released from school. In this respect it recalls to mind the good resolve of the old toper, who never could pass a certain hostility without going in to liquor up, but who did succeed once in doing so, and was so delighted with his power of self-command that he could not refrain from returning to take a glass to celebrate such a great conquest. This change of key and movement does not last for more than six bars, when a return is made to the triplet activity and in the formerly quitted key of A. After four bars of this, the left hand is made to introduce the second subject against the right hand's continuation of the triplets. From this point down to the end of the first part (from whence the repetition is to take place), nothing new is introduced; it is all development of already enunciated ideas. The second part opens in the key of B flat, and with the first idea; after eight bars the left hand has it, and the triplets are brought by the right hand against the four even quavers of the left—a plan that was started just before the close of the first part—and this is reversed a few bars later.

Rather than weary the reader with a detailed analysis of this free fantasia, it may suffice to say that the whole of it is developed out of the several ideas of the first subject, the second not being drawn upon for material, though at the commencement of this part an extension of the last two notes of a portion of the first subject—



of course results in a repetition of the rhythm of the second subject which is now quoted—



as Schubert makes it produce:—



which, though thus shown to be generated from the first subject, can scarcely be said to be altogether unsuggested by the second. This, though, is the utmost that the second subject has to do with supplying any material for the free fantasia portion of this first movement. The first subject is advantageously curtailed at the reprise, by the omission of the two startling modulations already spoken of, and proceeding at once instead with the causeway portion, which is repeated, note for note, exactly as it stands in the first part, a different turn at the end of the final scale passage being made sufficient to lead round to the second subject in the key of the tonic, instead of that of the dominant, as it was in the first place. From this point to the end of the movement is a simple transposition of the whole of the matter which in the first part appeared in and about the key of A, but here is transposed a fourth higher or fifth lower into that of the tonic.

Following this, a code is appended in quicker time, and this (as is so frequently the case) reproduces the opening of the free fantasia, and brings to a conclusion a movement which, though not one of Schubert's best, has many traits of his individuality about it, and well repays the labour that must be spent upon it to secure a good performance. A movement like this we have been considering requires close study to enable the student to bring out all the different points of interest, and so it would scarcely be a piece to which justice could be done by a sight-reading. The movement scarcely opens before such a point occurs in the eighth bar, where the left hand has the initial figure to bring out against a running accompaniment of the right hand, but which might be almost passed over at first sight before the point

would be noticed. A similar case occurs after the first idea of the second subject has been given out, and after the alteration to the slow tempo has been passed; the first idea is once more given out, but this time by the left hand only, and that too against an *arpeggio* accompaniment of triplets of quavers for the right hand. At first sight, it would be ten to one whether this might get the prominence that it ought to have over the accompaniment, unless from the hands of an exceedingly sharp and far-sighted player; and even in such a case a second rendering would most probably bring it out better, as the player would not only bring the experience of the first rendering to bear upon it, but would know of the passage just before it was reached instead of just after, and so the mind would prepare the fingers to give it that special expression which the passage demanded.

This is one of the chief reasons why classics require so much attention as compared with light and superficial music. There is so much inner meaning to be brought out which cannot be done without a close study of the piece, and which in music of the lighter class has no existence. This is the cause why this lighter music is so readily picked up by the unmusical. Everything in it lies on the surface, and so costs no trouble to the executant, for it requires no thought or penetration to fathom its depths. The listener, too, comprehends its meaning with as much facility, and hence superficiality becomes synonymous with popularity. For classics to win due appreciation, a different state of things is essential. Time is required for their beauties to make themselves known, and to this end frequent repetition is necessary, so that their due recognition and appreciation is a thing of much more deliberation and of slow growth. The causes of this slow adoption of classics are their real elements of strength and endurance; so that anything which wins immediate popularity is usually short-lived, while those which take time to gain appreciation generally retain that acceptance for a much longer period. As an example of this, attention need only be drawn to the slowness with which the public accepted Handel's "Messiah." It took some time to make the people care for this work and to become familiar with it, yet now it is the most popular of oratorios, and every year brings forward almost hundreds of performances of it in the British Isles only. These remarks have been suggested by the movement under consideration, because it is felt that it is not on the first hearing or two that the listener is so much interested with the music it contains as he would be at the time that it can be said he is really acquainted with it.

Singing.

TEACHER, who has had long experience in training voices, gives the following terse and commendable hints to vocal students: "A singer's stock-in-trade consists of a very limited number of notes, often only a dozen. According to the perfection of each of these tones is the voice valuable. A voice with a dozen or twenty actually perfect notes has a higher marketable value than any other musical acquisition. Hence the importance of devoting care to the production of tone. Many pupils jump over the formation of tone, and satisfy themselves with learning the tunes of the *prime donne*, and, in after life, suffer for their mistake. A noisy, gasping effect when taking breath; and then trying to sing with the lungs empty, is a common fault among badly-trained singers. Often an inferior, unpleasant tone is given, because the pupil has never been taught the secret of making a dome of the inside of the mouth.

"Vocal students are often lazy. So much flattery is given to them for singing a pretty ballad, which they have learned like a parrot, that they scorn the scholastic application which makes them good timists and respectable musicians. Exactly as piano pupils spend weeks and months in merely learning to lift their fingers, and as violinists endure untold torture in getting into position, so must singers donate some little patience to position of throat and all that pertains to a proper production of tone."

VON BUELOW WILL PLAY IN PARIS.—Hans von Bülow intends, it is said, accepting an invitation to play next April at the Colonne Concerts, Paris.

Evenings with the Orchestra.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(Specially Translated for the "Magazine of Music.")

PROLOGUE.

IN the north of Europe there is an opera house where the musicians, many of whom are intellectual men, are in the habit of indulging in reading, and even in conversation of a more or less literary and musical kind, during the performance of all the mediocre pieces. It is unnecessary to say that they read and talk much. On the desks by the side of each music score is consequently to be found a book of some kind. Indeed, the musician who appears the most absorbed in his part, the most intent on counting his rests and on keeping an eye on his repeats, is very often the most deeply engrossed in Balzac's marvellous scenes, or in the charming life pictures of Dickens. It may be he is even studying a science. I know one, who, during the first fifteen representations of a celebrated opera, read, re-read, meditated, and comprehended the three volumes of Humboldt's "Cosmos." I know another, who, during the long success of a very obscure and foolish modern work, has succeeded in learning English; and yet another, who, with the aid of an exceptional memory, has, under similar conditions, related more tales, romances, anecdotes, and wild frolics than would fill ten volumes.

There is one member of this orchestra, and one only, who will not suffer his attention to be distracted. Ever active and unwearied in his work, his eyes fixed on the notes, and his arms always in motion, he would deem himself dishonoured in omitting a crotchet or in disregarding the quality of his tone. The end of each act finds him red, sweating, exhausted, breathless; yet, fearing to be late, he barely allows himself a few moments during the interval to drink a glass of beer at the neighbouring *café*. The first bars of the following act suffice to nail him again to his post. His zeal touched the director of the theatre, who sent him one day six bottles of wine "for encouragement." The artist knew his worth, however, and instead of receiving the present with gratitude, returned it proudly to the director with these words: "I have no need of encouragement!"

Need I say that I have been speaking of the player on the big drum.

His *conféres*, on the contrary, rarely cease their reading, recitations, discussions, and conversations, making exception only in the case of a masterpiece, or when, in an ordinary opera, the composer has entrusted to them the leading and dominant part. Their inattention to the music would then be too obvious, and would lead them into trouble. But the entire orchestra is not bound to attention at one time; and if the conversation and literary studies languish in one part they are vigorously renewed in another, and the most fluent talkers on the left side resume the conversation as those on the right resume their instruments.

During my annual visit to the town where this club of instrumentalists flourished, I frequently joined them as an amateur, and thus heard a very great number of anecdotes and little romances. I frankly admit that I have often acknowledged the politeness of the storytellers by giving them a recitation or a reading in my turn. Moreover, a member of the orchestra is naturally repetitious, and when he has interested his audience, or won a laugh by a witticism or good story, you could be quite sure that if it were the 25th of December he would not wait till the end of the year before endeavouring by the same means to achieve a fresh success. This is what comes of listening to these good things; they have impressed themselves on my memory as strongly as the dull scores to which they were made to serve as accompaniment. I have, therefore, decided to write them, even to publish them, working in some episodic dialogues of the auditors and the narrators—giving, in fact, an example of each. Accordingly, I shall say no more.

It will be understood that the player on the big drum will have no place in my extensive bibliography. A man so laborious, yet strongly disdains mental exercise.

COLLOQUISTS.

THE CONDUCTOR.
CORSINO—first violin, composer.
SIEDLER—leader of the second violins
DIMSKI—first contre-bass.
TURUTH—second flute.
KLEINER, senior—kettledrum.
KLEINER, junior—first violoncello.
DERVINCK—first hautboy.
WINTER—second bassoon.
BACON—alto. (Do not go down to the one who invented powder).
MORAN—first horn player.
SCHMIDT—third horn player.
CARLO—boy of the orchestra.
A GENTLEMAN—one who frequents the stalls of the parquetry.
AUTHOR.

FIRST EVENING.

THE FIRST OPERA, story of the past.—VINCENZA, sentimental romance.—Griefs of KLEINER, senior.

A very dull modern French opera is to be played.

The musicians enter the orchestra with an evident air of bad humour and disgust. They scorn to tune their instruments—a fact of which the conductor appears to take no notice. At the first emission by the hautboy of the *la* the violins perceive that they are a full quarter of a tone above the winds.

"Ah!" said one of them; "the orchestra is delightfully discordant. Let us play the overture in this way; it will be a good joke."

Thereupon the musicians boldly play their parts, and the audience is not spared a single note. Without a mistake, was I going to say? Yes! Ravished by this flat rhythmical mock-music, the audience has cried encore, and the conductor feels obliged to signal a repetition. But first, as a piece of diplomacy, he insists that the string and wind instruments should be put in agreement. Intriguer! They are now in harmony, the overture is repeated, and this time produces no effect! The opera commences, and, one after another, the musicians cease to play.

"Do you know," said Siedler, the leader of the second violins, to his neighbour at the desk, "what has been done with our comrade Corsino, who is missing from the orchestra this evening?"

"No; what has happened to him?"

"They have put him in prison. He has taken the liberty of insulting the director of our theatre on the pretext that this worthy man has commissioned from him the music for a ballet, and, although the score has been completed, has neither performed it nor paid for it. He was in a rage . . . *Parbleu!* Perhaps there is nothing in that to become impatient about."

"I would like very much to see you made ridiculous in the same way; we should then appreciate your moral strength in long-suffering."

"Oh, I am not so foolish. I know too well that the word of our director is worth more than his signature. But, bah! Corsino will soon be liberated; a violin-player of his capacity cannot be easily replaced!"

"Ah! is it for that he has been arrested?" said an alto, laying down his bow. "Let him take his revenge some day, like that Italian who in the sixteenth century made the first attempt at dramatic music!"

"What Italian?"

"Alfonso della Viola, a contemporary of Benvenuto Cellini, the famous goldsmith, carver, and chaser. I have in my pocket a novel that will soon be published, in which they are the heroes. I'll read it to you, if you like."

"Let us have it!"

"Draw aside your chair a little; you prevent me getting near!"

"Don't make so much noise with your contre-bass, Dimski, or will hear nothing. Have you not left off playing that stupid music?"

"Is it a story? Wait. I am for it."

Dimski hastens to get rid of his instrument.

All those in the centre of the orchestra then place themselves near the reader, who unrolls his *brochure*, and resting his elbow on the case of the French horn, begins in a low voice.

THE FIRST OPERA.

A Tale of the Past.

1555.

Florence, 27th July, 1555.

ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA TO BENVENUTO CELLINI.
I am sad, Benvenuto. I am tired, disgusted; or rather, to tell the truth, I am ill. I am fretting myself

to a shadow, just as you did before avenging the death of Francesco. But you soon recovered. Will the day of my restoration ever come? I . . . God knows. Yet what suffering worthier of pity than mine? Could the justice of heaven be better exercised than in granting vengeance—that sovereign remedy, that precious balm all-powerful in soothing the woes of the musician outraged in his art and in his person. Oh! no, Benvenuto, no; without contesting your right to stab the miserable officer who killed your brother, I cannot help placing an infinite distance between your injury and mine. What had this poor devil done after all? Spilt the blood of your mother's son, it is true. But the officer was commanding the night patrol; Francesco was mad with wine; he insulted without provocation, he flung stones at the detachment, and was in his extravagance about to seize the soldier's arms, when they made use of them, and your brother perished. Nothing could have been easier to foresee, and, we must admit, nothing could have been more just.

My case is of another sort. Though I have been worse than killed, I have not merited my fate. I should have been recompensed, and I have only received outrage and insult.

You know with what perseverance I have been working for many years in the endeavour to add to the forces and to multiply the resources of music. You know that neither the bad feeling of the old musicians nor the silly raillery of their pupils, neither the distrust of the dilettanti, who regarded me as an eccentric person of greater folly than genius, nor the many material hindrances engendered by poverty, succeeded in stopping my work. In am entitled to say this, as I disclaim all merit.

The young Montague, named Romeo, whose adventures and tragical death were the talk of Verona some years ago, inevitably succumbed to the charm of the beautiful Juliet, daughter of his deadly enemy. Passion proved stronger than the insults of the menial Capulets, stronger than the iron and the poison with which he was constantly menaced; Juliet loved him, and for one hour by her side he would have braved death a thousand times. Ah, well! Music is to me as a Juliet, and by Heaven I am loved by it.

Two years ago I formed the plan of a wholly novel theatrical work, a work in which song accompanied by different instruments replaced the spoken dialogue, and, by union with the drama, created impressions that even the loftiest poetry has never yet rivalled. Unfortunately this project was very costly; a king or a few only could have undertaken its realization.

Our Italian princes have never spoken well of the pretended musical tragedy, performed in Rome at the end of last century; the small success of "L'Orfeo" by Angelo Poliziano, another attempt of the same kind, is not unknown to them; and it was useless to ask their patronage of an enterprise in which the old masters had so completely failed. I should simply have been taxed once more with pride and foolishness.

As for the Jews, I did not think of them for a moment. All that one might reasonably have hoped to obtain from such a quarter were contumely and derision as soon as the proposition was stated. I did not even know a sufficiently intelligent Hebrew, setting aside the question of generosity. I therefore abandoned my scheme, with much bitterness of spirit you may believe, and returned to my ordinary works which sufficed for a living—obtained, however, at the cost of what might have brought glory and fortune.

Another new idea soon after began to give me pain. Do not laugh at my discoveries, Cellini, and do not hastily judge my new-born art by your long-established one. You know enough of music to understand me. Do you really believe that our drawing madrigals in four parts are the last degree of perfection to which composition and execution can attain? Good sense says, No—that in regard to expression, as well as in musical form, these much-lauded works are childish and trifling. The words express grief, anger, jealousy, bravery; but the musical setting is always the same, and may be likened to the sad, unvarying psalm-singing of begging monks. Is this all that melody, harmony, and rhythm can do? Are there not in the many divisions of the art a thousand possible developments? Have the instruments no part to take? Why should our feeble accompaniments invariably follow the voice either in unison or at the distance of an octave? Has instrumental music an independent life? What prejudice and lack of originality are shown in the writing of vocal music! Why should the thing

always be in four parts, even when the singing represents one complaining of his solitude? Can you imagine any production more inconsistent than these canzonettes introduced a little time ago into the tragedies, where an actor, speaking in his own name, and appearing alone in the scene, is yet accompanied, often very indifferently, by three other singers placed in the wings?

Believe me, Benvenuto, what our masters, infatuated with their own work, call the highest pitch of art, is as little like what will be named music in two or three centuries, as the two-footed mud montrosities made by street children are unlike the sublime *Perseé* or the *Moïse* de Buonarroti.

An art as yet in its youth admits of many modifications . . . immense progress is in the future. And why should not I help to give the forwarding impulse which will? . . .

But without telling you what this latest conception was, let me say that it was one quite capable of production by ordinary means, and needed the assistance of neither rich nor great. Time alone was necessary; and—the work once finished—an opportunity of performing it could have been easily found during one of the days of the *fêtes* which attract to Florence the aristocracy and the friends of art from all nations.

Here lies the cause of the bitterness and gloomy anger which wrings my heart:

One morning while I wrought at this unique composition, which, if successful, would have brought me European fame, Monseigneur Galeazzo, confidential servant of the Grand Duke, who, in the past year, had much enjoyed my scene from Ugolino, came to me and said, "Alfonso, your time has come. Peddle no longer in madrigals, cantatas, and songs. Listen to me: the marriage *fêtes* will be splendid; nothing will be spared to give them an *éclat* worthy of the two illustrious families about to be united; your last successes have created confidence; you are now believed in at court, and, knowing your project of a musical tragedy, I have spoken of it to my lord. The idea pleases him. To work, then; let your dream become a reality. Write your lyrical drama and fear nothing for its execution; the best singers in Rome and Milan will be invited to Florence, the first *virtuosi* will be at your disposal; the prince is magnificent, and will refuse you nothing. Do then what I expect of you; your triumph is certain and your fortune made."

I know not what I experienced during this unexpected discourse. I remained dumb and motionless—astonishment and joy rendered me speechless, and I must have looked like an idiot. Galeazzo did not misunderstand the cause of my trouble, and shaking my hand said:

"Adieu, Alfonso; you consent, do you not? You promise to lay aside every other composition, and to give yourself exclusively to that which his Highness asks. Remember that the marriage will take place in three months!"

And as I continued to reply affirmatively by a sign of the head only:

"Come, be calm, you Vesuvius! Adieu! The engagement will be signed this evening; you will receive it to-morrow. The affair is settled. Be brave; we reckon on you."

When he had left, my head felt as if all the waterfalls of Terni and Tivoli were seething in it. The commotion was not lessened when I fully understood my happiness, when I realised anew the grandeur and beauty of my conception. I glanced at my libretto, which by lying long neglected in a corner had become yellow; I again see Paul, Francesco, Dante, Virgil, the shades and the damned; I hear the intoxicated lover sighing and complaining; tender, gracious melodies, full of abandon, melancholy, and chaste passion, well up in my thoughts. The outraged husband's dreadful cry of hate next takes possession of me. I see two figures, united even in death, roll at his feet; then the souls of the two inseparable lovers wander through space; they are tossed by the wind to the abyssal depths; their plaintive tones mix with the dull and distant noise of the infernal waves; the hissing of the flame, the fierce cries of the unfortunates who are in its grasp, the hideous concert of the eternal woes . . .

For three days, Cellini, I walked purposeless in a continual whirl; for three nights I was sleepless. It was only after a long spell of fever that lucid thought and consciousness of realities returned to me. This period of ardent and desperate internal struggle was necessary to subdue my imagination and to restore my

power of working out the subject. I became again master of myself.

Within this vast framework each part of the picture arranged itself in simple and logical order, emerging by degrees in sombre or brilliant colours, in half tints or glaring tones; human forms appeared, here in exultant life, there under the pale and cold aspect of death. The subservience of the poetic idea to the music became natural and easy. The one was made to strengthen, to heighten, and to beautify the other. I worked under the compelling power of original ideas with such facility that at the end of the second month my task was done.

Lack of repose had much exhausted me; but vigour and watchfulness did not forsake me in thinking out the details yet necessary for the assured performance of the work. I superintended singers, musicians, mechanics, and decorators.

Everything was prepared with the most astonishing precision, and this gigantic musical machine was about to be majestically set in motion when an unexpected blow broke the springs, annihilating at once the fine conception and legitimate hopes of your unfortunate friend.

The Grand Duke, who had voluntarily commissioned this musical drama; who had caused me to abandon other assured compositions; whose glowing words had filled my heart and inflamed my artistic imagination, now made sport of all that; now told the imagination to become cool, and the heart either to calm itself or break; what did it matter to him! In short, he set himself against the presentation of *Francesca*; the Roman and Milanese artists are ordered to return home: my drama will not be put on the stage; the Grand Duke no longer wishes it; HE HAS CHANGED HIS MIND. . . . The crowd, which already filled Florence, drawn less by the nuptial preparations than by curiosity regarding the announced musical *fête*—the crowd greedy for new sensations, deceived in its expectations, did not trouble to seek the true cause of the production being thus callously blocked, but readily credited the incapacity of the composer. Everyone said—"Doubtless, this famous drama was absurd; the Grand Duke knowing this in time, did not wish that the vain conception of an ambitious artist should throw ridicule on the ceremonials. What else could it be? A prince never lightly breaks his word. Della Viola is yet the same conceited mad fellow that we knew; his work was not presentable, and out of kindness to him they have refrained from saying so." Oh, Cellini! oh, my noble, proud, and worthy friend! reflect a moment, and then realise what I have suffered by this inconceivable abuse of power; this unheard of violation of the most formal promises; this horrible affront which cannot be redressed; this insolent calumny of a work which no one yet knows but myself.

What can one do? What say to the crowd of lazy imbeciles who laugh on seeing me? How answer the questions of my partisans? and who would listen to me? Who is the author of this diabolical plot? and how get to the truth of it? Cellini! Cellini! why are you in France? Why can I not see you, and ask your counsel and assistance? By Bacchus, they will drive me really mad. . . . Cowardice! Shame! I almost feel tears gathering. Let all weakness vanish! Instead, strength, foresight, and coolness are indispensable, as I want revenge, Benvenuto. I pray for it. When and how it does not matter; but I will be revenged, I swear. Adieu. The noise of your latest triumphs has reached us, and I congratulate you, and heartily rejoice with you. May it please God to move the King of France to give you time to answer your suffering and non-avenged friend.

ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

Paris, August 20, 1555.

BENVENUTO TO ALFONSO.

DEAR ALFONSO,—I admire your outspoken indignation. Be assured mine is also great, but calmer. I have too often suffered like deceptions to be astonished at what has befallen you. I agree that the experience was rough, and that your youthful vehemence, and resentment of such a grave and unmerited insult, are as just as they are natural. But, my poor child, you are in the infancy of your career. Your retired and brooding habit of life, your solitary method of working could teach you nothing of the intrigues to which high art is subjected, or of the real character of men in power, who often hold the artist's fate in their hands.

Some incidents in my history, hitherto undivulged,

may throw a little light on our position as artists, and especially on your own.

I do not fear that my recital will make you less diligent; your character reassures me. I know it; I have studied it well. You will persevere, and will yet achieve your purpose, in spite of all obstacles. You are a man of iron, and the flint directed at your forehead by low, ensnaring passions, instead of cutting, will emit sparks of fire. Learn what I have suffered from the injustice of the great, and profit by it.

The Bishop of Salamanca, ambassador at Rome, had given me a commission for a large ewer requiring very minute and delicate workmanship. It cost me two months' work, and I was well nigh ruined in providing the enormous quantity of necessary precious metals. His excellency sent for the ewer, and dilated in eulogistic terms on the rare merit of my work. Not a word, however, was said about payment for two months, just as if he had received an old pan or a medal of Fioretti. Fortunately the vase came back for some alteration, when I refused to return it. The accursed prelate, after having loaded me with insults worthy of a priest and a Spaniard, tried to extract from me a receipt for the unpaid sum. But I was not the man to be caught in such a clumsy trap. His excellency then thought of sending his servants to attack my shop. I suspected his purpose, and when this rabble attempted to force my door, Ascanio, Paulino, and I, armed to the teeth, had such a welcome ready that next day, thanks to my carbine and my long poignard, I was at last paid.

Worse happened later when I had made the gem for the Pope's vestment—a marvellous bit of workmanship of which I must tell you. I had placed the great diamond exactly in the middle of the piece, with the figure of God below in a easy attitude, raising the right hand as if giving the benediction. The whole was in perfect harmony. Above were three little angels, with their arms in the air, sustaining the jewel. The central figure was embossed; the other two were in *bas-relief*. Surrounding these were other angels set with many beautiful gems. From under the fluttering mantle of the deity came a crowd of cherubims; and the details being filled in with exceeding richness, the total effect was admirable.

Clement VII. broke into enthusiastic praise on seeing the finished work, and promised to give me whatever sum I asked. But there the matter rested; and when I declined to make a chalice on the same unprofitable terms, this fine Pope became as furious as a wild animal, and imprisoned me for six weeks. That constituted my sole reward at his hands. I had been at liberty a month, when I met Pompeo, a miserable goldsmith, who was insolently jealous of me, and against whom for a long time I had difficulty in preserving my life. I despised him too much to hate him; but on seeing me, he jeered as he had never done before, and, embittered as I was, I could no longer restrain myself. At my first show of fight, terror made him turn his head, and the sword struck exactly above the ear. A second blow was not needed, for he instantly fell dead on my hands. To take his life was my last thought, but in the state of mind I then was, blows cannot be calculated. Thus, after having endured an odious imprisonment, I was obliged to take flight. For what? For putting a scorpion out of existence, while under the impulse of a just wrath aroused by the faithlessness and avarice of a Pope.

Paul III. heaped upon me all kinds of commands, but was no freer with his money than his predecessor. That the fault might appear to be on my side he thought of an expedient, truly atrocious, and wholly worthy of him. One of the many enemies I had in attendance on his Holiness accused me in his presence of the theft of Clement's jewels.

While knowing the accusation was false, Paul III. yet pretended to believe me guilty, and ordered me to be imprisoned in the Castle of Saint-Ange. It so happened that some years before, during the siege of Rome, I had taken part in the defence of this very fort, and under its ramparts had fired more cannon than all the other men together. To the Pope's great joy I had even killed an officer of the Bourbons. Well, I escaped. I gained the walls, suspended myself by a rope over the ditch, and, invoking the help of heaven, let myself fall, crying, "Lord help me, since I help myself!" God did not hear, and in falling I broke my leg. Exhausted, dying, covered with blood, I dragged myself on hands and knees to the palace of an intimate friend, Cardinal Cornaro. The treacherous dog gave me over to the Pope for a bishopric.

Paul condemned me to death, but, as if grudging to shorten my torment, first plunged me into a fetid dungeon, crawling with tarentules and other venomous insects. It was only after six months of torture that he granted my pardon on the prayer of the French Ambassador. I owe my release not to his clemency, but to a drunken orgy.

These, dear Alfonso, were terrible sufferings; these were persecutions difficult of endurance. Do not imagine that the wound recently inflicted on your *amour-propre* can give you any idea of them. Moreover, insult to the work and genius of an artist has also been my fate, as, for instance, at the court of our gracious Grand Duke, when I erected *Persée*. Probably you may think this more grievous than personal outrage. You cannot have forgotten, I think, the grotesque surnames applied to me, the insolent sonnets placarded every night on my door, the scheming of cabals to make Come believe that my new method of melting would not succeed, and that to trust the metal to me was the height of foolishness. Even in the brilliant court of France, where I have made my fortune, where I am powerful and admired, have I not a struggle at all times, if not with my rivals (to-day they are *hors de combat*), at all events with the king's favourite, Mme. d'Etampes, who hates me, I know not why! That wicked spaniel maligns my works; tries by a thousand means to poison his Majesty's mind; and really I begin to be so tired of her barking, that were it not that I have recently undertaken a great and honourable work, I would already have turned my face towards Italy.

Yes, yes, I have known all the ills which fate can bestow on an artist. Yet I still live, and my successful life is the torment of my enemies. I foresaw it, and can now overwhelm them with scorn. Vengeance comes slowly but certainly, to the man who is inspired, sure of himself, patient and strong. Think, Alfonso, how I have been insulted by a thousand, and yet have killed only seven or eight men, and what men! I blush to think of them. Direct and personal vengeance is a rare fruit, and it happens to few to gather it. Have I had any satisfaction from Clement VII. or Paul III. or Cornaro, or Come, or the Grand Duke, or that ridiculous Mécène, who understands neither your music nor my sculpture, and has so plainly insulted both of us? Do not think of killing him at least; that would be signal folly, and there can be no uncertainty about the consequences. Become a great musician, let your name be famous, and if, some day, foolish vanity leads him to offer you favours, you will have the right and the power to decline them. This is my advice. Promise me that you will act upon it; take my word for it; this is the only vengeance within your reach.

I have told you that the King of France—more generous and noble than our Italian sovereigns—has enriched me. It is for me then, as an artist who loves, understands, and admires you, to make good the promise of the faithless and heartless prince. I send ten thousand crowns. With this sum you will be able, I think, to mount your musical drama in a fitting manner. Let it be at Rome, Naples, Milan, Ferrara—everywhere excepting Florence—so that not a single ray of your glory may be reflected on the Grand Duke. Adieu, dear friend; vengeance is very fine, and for it one might face death; but art is beautiful above all, and never forget that you must live for it.

Your friend,
BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Paris, 10 June, 1557.

BENVENUTO CELLINI TO ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

Wretch! stroller! mountebank! pedant! flute-player! Was it worth while to have uttered so many complaints, to have fanned the flames of anger, to have mouthed off injury and vengeance, rage and outrage, invoking heaven and hell, and to end thus tamely? Base, mechanical soul! Why trouble to threaten so much, when your resentment has been so weak that, two years after receiving a direct insult, you kneel, in cowardly fashion, to kiss the hand that dealt it?

What! neither your promise, nor the eyes of Europe or you to-day, not even the dignity due to the man and the artist, has been proof against the seductions of this court, where intrigue, avarice, and dishonour reign; this court, where you were shamed, scorned, and expelled like an unfaithful serving man. It is true, then, you compose for the Grand Duke! It is even said that you re-engaged in a greater and more ambitious work than you have ever yet produced, that all musical Italy will

be at the *fête*, that the gardens of the Palace Pitti will be at your service; five hundred *virtuosi*, gathered under your direction in a large and beautiful pavilion, decorated by Michael Angelo, will pour forth floods of splendid sound on a breathless, intoxicated, enthusiastic people. Truly admirable! And all for the Grand Duke, for Florence, for the man and the town that have heaped indignities on you! Oh! what gratuitous good nature to endeavour to calm your wrath of a day! What lamb-like simplicity to teach sluggishness to the snail! What a fool I was!

Some ruling passion has brought you, I suppose, to this depth of abasement? Is it drink or gold? You are richer than I to-day. Is it the love of popularity? What name has been more grateful in the people's ear than that of Alfonso, since the prodigious success of his tragedy, "*Francesca*," and the not less great success of three other lyrical dramas which followed it? Besides, are you not free to choose another capital as the scene of your new triumph? No ruler would have refused what the great Come has just offered. Everywhere your songs are loved and admired; Europe resounds with them from end to end; they are sung in the town, the Court, the army, and the church; the French king keeps humming them; even Madame d'Etampes finds that for an Italian they are not without talent. Equal justice is granted you in Spain. Women, priests above all, admit that your music shows true genius; and if it had been your fancy to give to the Romans what you have prepared for the Tuscans, the delight of the Pope, the cardinals, and the servile swarm of lords would only have been surpassed by the infatuation and the transports of their innumerable puppets.

Pride, perhaps, may have seduced you . . . some high sounding dignity . . . some vain title . . . But I lose my head.

Whatever it be, mark this: you are wanting in nobility, pride, and faith. The man, the artist, and the friend are equally fallen in my estimation. I can only give my affections to a brave man incapable of cowardice; you are not one, and can be nothing to me. I gave you money; you were willing to return it; we are quits. I am setting out from Paris, in a month I will pass through Florence; forget that you know me, and do not seek to see me; for, were it even the day of your success, when you had won the applause of the people, the princes, and the more imposing assembly of five hundred artists, I would show you my shoulder.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Florence, June, 23, 1557.

ALFONSO TO BENVENUTO.

Yes, Cellini, it is true. To the Grand Duke I owe an unpardonable humiliation; to thee my celebrity, my fortune and perhaps my life. I swore that I would have revenge, and I have not got it. I promised solemnly never to accept work or honours from his hand, and I have not kept my word. Ferrara first heard and applauded "*Francesca*," thanks to you; Florence treated it as a work void of sense and reason. Yet, though Ferrara has asked my new work, it is to the Grand Duke that I pay homage with it. Yes, the Tuscans, formerly regardless of me, rejoice at my preference; they are proud of it; their fancy for me far surpasses anything you can report from France.

Most of the Tuscan towns will send their inhabitants. The people of Pisa and Sienna, burying their old hatreds, beg in advance, Florentine hospitality for that day. Come, delighted with the success of one whom he names *his artist*, buoyed besides by brilliant hopes of the results likely to accrue to his policy and government from the bringing together of three rival populations, officiously loads me with favours and flatteries. He gave yesterday in my honour a magnificent collation at the Palace Pitti, where all the noble families of the town assembled. The beautiful Countess Vallambrosa has lavished on me her sweetest smiles. The Grand Duchess has done me the honour of singing a madrigal with me. Della Viola is the man of the day, the man of Florence, the Grand Duke's man; there is none equal to him.

I am very guilty, am I not? very contemptible, very debased? Ah! well, Cellini, if you pass through Florence on the 28th July next, wait for me between eight and nine o'clock in the evening before the door of the Baptistaire. I will seek you there. And if from the first I do not completely justify myself against your reproaches; if I cannot establish the rightness of my conduct at every point; then redouble your scorn, treat me as the lowest of men, trample me under foot, give me

the whip, spit in my face; I will admit that it is deserved. Till then preserve your friendship for me. You will learn soon that I was never more worthy of it.

Yours,

ALFONSO DELLA VIOLA.

On the evening of July 28 a man of tall stature, and of gloomy and discontented mein, walked through the streets of Florence towards the Place du Grand Duc. Arriving at the bronze statue of *Persée*, he stopped and regarded it for some time, pondering deeply; it was Benvenuto. Although the reply and protestations of Alfonso made little impression on his mind, yet he could not in such a short time efface from his heart the deep and tender friendship he had long felt for the young composer. He had not the courage to refuse to hear what Viola could allege in justification; and it was in going towards the Baptistaire, where Alfonso was to join him, that Cellini turned aside to see once more, after a long absence, the master-piece, which had cost him so much weariness and humiliation. The Place and the adjoining streets were deserted, and the deepest silence reigned. The artist contemplated his work, asking himself if dulness and obscurity had not been preferable to genius and glory.

"What if I were but a driver of cattle at Nettuno or Porte d'Anzio?" thought he; "like the animals confided to me, I would lead a rude, monotonous existence, but rid of the troubles which have pursued me from infancy. Treacherous (and jealous rivals . . . unjust or ungrateful princes . . . spiteful critics . . . imbecile flatterers . . . constant see-sawing between success and failure, luxury and misery . . . excessive work and ever beginning anew . . . no rest, well-being or leisure . . . hiring oneself out for money, and feeling one's heart constantly frozen or burning . . . that is life?"

The heated conversation of three young artisans coming hastily into the Place interrupted his meditation. "Six florins!" said one. "It is dear."

"Indeed," replied the other, "had he asked ten he would have got it. These wretched people of Pisa have taken all the seats. Besides, Antonio, remember that the gardener's house is only twenty feet from the pavilion, from the roof of which we can hear and see wonderfully. The door of the little underground passage will be open, and we shall get there without difficulty."

"Bah!" added the third. "One might fast some weeks to get a hearing. You know what the effect of the rehearsal was yesterday. The Court only was present; the Grand Duke and his suite applauded vehemently; the performers carried Della Viola in triumph, and, to crown all, the Countess Vallambrosa in her enthusiasm embraced him. It will be wonderful!"

"But see how empty the streets are; all the town is already at the Palace Pitti. It is upon the time. Let us run!"

Cellini learned by this that the great musical *fête* was now proceeding. He could not square this fact with Alfonso's choice of that same evening for a meeting. How in such a time could the conductor abandon the orchestra; how quit the desk when such great interests were at stake?

The engraver, nevertheless, set out for the Baptistaire, where he found his two pupils waiting with horses. He intended to go the same evening to Livourne, in order to embark on the following day for Naples.

He had waited only a few minutes, when Alfonso appeared, with pale face and glowing eyes, yet affecting an unusual calmness.

"Cellini! You have come! Thanks!"

"Well?"

"This is the night!"

"I know it. But speak; I wait for the explanation you promised."

"The Palace Pitti, the gardens, the courts, are crowded. The mob crush everywhere—on the walls, in the half-filled lake-basins, on the roofs, and the trees."

"I know it."

"The people of Pisa and Sienna are present."

"I know it."

"The Grand Duke, the Court, and the nobility are there, and the orchestra is assembled."

"I know it."

"But the music is not there," cried Alfonso, excitedly jumping about; "neither is the conductor. Do you know that also?"

"How? What do you mean?"

"No, there is no music; I have carried it away; there is no conductor since you see me here. No, there will

be no musical *jete*, as both the music and the conductor have disappeared. A note to the Grand Duke has just warned him that the work will not be produced. I have written that I no longer desire it, throwing back his own words; *I in my turn HAVE CHANGED MY MIND*. Imagine now the rage of the people, disappointed for the first time! Many have left their work, have come from distant towns, and paid their entrance money, and for nothing. Before leaving to join you, I watched them; they were waxing impatient, and they will make the Grand Duke feel it. Do you follow my plan, Cellini?"

"I see it." "Come, come, let us draw near to the palace, and see the bursting of my mine. Do you not already hear the cries, tumults, and imprecations? Oh, my brave Pisans; I recognise you by your work! Do you see them throwing stones, branches of trees, and broken vases? There are the people of Siena throwing them also! Take care, or we shall be overturned. Look how they run! These are the Florentines going to besiege the pavilion. Good! There goes a lump of mud at the ducal box; it is well for the great Duke that he has quitted it. Down with the raised seats! Down with the desks, the cushioned seats, the windows, the boxes! Down with the pavilion! Leave nothing standing. They destroy everything, Cellini! This is a magnificent uproar! All honour to the Grand Duke!!! Ah! perdition! and you took me for a poltroon. Say now, are you satisfied? Is this not vengeance?"

Without answering, Cellini looked upon the terrible spectacle of popular fury with clenched teeth and quivering nostrils; the sinister fire in his eyes, the square forehead furrowed with drops of sweat, the trembling of his limbs, were witness enough to the almost savage intensity of his joy. At last, seizing Alfonso by the arm, he said—

"I am going at once to Naples. Will you follow me?"

"To the end of the world now?"

"Embrace me then, and mount. You are a hero."

SIEDLER.—Well; are you willing to bet that if Corsino ever finds an opportunity of avenging himself in this way he would use it? It may do for a celebrated man who can throw his glory as *straw to the horses*, to speak like the Emperor Napoleon; but a *debutant* or a little known artist cannot give himself such a luxury; I defy him to do it! There is no one foolish enough or vindictive enough now. However, the farce is good. I especially admire the toleration of Benvenuto's sword thrusts! "I did not give him a second, for by the first he fell dead," is touching.

WINTER.—That confounded opera will never finish! (The first soprano gives out piercing tones.) Who knows anything amusing to make us forget this screeching creature?

"I do," said Taruth, the second flute, "I can tell you a little drama, which I witnessed in Italy; but it is not amusing."

"Oh," we know that you are not gay; in fact the Institute has sent no more susceptible laureate to Rome for the last twenty years; there to unlearn all the music you had ever learned. Ah! if it belongs to the French school, let us have it. Here goes for ten minutes of emotion. But can you assure us your story is true?"

"True, certainly; if it be true that I exist!"

"Hear the purist, why can't he say, like everybody, as true as I exist!"

"Tut! tut! tut! here it is!"

VINCENZA.

G—, a clever painter, one of my friends, had inspired a great love in the heart of a young country girl of Albano. She was called Vincenza, and sometimes visited Rome to sit as a model to the most skillful artists. The naive grace of this mountain child, and the open expression of her features, secured her a kind of worship from the painters, which her modest and reserved conduct fully justified.

From the day on which G— appeared to take pleasure in seeing her, Vincenza quitted Rome no more; Albano, its beautiful lake and charming scenes were exchanged for a little dirty, dark room, where she lived with an artisan's wife, and tended the children. Pretexts were never wanting to bring her frequently to the studio of her handsome *Francesco*. One day I found her there; G— was gravely seated before his easel, brush in hand, and Vincenza squatted at his feet as a dog at those

of his master, watching his looks, hoping for the least word. Rising impulsively, she would regard him in infatuation, throw herself on his neck, shaking the while with convulsive laughter, never in the least dreaming of hiding her delirious passion.

For some months the happiness of the young Albanian was perfect; but jealousy put an end to it. It came into G—'s head to doubt the fidelity of Vincenza; from that moment he shut his door against her, and refused obstinately to see her. Vincenza, mortally wounded by this rupture, abandoned herself to a terrible despair. She sometimes waited for days on the promenade of the Pincio, hoping to meet him, refusing all consolation, and becoming more and more sinister in her speech and brusque in her manners. I had already, but uselessly, endeavoured to make her lover relent; and finding her in my walks, bathed in tears, and with dull face, I could only turn my eyes, and go sadly away. It chanced, however, that I met her, walking in a most excited manner to the edge of the Tiber, along the raised terrace named the promenade of Poussin . . .

"Ah; where are you going, Vincenza? . . . Will you not answer? . . . You shall not go another step; I foresee some rashness."

"Leave me, sir, do not hinder me."

"But what are you going to do here alone?"

"Do you not know that he does not wish to see me; that he loves me no more, and believes that I deceive him? Can I live after that? I am going to drown myself."

Then she cried in great despair, at times rolling on the ground, tearing her hair, and uttering furious imprecations against the authors of her troubles. Then, finding her somewhat fatigued, I made her promise to keep calm until the next day, when I should make a last appeal to G—.

"Listen attentively, my poor Vincenza; I will see him to-night; I will let him know how I feel for you, and implore him to see you. Come to-morrow morning to my house, and I will tell you the result of my mission, and what you ought to do to soften him. If I do not succeed, if there is really nothing better for you . . . the Tiber is always there."

"Oh! sir, you are good; I will do what you say."

That evening I found G— alone, and related the scene I had witnessed, begging him to grant this unfortunate woman an interview, which alone could save her.

He was plainly affected by this new and bitter information, and I finished by saying:

"I wager my right arm that you do your victim a wrong. Besides, if all my arguments are thrown away, I can assure you that her despair is admirable—in fact, a most dramatic thing of its kind—take it as an object of art."

"Come, my dear Mercury, you plead well; I yield. In two hours I will see one who can enlighten me on this ridiculous affair. If I am deceived, let her come; I will leave the key in my door. If, on the contrary, the key is not there, this will mean that I have made sure my suspicions are well founded. Then, I beg of you that nothing more will be said. Let us speak of other things. How do you like my new studio?"

"Incomparably better than the old one; but the view is not so good. In your place, I would have kept to the garret, were it only to be able to see St. Peter and the stone of Adrien."

"Oh! your thoughts are always in the clouds. Apropos of clouds, will you allow me to light my cigar?"

"Good! Now, adieu! Now I am going to inquire. Tell your *protege* my last resolution. I am curious to see which of us is made game of."

Next day, Vincenza came to my house before I was awake. At first she had not the courage to break my slumbers; but, no longer able to bear the anxiety, she seized my guitar, and, striking two or three chords, awoke me. In turning myself in bed, I saw her beside my pillow dying with anxiety. Heavens! how pretty she was!!! Hope lightened up her enchanting figure. In spite of the copper tint of her skin, I saw her blush with feeling; her limbs trembled.

"Well, Vincenza, I believe he will see you. If you find the key in the door, your pardon is granted and . . ."

The poor girl interrupted me with a cry of joy, seized my hand, kissed it with delight, and rushed out of the room, giving me for thanks a heavenly smile, which illuminated me as a ray from heaven. Some hours afterwards, as I was about to dress, G— entered and gravely said:

"You are right; I have discovered all. But why has she not come? I expected her."

"How, not come? She left here this morning almost beside herself with the hope that I gave her. She ought to have been with you in two minutes."

"I have not seen her, and the key was in my door."

"How unfortunate! how unfortunate! I forgot to tell her that you had changed your studio. She will have mounted to the fourth flat, ignorant that you were in the first."

"Let us fly."

We fled precipitously to the upper flat; the door of the studio was closed; a silver spada which Vincenza usually wore in her hair, and which G— recognised with terror, was forcibly thrust into the wood. She had come to him. We ran to Transtevere, to her home, to the Tiber, to the promenade of Poussin; we asked all the passers by; no one had seen her. At last we heard loud and quarrelling voices. . . . We came up to them. . . . Two cowherds fought for the white *fazzoletto*, torn from the head of the unhappy Albanian as she threw herself into the river.

The first violin hissed softly between his teeth. Sat! sat! sat! Your story is short and bad, and not very touching after all. Come, emotional French flute, return to your pipes. I enjoy more the original sensitiveness of that savage Kleiner, our kettle-drummer, whose only ambition is to be first in the town for the rapid *tremolo*, and the colour of his meerschaum.

One day. . . .

"But the performance is over, keep your story till to-morrow."

"No, it is short; you should have it at once."

One day, then, I found Kleiner in a *café* with his elbows on the table, alone as usual. He seemed gloomier than ever. I drew near.

"You appear to be very sad, Kleiner," said I. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, I am . . . I am vexed!"

"Have you again lost eleven games of billiards as you did last week? Have you broken your drum-sticks or your coloured pipe?"

"No, I have lost . . . my mother . . ."

"Poor comrade! I am sorry to have troubled you and to learn such sorrowful news."

Kleiner, addressing a serving boy in the *café*—

"Boy, a bavarose with milk."

"In one moment, sir!"

Then continuing: "Yes, my old friend, I am very grieved, but let it pass! My mother died yesterday, after frightful agony, lasting fourteen hours."

The boy returned: "Sir, there is no more bavarose."

Kleiner, striking the table violently with his fist, and causing two spoons and a cup to fall with great noise: "There you go! another vexation!!! There's a natural sensitiveness for you, and well expressed, too!"

The musicians explode with laughter so loud, that the conductor hears it, and feels compelled to frown with one eye. With the other he smiles.

MUSICAL DESERTERS.—It is remarkable that music with all her bewitching attractions, has in so many instances failed to retain her professional votaries. Ashmole was a chorister, and afterwards became an antiquary, a *virtuoso*, a herald, a naturalist, and a hermetic philosopher. Dr. Hooke was also originally a chorister, which he gave up, and took to the study of natural philosophy, mechanics, and architecture. Sir William Petty was at one time professor of music at Gresham College, and laid the foundation of an immense estate by various exertions of his great talents. He was successively a physician, a mathematician, a mechanic, a projector, a contractor with Government, and an improver of land. To these we must add the scientific Herschel, who, brought up an organist, abandoned music for natural philosophy, became the first astronomer of his time, and, by the discovery of a new planet, inscribed his name in the heavens.

THE Crown Princess of Austria has presented Mlle. Thésy Zamara, the distinguished harpist, with a valuable brooch set in pearls. Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess Stephanie—who, like her royal mother, the Queen of the Belgians, is fond of the harp—intends, on her return to Luxemburg, to study the harp under Mlle. Thésy Zamara.

Incident in the Life of Haydn.

THE STORM.

CHAPTER I.—1751.

LEVEN o'clock at night sounded from the cathedral of St. Stephen's; time's iron voice echoed far and wide through the still and deserted streets of the Imperial city of Vienna with the deep and solemn tone peculiar to that hour, and which a great French poet has so well rendered in those two lines, the imitative harmony of which would do honour to the genius of a musician.

"Le bruit ébranle l'air, roule, et longtemps encore
Gronde comme enfermé sous la cloche sonore."

At the sixth stroke of the hammer upon the bell, the door of a small obscure dwelling, against which a barber's ensign trembled in the wind, was opened by the hand of a young man apparently about nineteen years of age, and, by a counter movement, closed again with nicely calculated precision, in order that such slight noise might be lost—absorbed in the pealing resound of the clock. But that sage precaution was rendered abortive by the indiscretion of the very party by whom it had been adopted. So that, as though some irresistible impulse, stronger than prudence itself, had made him forget that silence was necessary to secure his retreat, scarcely had he placed foot in the street, ere he trilled with clear and melodious voice an extempore stave, to which the booming of the clock served as a bass, and which he ended in a sharp C several times repeated, whilst the bell hammer struck the same note two octaves lower.

The principal, or to speak more correctly, the sole tenant of this dwelling, the barber, Keller, showed himself at the casement, and recognising the singer, said—

"Tis you, Joseph? I thought you had been within this long while; whatever are you at, my fine fellow in the street at such an hour?"

Without making reply, and perhaps with a design to avoid the question, Joseph said to his interlocutor—

"With what sublime accents time speaks in the night, by means of these clocks! Don't you think so, Master Keller? When all around is hushed and steeped in that repose which is born of fatigue, that voice, which the intelligence of man has given to time, still mounts towards heaven, to glorify him, even as a homage rendered while he sleeps, and hence it is religious minds can never, under such thoughts and circumstances, hear it without emotion."

"All very likely," replied the barber; "but these fine metaphysics, of which I understand not one jot, don't explain to me the reason of your being in the street at this hour singing away there like a nightlark; you'll soon lose all the little voice you have left, and then good-bye to your pupils."

"What matter!" replied the young man. "If I should become dumb, the violin will sing for me! Do you really think, then, my good friend, that I was created and brought into the world merely for the honour of the *solfège*? The meal of a nightingale is the pittance of those who have neither the head nor heart of a master. Be easy on that score; the airs that are humming through my brain will never lack echoes for their repetition."

"True, Joseph, thou art a great musician; I well know it. I have always said so from the first day I heard thee sing; and, out of gratitude for the pleasure afforded me, have I lodged and boarded you beneath my roof, ever since you were expelled from the *soprani* class at St. Stephen's, for a boyish prank which merited not so severe a punishment. But don't let foolish ideas run in your head; throw not away that which you have in your possession to run after a shadow."

He reiterated his recommendation, and perceiving that the young man was not lending the most attentive ear possible, he followed it up with—

"Come, get in doors."

"That's impossible," said Joseph.

"And why, if it so please you?"

"Because far from wishing to come in, I was just taking my departure when you opened the casement."

"Heaven forgive me!" cried Keller, gazing more attentively at him. "Heaven forgive me! for, as plain

as I can see by the help of the moonlight, thou hast decked thyself gaily, and wear'st the black coat thou wert wont to reserve for *fete* days alone. Ah! Joseph, Joseph, I fear me much thou art taking to bad courses, and that I have just surprised thee setting forth on some gallant adventure."

"Believe me, it is not so, Master Keller. You full well know I have no other sweetheart than your daughter, Anne; and, meanwhile that I await her becoming my bride, have no other mistress than the sweet muse, who, wooing me even from the cradle, has taught me to express by song that which passes within my heart."

"Where are you going, then?"

"Under the balcony of a lady, it is true; but merely to ask her opinion touching the serenade I composed yesterday, and which I am going to execute with Georges and Grantz, who are waiting for me behind the church."

"And what lady is this?"

"The lovely Wilhelmina—"

"The mistress of old Count de Staremberg! Know you her?"

"I know her not, save by name, and as a relative of the harlequin, Bernardone—"

"The very same."

"Really," said Joseph, laughing, "you treat me like a gossip customer, and retail at second-hand all the scandalous chit-chat of the city. But whether spouse or mistress, they say she is a good musician, and, therefore, I hope, after having heard me, she will deign to open her window and cry, 'Bravo! the serenade was well sung.' So a good-night to you, Master Keller. Here have we been half an hour already chatting together, my orchestra will become impatient, the night is cold, and that costume of yours seems somewhat too scanty for you prudently to remain any longer there with your elbows upon the balcony. So adieu! I have a presentiment I shall bring you back good tidings."

So saying, Joseph set off at full speed, and turning the corner of the square, disappeared behind the church. The barber, casting up his eyes towards the heavens, and emitting a sound, half groan, half sigh, betook himself to bed. The three young men traversed a considerable portion of the city, taking the road towards the Corinthian Theatre, of which the harlequin was manager. They stopped before a window, from which a soft and tranquil light made its way through a double curtain of silk and gauze. The serenade commenced, was continued, and ended without the slightest movement being observable within the chamber. The three disappointed musicians had already exchanged several uneasy glances at each other when the door of the house opened. The harlequin, Bernardone, appeared upon the threshold, and inquired of the singers whose music they had just executed.

"It is mine, signior," replied Joseph; "and to speak frankly, as I thought it passable, I was desirous of offering the first essay to you and your wife."

"Thine, my good lad; why, how old are you? There is a very charming air in that serenade of yours then, which has just caused a dispute to arise between my niece and a great personage who honours us with his friendship—the Count Staremberg. The count, who is in an ill-humour this evening, I know not why, deems this said *aria* a very miserable composition; Wilhelmina has declared it ravishing, and I have left them both at high words thereon. As for myself, the tune pleases me exceedingly. Arrange it for me as a dance, bring it to me to-morrow, and I will pay you handsomely."

"Many thanks for your proposition, signior; but the serenade shall remain a serenade. As for *airs de danse*, if you require them, I have here," said he, tapping his forehead with his finger—"I have here wherewithal to set all the harlequins in the world spinning, *en cadence*. Bestow upon me one touch of your wand, and the stream will burst forth."

"*Per Dio!*" exclaimed Bernardone, "the lad pleases me. Could you compose an opera for me?"

"Why not, signior?"

"Well, come upstairs, we'll have some talk about the matter."

Joseph, begging his companions to wait for him, followed Bernardone. He was introduced to a richly-furnished chamber, balmy with exhalations of the most exquisite perfume, wherein, though all around breathed of luxury, yet a somewhat confused and disorderly kind of elegance prevailed. But Joseph was far too great a novice in the world to remark this. Besides, his opera alone occupied his thoughts to such a pitch of abstrac-

tion as scarcely to allow of his observing that the Count Staremberg, who was pacing the apartment with folded arms and a frowning brow, limped about in a most frightful manner. Wilhelmina, tired of the disputation, was extended, with her back towards the door, upon a sofa; she raised her head as her relative entered, and judging that the new-comer—short, mean, and meagre—merited not a second glance, she resumed her first position.

"Count," said Bernardone, "I have brought you the culprit. I am grieved that I am unable to be of the same opinion as your excellency; but I am sure that this lad will do something. He talks about composing an opera."

The count stopped shuffling about for an instant, shrugged up his shoulders, and said—

"Capital! I'll go and hiss it."

Joseph bowed in reply to this polite intimation, and the count recommenced his limping tour of the chamber.

"And I will go on purpose to applaud it," retorted Wilhelmina, seizing the opportunity of contradicting her old *cicisbeo*. "and I should like myself to choose your *libretto*. Thank heaven! we're in no want of such," added she, at the same time opening a cabinet in which some hundreds of manuscripts were heaped. After a short search, she drew forth one and placed it in the hands of Joseph.

"Thanks, madam," said Joseph. "I have ever experienced kindness from the hands of the fair sex. The black coat I wear upon my shoulders I owe to the generosity of an Italian lady, to whom I gave singing lessons some twelve months ago at the baths of Maren-dorff; whither, in the capacity of servant, I had followed the celebrated Porpora."

The count cast a disdainful glance at the narrator.

"Yes, madam," continued Joseph, "for that great master, though as ill-tempered and brutally-behaved a man as ever existed, still deigned to give me what I prized more than all—instruction in harmony, for which I brushed his clothes, blacked his shoes, and powdered his old peruke. He paid me my wages in basses and counterpoint. The lady, of whom I have just made mention, having learned my history, sent for me to her house, and for twelve lessons gave me six sequins, with which I purchased this attire, that enables me to appear everywhere dressed in as good style as Prince Esterhazy. You are equally as kind as she, madam, and the contemplation of your beauty would be ample recompense for passing one's life in composing serenades for the sole satisfaction of obtaining a word of thanks, or even one look during the evening from you through the apertures of your Venetian blinds; but it would be sheer folly of me to think of such a thing, and all I desire is that you may esteem me somewhat for my music."

The count, who was limping all the while round the apartment, halted again, and ironically begged to know what might be the title of the poem selected as a subject for the intended opera.

The young man with some difficulty suppressed a smile that had well nigh curled his lip on seeing written in large characters upon the first page of the manuscript, "*Le Diable Boiteux*" (The Cripple Devil). His glance met that of Wilhelmina as he thus answered the count—

"Excuse me, noble count, if I cannot satisfy your curiosity. The title of the piece shall remain a secret from you until the day of representation; then you will know time enough to bestow your hisses on the occasion, without the necessity of my indicating it beforehand to your hostility, of which you may perhaps make others partakers."

"This young man has decidedly talent," said Wilhelmina.

"I do not think there is much indication of it in the latter speech," murmured Staremberg; "the reply is certainly more impertinent than witty."

The sum agreed upon for the score, between Bernardone and Joseph, was twenty-four sequins, under an express condition that the young man should deliver the work complete within eight days. It was more time than the composer needed—far more embarrassed to repress the crowd of ideas whirling through his brain than to produce the melody. At the end of four days the score was finished, with the exception of a passage which was blank despatch to the composer. The good Keller was first consulted, but in vain. The poet, in his turn, was appealed to—

"You have written upon your manuscript," said

Joseph, 'Here a storm arises,' but I have never seen one, and cannot, for the life of me, embody such a thing in music. Can you help me out of this dilemma?"

"Not I," replied the poet; "I put the tempest in a parenthesis because I could not put it into verse. Like you, I have never seen either sea or storm."

The difficulty was serious. How was it to be got over? They went to Bernardone.

"Have you ever seen a storm, signior?" inquired Joseph, on entering.

"Pardieu! I should think I have. I have nearly perished four times from shipwreck."

"Can you picture it to me, my good friend? I will go to the piano."

"I'll do it better than that; I'll act you one." And Bernardone, exhausting all the resources of *ultramontaine* pantomime, and giving a thousand varied inflexions to his voice, began to gesticulate with every variety of action, raising and lowering his arms, balancing his body from poop to prow, as he said, to describe the movement of the vessel upon the waves, and at the same time striving to imitate the noise of the thunder and whistling of the wind.

"Do you comprehend, my lad?"

"Not a whit," said Joseph; "it must be something different from that; your tempest resembles the caterwauling grimalkins make on the housetops."

"Figure to yourself," resumed Bernardone, overturning tables, chairs, and fauteuils, one after another, thrusting, kicking, and plunging them about with hands and feet, "figure to yourself the heavens overcast. *Pchi*... that's the wind howling; the lightning cleaves the clouds; the vessel mounts and descends. Bound... that's the thunder. Now look: here a mountain rises up, there a valley plunges down, then again a mountain and valley; the mountains and the valleys chase after, but cannot catch one another; the mountain is swallowed up by the valley, the valley throws up the mountain, the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the vessel floats like a straw; paint me all that distinctly. *Diable!* All that I have told you is clear enough, I should think."

Joseph, dumfounded by this imposing description, accompanied as it was by imitative contortions, and stannied by such a poetical *charivari*, shrieked out his part, stamped his feet, rattled his fingers over the keys, running through the chromatic scales, prodigalising his sevenths, leaping from the lowest and flattest to the highest and sharpest notes; it was one of those inconceivable hashes, alike void of time and sense, that in our days are dignified by the title of *air varié*—but as for a storm, it was far from such. Bernardone perspired *sang et eau*, and was still unsatisfied. At last the young man, grown impatient, placed his hands at the two ends of the harpsichord and drew them rapidly together, exclaiming, "May the devil take the tempest!"

"That's it! *Pardieu!* that's it!" cried the transported harlequin; and, leaping over the wreck of furniture by which he was surrounded, had well nigh stifled the virtuoso in a vigorous embrace.

"You have got it, my lad. Begin once more. That's it! Superb! Astonishing! I give you thirty sequins instead of twenty-four."

The opera of "Le Diable Boiteux," got up in a few days, had a great success; but the Count de Staremborg, designated by epigrams all over the town, through the vengeance of Wilhelmina, whom it was well known he had quarrelled with and quitted, had sufficient interest to cause it to be forbidden after the second representation. Disgusted with the theatre, wherein he would ever have remained in the second rank, Joseph entered upon the legitimate career of his genius, and became the king of instrumental music.

CHAPTER II.—1790.

THIRTY-NINE years after the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, a vessel sailing from Calais to England, overtaken by a violent storm, very narrowly escaped shipwreck. One man alone, amid the general consternation, displayed such fits of inordinate gaiety, that, in the critical situation in which the vessel was placed, might have passed for a species of idiotism. Before the danger grew imminent he had maintained a rigid taciturnity, and, seemingly absorbed in thought, took no part in that which was passing around him; whilst the bravest of the mariners were trembling, he manifested an exuberant mirth, frequently bursting into paroxysms of laughter. They were compelled at length to make him quit the spot he had chosen upon deck, when the wind would

infallibly have blown him into the sea; and in the cabin, where the passengers were crowded together, the women weeping and praying, this man, laughing unceasingly, was heard to exclaim aloud—

"There's the mountain rising up—there's the valley plunging down—mountains and valleys chasing one another without catching—the lightning flashes—the thunder roars—the vessel floats like a straw... *pchi*... bound... the deuce take the storm! Ha! ha! how like mine it was!"

These strange exclamations were as so many enigmas to the terrified hearers; and when the danger had passed they were vividly recalled to mind on perceiving that this same man, so obstreperous a while ago, had become calm and taciturn. His physiognomy was inexpressive—indeed, commonplace. His peruke and general attire, of an antiquated fashion, gave him the appearance of an aulic counsellor from France. He was seated in a nook of the cabin, and listened not to the pleasantries that were showered upon him; he appeared occupied in counting the beads of a rosary. A young man, resolving to divert the company at the expense of this singular personage, made up and accosted him.

"Sir," said he, "you seemed very merry just now. Would there be any indiscretion in asking what might be the cause of your laughter?"

This man, torn from his reverie by such an interpellation, and perceiving that all eyes were turned towards him, rose up with a somewhat embarrassed air, and bowed with all the simple urbanity and bland good nature one meets with sometimes in aged men, the which caused no small diversion to the bystanders, and increased the general inclination to quiz him.

"I was remembering me of a youthful adventure at the time when I composed my first opera!"

"The gentleman is a musician, then; and doubtless an illustrious one?"

"I do not know as to that, gentlemen; I do my best, drawing all my inspirations from yonder heaven, which so kindly bestows it upon me. Not a single opera have I written without inscribing at its head, *In nomine Domine*, and at the end *Laus Deo*. The critics are pretty well satisfied with me, and I am going to London, invited thither by Saloman, the concertist. By my compositions I earn my bread; but as for fame, I do not think it will be my lot to attain it."

"That's a doubt of which it may be in our power to absolve you, if you'll tell us your name."

"My name is Joseph Haydn!"

All present rose up and took off their hats.

"Pardon me," cried the young man, who had accosted him; "pardon me. I would have jested at your expense, and I ought rather to fall at your feet!"

"At my feet! and wherefore?" said the old man, who, perhaps, was the sole individual in Europe ignorant of the fame attaching to the name of Haydn, which he believed confined to the circumference of Vienna.

"Wherefore?" rejoined the young man, "because you are the greatest musician in the world."

"You are mistaken," replied Haydn; "you would mean Mozart. Would you like now, ladies," continued he, with an engaging smile (his name having embellished him in their eyes), "would you like me to relate the adventure which made me laugh so heartily when you were all of you shaking with fear?"

The proposition was eagerly accepted. They made a circle round him, and Haydn commenced the history of his opera, "Le Diable Boiteux," and of the ludicrous storm of the harlequin Bernardone.



Humoresque.

HE.—Don't you think that Bach wrote more compositions than anybody else? SHE.—Oh, no! I think *Fine* must have beat him all to pieces. I find his name at the end of almost every piece I play.

RUBINSTEIN, who has lately been on a visit to Stockholm, has told some amusing stories of his sojourn at the different capitals in the social circles of Stockholm, where he has been received with much enthusiasm. "Why do I sit as if I were asleep when I play?" he said, in reply to a question. "I will gladly tell you how

that is. Some five years ago I gave a concert in London. My audience seemed very interested, and I myself was well disposed. As I was playing Beethoven's "Appassionata," without thinking, I looked around, and there at the other end of the piano, I saw a lady gossiping as fast as possible! It was like a douche of ice-water. I closed my eyes at once, and since then I have never dared even to cast a glance at an audience."

A YOUNG lady, says the French composer whose literary productions everyone can admire, buying a piece of music, was asked whether the fact of its being "in four flats" would be any obstacle to her playing it. She replied that it made no difference to her how many flats were marked, as beyond two she scratched them out with a penknife.

A MUSIC teacher once wrote that "the art of playing the violin required the nicest perception and the most sense of any art in the known world." But a Western editor quotes, and comments: "The art of publishing a newspaper and making it pay, and at the same time make it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite."

A NEWCASTLE timber merchant, the other day, sat in his counting-house, bemoaning the bad times and the discontinuance of those large colliery orders which, in days of prosperity, were wont to flow in upon him in such grateful profusion, when his gloomy cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a dingy customer, evidently from the collieries. The stranger briskly demanded if the merchant had any plane tree in stock at present. "Plane tree, sir?" replied the merchant, rubbing his palms together and stepping forward with a bland smile upon his face, "as good a stock as any on the Tyne, sir I assure you. Do you want it in the log or plank, my dear sir? We have abundance of both." "I'm not particular," replied the pitman; "it's not much I want. It's only for a fiddle bridge!"

A MUSICAL author, being asked if he had composed anything lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my creditors."

At a party a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come. Ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried an auctioneer present.

A LINE in one of Moore's songs runs thus: "Our couch shall be roses, bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied, "I would give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you."

WHEN musical pitchforks were first introduced, a certain precentor thought he might be the better of one, and ordered an Edinburgh carrier to bring it. The honest carrier, who never heard of any other pitchfork but that used in the barnyard, purchased one at least ten feet long. It was late on Saturday evening before he came home, and, as a message had been left to bring it up when he came to church next day, he marched into the churchyard before the bell rang, where the master of song was standing among a group of villagers. "Aweel, John, here's the pitchfork you wanted, but I can tell you I ne'er thought muckle o' your singing before, and I'm sair mistaken gin you'll sing any better now."

THE soprano wanted the tenor turned out of the choir because, after hearing her run up and down the scale six or seven times in one breath, he remarked that she was very successful as a windlass.

IN Crayford Churchyard, Kent, the following epitaph is to be seen:—

"The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out 'Amen.'
In youth he was married, like other young men,
But his wife died one day, so he chanted 'Amen.'
A second he took; she departed. What then?
He courted and married a third with 'Amen!'"

AN amateur tenor who possessed no mean opinion of his musical abilities, was recently complimented after taking part in an unaccompanied vocal quartette, and in the course of a subsequent conversation admitted that he was an ardent admirer of the "music of the future." "I thought so," replied his interlocutor, with a quiet smile, "for I noticed you were on more than one occasion half a bar ahead of your companions in the quartette!"

MRS. ANNA MCINTIRE, of Florida, N.Y., is learning to play the piano at ninety-two years of age. It is sad to hear of a woman at that advanced time of life who does not wish to be at peace with her neighbours. Perhaps she hopes to reach a century of years and is preparing to play "Old Hundred" for the occasion.

Chopin and the Mazourka.

It seemed to us that it might not be unsuitable to the time of year to give a description of the Polish Mazourka, with particular regard to the Mazourkas of Chopin;—introducing also some few glimpses into the life of this great man; combined with touches which reveal something of Polish character. The following extract is from Liszt's "Life of Chopin":—

In all that regards expression, the *Mazourkas* of Chopin differ greatly from his *Polonaises*. Indeed, they are entirely unlike in character. The bold and vigorous colouring of the *Polonaises* gives place to the most delicate, tender, and evanescent shades in the *Mazourkas*. A nation, considered as a whole, in its united, characteristic, and single impetus, is no longer placed before us; the character and impressions now become purely personal, always individualised and divided. Both the music of the national airs, and the words, which are always joined with them, express mingled emotions of pain and joy. The words which were sung to these melodies gave them a capability of linking themselves with the sacred associations of memory in a far higher degree than is usual with ordinary dance-music. They were sung and re-sung a thousand times in the days of buoyant youth, by fresh and sonorous voices, in the hours of solitude, or in those of happy idleness. Linking the most varying associations with the melody, they were again and again carelessly hummed when travelling through forests, or ploughing the deep in ships; perhaps they were listlessly upon the lips when some startling emotion has suddenly surprised the singer; when an unexpected meeting, a long-desired grouping, an unhopèd-for word, has thrown an undying light upon the heart, consecrating hours destined to live for ever and ever to shine on in the memory, through the most distant and gloomy recesses of the constantly darkening future.

Such inspirations were used by Chopin in the most happy manner, and greatly enriched with the treasures of his handling and style. Cutting these diamonds so as to present a thousand facets, he brought all their latent fire to light, and reuniting even their glittering dust, he mounted them in gorgeous caskets. Indeed, what settings could he have chosen better adapted to enhance the value of his early recollections, or which would have given him more efficient aid in creating poems, in arranging scenes, in depicting episodes, in producing romances? Such associations and national memories are indebted to him for a reign far more extensive than the land which gave them birth. Placing them among those idealised types which art has touched and consecrated with her resplendent lustre, he has gifted them with immortality.

In order fully to understand how perfectly this setting suited the varying emotions which Chopin had succeeded in displaying in all the magic of their rainbow hues, we must have seen the mazourka danced in Poland, because it is only there that it is possible to catch the haughty yet tender and alluring character of this dance. The cavalier, always chosen by the lady, seizes her as a conquest of which he is proud, striving to exhibit her loveliness to the admiration of his rivals before he whirls her off in an entrancing and ardent embrace, through the tenderness of which the defiant expression of the victor still gleams, mingling with the blushing yet gratified vanity of the prize, whose beauty forms the glory of his triumph.

There are few more delightful scenes than a ball in Poland. After the mazourka has commenced, the attention, in place of being distracted by a multitude of people jostling against each other without grace or order, is fascinated by one couple of equal beauty, darting forward, like twin stars, in free and unimpeded space. As if in the pride of defiance, the cavalier accentuates his steps, quits his partner for a moment, as if to contemplate her with renewed delight, rejoins her with passionate eagerness, or whirls himself rapidly round, as though overcome with the sudden joy and yielding to the delicious giddiness of rapture. Sometimes two couples start at the same moment, after which a change of partners may occur between them, or a third cavalier may present himself, and, clapping his hands, claim one of the ladies as his partner. The queens of the festival are in turn claimed by the most brilliant gentlemen present, courting the honour of leading them through the mazes of the dance.

While in the waltz and galop the dancers are isolated,

and only confused tableaux are offered to the bystanders; while the quadrille is only a kind of pass-at-arms made with foils, where attack and defence proceed with equal indifference, where the most nonchalant display of grace is answered with the same nonchalance; while the vivacity of the polka, charming we confess, may easily become equivocal; while fandangos, tarantulas, and minuets are merely little love-dramas—only interesting to those who execute them—in which the cavalier has nothing to do but to display his partner, and the spectators have no share but to follow, tediously enough, coquetties whose obligatory movements are not addressed to them;—in the mazourkas, on the contrary, they have also their part, and the rôle of the cavalier yields neither in grace nor importance to that of his fair partner.

The long intervals which separate the successive appearance of the pairs being reserved for conversation among the dancers, when their turn comes again, the scene passes no longer only among themselves, but extends from them to the spectators. It is to them that the cavalier exhibits the vanity he feels in having been able to win the preference of the lady who has selected him. It is in their presence she has deigned to show him this honour. She strives to please them because the triumph of charming them is reflected upon his partner, and their applause may be made a part of the most flattering and insinuating coquetry. Indeed, at the close of the dance she seems to make him a formal offering of their suffrages in her favour. She bounds rapidly towards him and rests upon his arm—a movement susceptible of a thousand varying shades which feminine tact and subtle feeling well know how to modify, ringing every change, from the most impassioned and impulsive warmth of manner to an air of the most complete "abandon."

What varied movements succeed each other in the course round the ball-room! Commencing at first with a kind of timid hesitation, the lady sways about like a bird about to take flight; gliding for some time on one foot only, like a skater, she skims the ice of the polished floor; then running forward like a sportive child, she suddenly takes wing. Raising her veiling eyelids, with head erect, with swelling bosom and elastic bounds, she cleaves the air as the light bark cleaves the waves; and, like an agile wood-nymph, seems to sport with space. Again she re-commences her timid graceful gliding, looks round among the spectators, sends sighs and words to the most highly favoured, then extending her white arms to the partner who comes to rejoin her, again begins her vigorous steps which transport her with magical rapidity from one end to the other of the ball-room. She glides, she runs, she flies; emotion colours her cheek, brightens her eye; fatigue bends her flexible form, retards her winged feet, until, panting and exhausted, she softly sinks and reclines in the arms of her partner, who, seizing her with vigorous arm, raises her a moment in the air, before finishing with her the last intoxicating round.

In this triumphal course, in which may be seen a thousand *Atalantas* as beautiful as the dreams of Ovid, many changes occur in the figures. The couples, in the first chain, commence by giving each other the hand; then forming themselves into a circle, whose rapid rotation dazzles the eye, they wreath a living crown, in which each lady is the only flower of its own kind, while the glowing and varied colours are heightened by the uniform costume of the men, the effect resembling that of the dark green foliage with which nature relieves her glowing buds and fragrant bloom. They all then dart forward together with a sparkling animation, a jealous emulation, defiling before the spectators as in a review—an enumeration of which would scarcely yield in interest to those given us, by Homer and Tasso, of the armies about to range themselves in the front of battle! At the close of an hour or two the same circle again forms to end the dance; and on those days when amusement and pleasure fill all with an excited gaiety, sparkling and glittering through those impressive temperaments like an aurora in a midnight sky, a general promenade is recommenced, and in its accelerated movements we cannot detect the least symptom of fatigue among all these delicate yet enduring women; as if their light limbs possessed the flexible tenacity and elasticity of steel.

As if by intuition, all the Polish women possess the magical science of this dance. Even the least richly-gifted among them know how to draw from it new charms. If the graceful ease and noble dignity of those conscious of their own power are full of attraction in its timidity and modesty are equally full of interest. This is so, because of all modern dances it breathes most of

pure love. As the dancers are always conscious that the gaze of the spectators is fastened upon them, addressing themselves constantly to them, there reigns in its very essence a mixture of innate tenderness and mutual vanity, as full of delicacy and propriety as of allurements.

The latent and unknown poetry, which was only indicated in the original Polish mazourkas, was divined, developed, and brought to light by Chopin. Preserving their rhythm, he ennobled their melody, enlarged their proportions; and—in order to paint more fully in these productions, which he loves to hear us call "pictures from the easel," the innumerable and widely-differing emotions which agitate the heart during the progress of this dance; above all, in the long intervals in which the cavalier has a right to retain his place at the side of the lady, whom he never leaves—he wrought into their tissues harmonic lights and shadows, as new in themselves as were the subjects to which he adapted them.

Coquetties, vanities, fantasies, inclinations, elegies, vague emotions, passions, conquests, struggles upon which the safety or favour of others depends, all—all meet in this dance. How difficult it is to form a complete idea of the infinite gradations of passion—sometimes pausing, sometimes progressing, sometimes suing, sometimes ruling! In the country where the mazourka reigns from the palace to the cottage, these gradations are pursued, for a longer or shorter time, with as much ardour and enthusiasm as malicious trifling. The good qualities and faults of men are distributed among the Poles in a manner so fantastic, that, although the essentials of character may remain nearly the same in all, they vary and shade into each other in a manner so extraordinary that it becomes almost impossible to recognise or distinguish them.

In natures so capriciously amalgamated, a wonderful diversity occurs, adding to the investigations of curiosity—a spur unknown in other lands—making of every new relation a stimulating study, and lending unwonted interest to the lightest incident. Nothing is here indifferent, nothing unheeded, nothing hackneyed! Striking contrasts are constantly occurring among these natures, so mobile and susceptible, endowed with subtle, keen, and vivid intellects, with acute sensibilities increased by suffering and misfortune; contrasts throwing lurid light upon hearts like the blaze of a conflagration illumining and revealing the gloom of midnight. Here chance may bring together those who but a few hours before were strangers to each other. The ordeal of a moment, a single word, may separate hearts long united; sudden confidences are often forced by necessity, and invincible suspicions frequently held in secret. As a witty woman once remarked, "they often play a comedy to avoid a tragedy."

The women of Poland are generally distinguished by an originality full of fire. Parisians in their grace and culture, Eastern dancing-girls in their languid fire, they have perhaps preserved among them, handed down from mother to daughter, the secret of the burning love-potions possessed in the seraglios. Their charms possess the strange spell of Asiatic languor. With the flames of spiritual and intellectual hours in their lustrous eyes, we find the luxurious indolence of the Sultana. Their manners careen without emboldening; the grace of their languid movements is intoxicating; they allure by a flexibility of form which knows no restraint save that of perfect modesty, and which etiquette has never succeeded in robbing of its willowy grace. They win upon us by those intonations of voice which touch the heart and fill the eye with tender tears; by those sudden and graceful impulses which recall the spontaneity and beautiful timidity of the gazelle. Intelligent, cultivated, comprehending everything with rapidity, skilful in the use of all they have acquired, they are, nevertheless, as superstitious and fastidious as the lovely yet ignorant creatures adored by the Arabian prophet. Generous, devout, loving danger and loving love, from which they demand much and to which they grant little, beyond everything they prize renown and glory. All heroism is dear to them. Perhaps there is no one among them who would think it possible to pay too dearly for a brilliant action; and yet, let us say it with reverence, many of them devote to obscurity their most holy sacrifices, their most sublime virtues.

M. de Balzac has thus sketched the Polish woman in hues composed entirely of antitheses: "Angel through love, demon through phantasy; child through faith, sage through experience; man through the brain, woman through the heart; giant through hope, mother through sorrow, and poet through dreams."—Translated by M. Walter Cook.

Children's Column.

THE TRAGEDIAN'S TRUNK.

ONE fine day in the summer of 1812 a short and very important-looking gentleman was pacing backwards and forwards, in a state of great agitation, before the door of an inn at Naples. From time to time he placed his hand on his forehead with a look of despair, as if vainly endeavouring to bring forth a reasonable idea.

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried he, as the hostess passed him.

"What has happened to you, Signor Benevolo, that you distress yourself?" inquired the good woman.

"You ask me why I am in despair? Don't you know that it is the day after to-morrow I open my theatre at Salerno, when I have engaged to give them tragedies?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then! I have a splendid company—a beautiful princess, with eyes like two black diamonds, and a voice fit only to utter the language of the most sublime poets."

"In that case, why do you complain?"

"I have also," added he, "a most admirable low comedian—a frightful face, as ugly as Sancho Panca himself, a visage which can laugh and cry at will, a perfect monster."

"Then why, I ask you, are you distressed?"

"Because I want an actor I cannot find, and without whom all my treasures become useless—a tragedian."

"How unlucky!" said the hostess.

"Unlucky, indeed," said the poor manager; "for without a tragedian all my golden dreams must vanish."

"I'll tell you what, Signor Benevolo," cried the hostess, whose eyes suddenly sparkled with joy; "I esteem you and wish you success, and therefore I'll give you what you want."

"What! a tragedian?"

"Yes, a tragedian! A young man in the town, who has run away from his family to become an actor, who wants only the tragic dagger to make his fortune and that of his manager."

"How fortunate! kind, good hostess, bring him to me instantly."

She did not wait to be told a second time; in a few minutes she returned, leading by the hand a great fat boy.

"Here's your man, Signor."

"Man, do you call him?" said the disappointed manager, looking at the chubby-faced youngster, who aspired to represent the Roman Emperors and Italian Tribunes; "why, he's only a lad."

"A lad that'll make his way in the world," replied the good woman, a little angrily; "hear him recite, and look how he stands; isn't that tragic?"

In truth, the boy had begun to recite some of Dante's verses, and had placed the skirts of his threadbare coat by way of drapery.

"Bravo, bravissimo," cried Benevolo; "you will be admirable in Othello; you will make a superb Moor, when your face is blacked; so give me your hand, my boy. I take you with me as first tragedian; I'll pay the expenses of your journey, and, as an encouragement, here's twenty gold ducats for pocket money until your debut; will that do for you?"

"Capitally."

"What's your name?"

"Luidgi."

"Luidgi what?"

"Luidgi nothing," observed the hostess; "the youth has reasons to conceal his name, as his family might find him out, and cause his return."

"Very well, then; let us prepare our baggage and be off," said Benevolo.

In less than an hour the young Luidgi had quitted Naples, in company with Benevolo and his comedians.

On his arrival at Salerno the manager announced his youthful tragedian as a prodigy of talent; the result was everything that he could desire, for long before the doors were opened an immense crowd waited to be admitted.

Benevolo rubbed his hands with delight; whilst Luidgi, dressed in the costume of the Roman Emperors, was studying the most imperial attitude. Already the treasurer counted his piles of money; all was joy and happiness—when, alas! the genius of evil cast her envenomed breath over his pasteboard castle of bliss, and the whole edifice crumbled into nothing. Six sherry marched up to

the *débutant*, and arrested him by virtue of an order from H. M. Joachim Murat, who, for the moment, possessed the advantage of being King of Naples, by the grace of his brother-in-law. The family of Luidgi had obtained this order, that he might be brought back to the Conservatoire of Music, where he was studying, before his flight, under the able direction of the celebrated *maestro*, Marcello Parveno.

"Lord! Lord! did ever anybody see the like; to prevent a man's doing what he likes, and what he is so calculated to shine in?" exclaimed Benevolo.

"Never mind, friend," said Luidgi, squeezing his hand; "I'll be a tragedian in spite of them."

"May be, but that won't restore my lost receipts."

"No; but I will when I am rich," answered the boy, struggling with the *gens d'armes*, who dragged him forcibly away.

"I haven't lost everything," thought Benevolo; "the lad has left a large trunk, the contents of which will now be mine," and he instantly proceeded to force the lock, hoping that he should be amply indemnified for the money he had advanced; when, oh, horror! the trunk was filled with—sand. Luidgi had invented this plan in order to appear respectable, and thus hide his poverty in the inn at which he resided. In a towering passion, the manager wrote to him as follows:—"You are a young rascal. You have left in my hands a trunk of no value. You will never be a tragedian.—BENEVOLO." To which Luidgi answered in the same laconic style:—

"You are an old fool. Keep the trunk; in ten years I will pay you twenty times the sum you advanced me, with money I shall have gained in acting tragedy.—LUIDGI."

Ten years—twenty years elapsed, and Benevolo heard no news from Luidgi.

"The boy has forgot me," said he, "and his promise also; for, instead of acting the sublime tragedy, he is singing stupid operas. What madness!"

A few years after poor Benevolo was living in a garret at Naples, when one morning he was surprised by the receipt of a letter, couched in these terms:—

"Come and see me, old boy. Bring my trunk of sand, and I will pay you for it. Here are 500 francs for the expense of your journey. Rue Richelieu, 102, Paris.—LUIDGI."

The old manager was almost wild with joy. He lost no time in preparation; but, taking the trunk with him, started for Paris, where he was received with open arms by his former pupil.

"Here, old boy," said Luidgi, who was now become of an enormous rotundity, "take this deed, which ensures you 1,200 francs a year for your life. It is the ransom of my trunk at Salerno."

"A sum like this! Impossible! I cannot take it," said the ex-manager.

"Make your mind easy, old friend. Since we met my fortune has grown with my *embourgeoisement*."

"You make me happy, Luidgi. There is only one thing which vexes me, and that is that you have not kept your promise, and are become a singer instead of a tragedian; but I suppose, as an old comedian, I must forgive this weakness of yours."

"You think, then, I have failed in my promise?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Here's an order for the Italian Opera to-night; you will see me, and we will sup together afterwards."

Benevolo did not fail. There he was in his stall, wild with delight, literally trembling with pleasure, for Luidgi played the part of the Duke in "Othello," and at the moment the Duke curses his daughter, Benevolo absolutely screamed, so excited were his feelings.

After the opera, Benevolo, in a state of feverish agitation, awaited Luidgi at the door of the theatre.

"Well?" said Luidgi.

The ex-manager threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "Tragico! oh, Tragico!" which were the only words he could utter. That same evening, taking Luidgi's hand, he said—

"Friend, till now I have never even asked your real name; but now that you are a celebrated artist I would tell it to my friends in Italy; I would repeat it with my last breath; therefore, from your own lips, let me hear that name."

"Lablache," replied the singer, much affected.

Mr. Charles Coote, of music celebrity, has joined the directorate of the Alhambra.

Music in Song.

SUCH harmony from the contention flows,
That the divided ear no preference knows
Betwixt them both, disparting music's state;
While one exceeds in number, one in weight.
"The Rival Bells."—LAMU.

AMIDST the storm they sang:
Till the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
"The Pilgrim Fathers."—MRS. HEMANS.

A LIGHT broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise.
"The Prisoner of Chillon."—BYRON.

AND when that thrill is most awake,
And when you think heaven's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the cord will break,—
Oh, love! Oh, music! how I hate you.
MOORE.

THERE's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering shelly shore.
They are but earthly sounds can tell
How little of the sea nymph's shell
That sends its loud clear note abroad.
"The Deep."—BRAINARD.

IN youth, the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;
Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song
Was Heaven's own music, and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
"The Twilight."—HALLECK.

DAYLIGHT on its last purple cloud
Was lingering grey, and soon his strain
The nightingale began; now loud,
Climbing in circles the windless sky,
Now dying music; suddenly
'Tis scattered in a thousand notes!
"Rosalind and Helen."—SHELLEY.

OF all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found or God has given;
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting mystic ray;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.
"On Music."—HOGG.

THERE all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the Master's mind.
"The Traveller."—GOLDSMITH.

THERE's not a strain to memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of thy love.
"3rd Sunday Trinity."—KEBLE.

WHERE are those cunning men who know the art
To call the hidden powers of numbers forth,
And make that pliant instrument, the mind,
Yield to the powerful sympathy of sound,
Obedient to the master's artful hand?
Such magic is in song! Then give me song.
"Balhazzar: a Drama."—
By MRS. HANNAH MORE.

YOUR art no other art can speak; and you
To show how well you play, must play anew:
Your music's power your music must disclose,
For what light is 'tis only light that shows.
Strange force of harmony that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls.
"An Ode to the Countess of Exeter."—
By MATTHEW PRIOR.

AND orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung.
"Song of the Star."—BRYANT.

Questions & Answers.

A FUGITIVE ORGAN CONCERTO.

To the Editor of "THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC."

SIR,—Among the many compositions of Handel, which Mr. Best has introduced to us at his Organ Recitals, is a concerto in G major, which ought pre-eminently to be styled "The Grand Concerto." It consists of Largo, Ciaccona, Andante, and Fuga, near the end of which occurs an "interrupted cadence."

This noble work, strange to say, does not appear to be published, although there is not one uninteresting bar in it, while the first movement is perfect in its serene tenderness and heaven-born beauty, or, to quote Mr. Best's own words, "This work is distinguished by the sustained *pianissimo* of the beautiful opening movement, which, with its fine sequences of harmony, claims attention from the first note."

Organists are already greatly indebted to Mr. Best for his masterly arrangements of many of Handel's concertos, but he is evidently not inclined to publish his MS. arrangement of the one to which I allude; although whenever he has played it, it has been received with prolonged applause, and has excited much inquiry.

It is not in either of the two sets of six concertos already published, nor, so far as I am aware, is it in the German Handel Society's collection.

Can any of your readers inform me where the original score or a copy of it may be found, even though it be but a skeleton treble and bass?

In common with many lovers of Handel's music, I venture to say that so long as this masterpiece remains unpublished, the crown of Handel lacks one glorious gem.—Yours faithfully, CADENZA D'INGANNO.

December 1st.

QUERIOSO.—Among other difficulties that have presented themselves to me during the time I have studied music, is the difficulty in understanding different musical terms and expressions. Some text-books in expressing these terms seem so verbose, without making them any clearer to my comprehension; or it may be that I am so obtuse; and it is rather conflicting sometimes to see one explanation in one book, and if you go to another for confirmation, to find a totally different definition of the same point. Of course, I could not trouble you to answer all my difficulties, but may I ask you for a simple definition of the following terms: *Appoggiatura acciaccatura*; and what is the difference between these two?

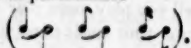
Ans.—An *appoggiatura* is a note of embellishment placed before any note in a melody without affecting the rhythm of that melody. It is written in small character, and takes from the note before which it is placed half its duration. The name is derived from the Italian *appoggiatura*, meaning leaning note.

An *acciaccatura* is written similarly to the *appoggiatura*, but played so quickly, and immediately before the note which it precedes, that it is, as it were, crushed into it, and all but played together with it. This term is derived from the Italian word *acciaccare*, to crush.

The two are to be distinguished by the *acciaccatura* having a line across it—



which makes it short and crisp, giving the accent to the following note. The *appoggiatura* is without the cross line, and, though a small note, is of the value that is to be assigned to it in performance—



It is to be played on the accent. The *appoggiatura* is in some modern editions printed as a large note.

OCTAGON having noticed the remarks on phrasing in last month's MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, wishes for a few hints on "how to phrase."

Ans.—The slurs should clearly indicate the phrasing and the musical sense of the different passages. It should be distinctly understood that the meaning of the slur, as applied to pianoforte music, is that those notes over or under which it is placed are to be played without lifting the hand from the keyboard, and that when the slur extends over several bars it in no way interferes with the natural accents of the different measures.

When rather more than the usual accent is required, it is indicated sometimes by a new slur beginning where the previous one ends—

() showing that the first note of the new group must be marked, but without making a break by raising the hand between it and the last note of the former group. When a dot is placed over or under the note on which a slur ends, the note should be played very delicately, and without any jerk of the hand. In cases where a note must be connected with the previous one, and yet requires an accent, the sign (—), or (.) is frequently used to show that a certain weight or pressure should be given. In conclusion, to quote Agnes Zimmermann's words, we would say: "It is hoped that these suggestions and indications may promote an intelligent rendering, and induce players to pay more attention to phrasing, without which music becomes mere sound, and is as incomprehensible as language without punctuation."

London & Provincial Concert Dates.

[Concert-givers and secretaries of choral bodies are invited to send notices for this column. Information cannot be used if received after the 20th of each month.]

Date.	Hour.	Distinguishing Title of Concert.	Town.
Jan. 3	3 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	London
" 5	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 10	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 12	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 14	8 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 17	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 19	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 20		Madame Jenny Viard Louis' Second Series of Beethoven's works, Princes' Hall	"
" 21	3 p.m.	A. Victor Benham, Pianoforte Recital, Princes' Hall	"
" 21	3 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 23	8 p.m.	Sacred Harmonic Society, Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ," St. James' Hall	"
" 24	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 26	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 26	8 p.m.	Grand National Festival Concert, Royal Albert Hall	"
" 28	8 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 31	3 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
Jan. 27	8 p.m.	Miscellaneous Concert, St. Peter's Hall, Brockley, first production of "By the Waters of Babylon," a new Psalm in six movements, by Dr. C. J. Frost	Brockley
Jan. 16		Bradford Subscription Concert, Orchestral Music	Bradford
" 28	8 p.m.	Mechanic's Institute, Piano Recital, Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr St. Hensé	"
Jan. 4	7-30 p.m.	M. de Jong's Popular Concert	Manchester
" 5	7-30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert	"
" 15	7-30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert	"
" 18	7-30 p.m.	M. de Jong's Popular Concert	"
" 20	7-30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert	"
" 29	7-30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert	"
Jan. 12		Messrs. Alderson and Brentnall's Subscription Concert, Mr. Chas. Hallé's Orchestra	Newcastle-on Tyne.
Jan. 16	7-30 p.m.	St. Cecilia's Choral Society. "Redemption," Gounod	Sheffield
Jan. 2	7-45 p.m.	Aberdeen Choral Union, "Messiah"	Aberdeen
Jan. 1		Glasgow Choral Union, St. Andrew's Hall, "Messiah"	Glasgow
" 6		Glasgow Choral Union, St. Andrew's Hall, Orchestral Concert	"
" 13		Glasgow Choral Union, St. Andrew's Hall, Orchestral Concert	"
" 20		Glasgow Choral Union, St. Andrew's Hall, Orchestral Concert	"
" 22		Glasgow Choral Union, St. Andrew's Hall, Berlioz's "Messe des Morts"	"
" 27		Glasgow Choral Union, St. Andrew's Hall, Orchestral Concert	"
Jan. 5		Orchestral Concert	Edinburgh.
" 10		Mr. Hallé and Madame Neruda "St. Paul"	"
" 19		Orchestral Concert	"
" 26		Orchestral Concert	"

Notices of New Music.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Music when soft voices die. Words by Shelley. Music by W. H. Hadow.—One of the most charming songs we have ever seen, being in many parts quite like Mendelssohn. The music is linked in the most artistic fashion with the words, and the accompaniment is exquisite. Difficult to read, although presenting no formidable difficulties of execution, and demanding a refined style in the performer.

T. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Hyppatia Waltz. Composed by May Ostlere, dedicated to Miss Mary Anderson.—On the cover of this waltz is a beautiful portrait of Miss Anderson, and the music is of a kind sure to be popular. A noticeable novelty in this waltz is that part of it is accompanied by words to form a little song. The music, too, is very simple, an excellent quality in dance music.

H. W. STANSFIELD, HIGH STREET, PECKHAM.

The Ceremonial March. By G. Augustus Holmes.—A solid piece of writing, smoothly modulated; the stately character is well preserved, and light melodious passages break through. Easy and engaging.

WEEKES AND CO., 14, HANOVER-STREET, W.

Thirteen Original Organ Pieces.—These organ compositions by Dr. Frost are scholarly work, employing all the resources of the instrument, and to excellent purpose. Taken as a whole, they convey the impression of fertility and smoothness of utterance. Organists will be interested as well as pleased by them.

WOOD AND CO., 3, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, W.

The Maiden and the Sea.—The sentiment of this ballad, set to music by William Mason, is jaded to a degree, and the syntax is more than doubtful. It is a pity there should be so many composers who are musicians enough to write respectable melody and correct harmonies, and yet seem wholly unable to distinguish poetry from bad prose cut into lengths with a jingle at the end.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO., 201, REGENT-STREET.

Primrose Lane, There is a Maiden, and What Care I for the Weather? Three songs by James J. Monk.—Tuneful and spirited enough, but not in any way remarkable. When will composers cease to write music for words of which the following is a specimen?—

"And would you know the maiden's name,
Whose genial life shuns folly—
Seek not to learn its sound from fame,
'Tis thy loved name, sweet Polly."

PATERSON, SONS, AND CO., GLASGOW, EDINBURGH,

Six Morceaux Romantiques. Par Graham Ponsonby Moore.—There is nothing particularly attractive about these half-dozen pianoforte pieces which Mr. Ponsonby Moore has recently sent out. They lack, mainly, spontaneity and invention. The *Berceuse*, No. 4, is somewhat dreary, but the *Valse*, No. 2, will, we doubt not, appeal successfully to all who follow with interest an agreeable type of melody. In the *Lento Gavotte* Mr. Ernest B. Cox has contrived a good example of the popular old-fashioned dance measure, and Carl Beringer's *Asala Waltz* ought to secure the favour of the votary of the ball-room. Its pleasing tunefulness tells its own tale.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

Fifty Irish and Welsh Songs, Fifty Scotch Songs, Forty English Songs, Fifty Humorous Songs, Thirty-three Sacred Songs, Eighteen Duets, Trios, &c. Thirty-six English Songs and Ballads. Fifty Standard Glees.

All these books are edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles and published at the moderate price of eightpence per volume. We hope that this effort to bring the old standard music of the country within easy reach of the masses of the people will meet with encouragement. These publications are, both for price and quality, the best of their kind.



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The Magazine of Music Supplement

For JANUARY contains

Prize Competition Song.

"The Princess of Thule."

MUSIC BY

W. A. COLLISSON, Mus.Bac., & JOHN MORE SMITON

WORDS BY

L. J. NICOLSON.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO WM. BLACK, Esq.

PRIZE

COMPETITION.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR

CHRISTMAS CARD.

BY

G. BALDWIN.

"THE PRINCESS OF THULE."

WORDS BY L. J. NICHOLSON.

MUSIC BY W. A. COLLISON.
Mus: Bac: T. C. D

*Within the mighty city pining lay
The fair young princess at the close of day;
The glory in the west had lingered long,
And touched the chords of memory and song.*

ALLEGRO AGITATO. ♩ = 100.

VOICE.

PIANO.

con passione ma piano.

Il basso piano ma ben pronunziato.

vibrato.

mf

Oh, fain...would I flee...from the

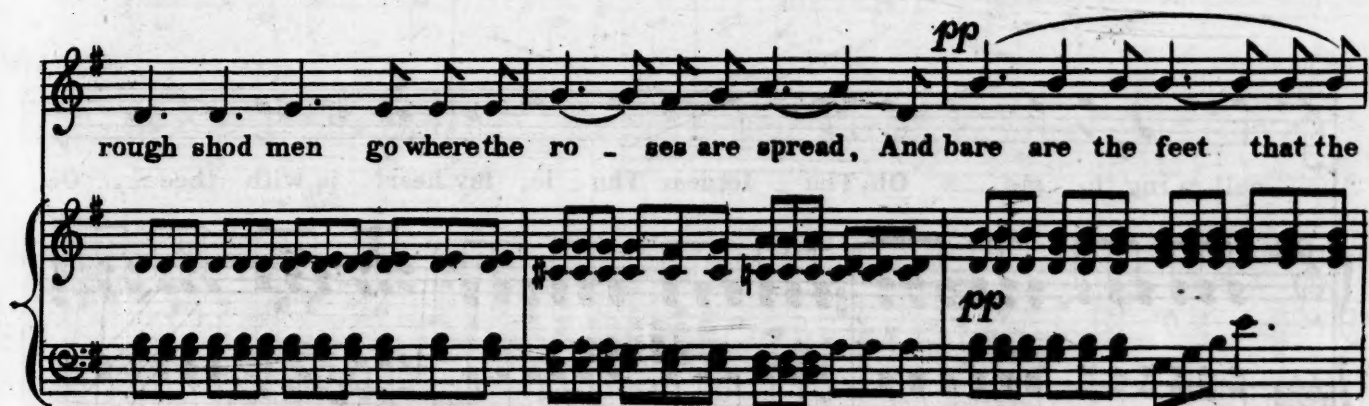
pp

strife and the din,...Where hearts that are pure know the gla-mour of sin,..... And



rough shod men go where the ro - ses are spread, And bare are the feet that the

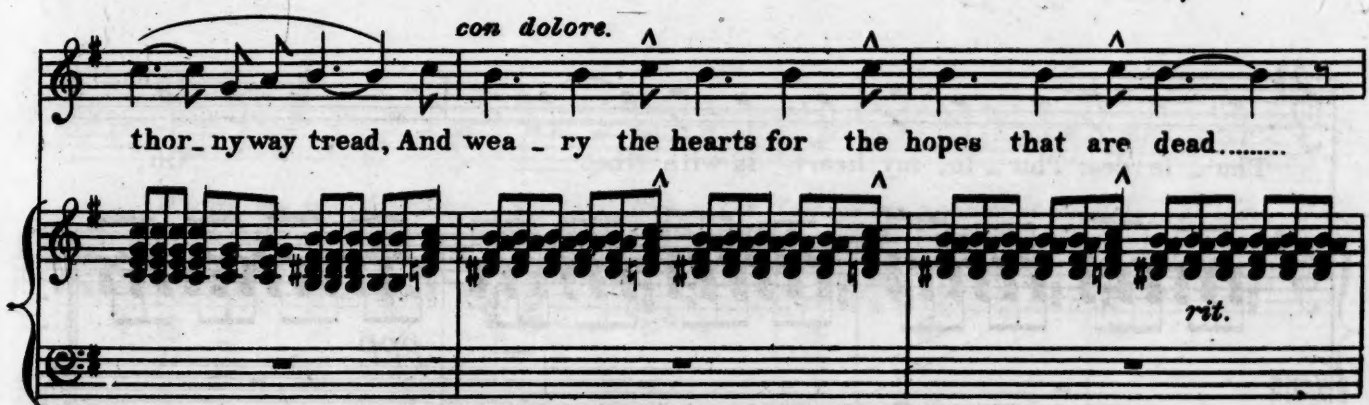
pp



thor-ny way tread, And wea - ry the hearts for the hopes that are dead.....

con dolore.

rit.

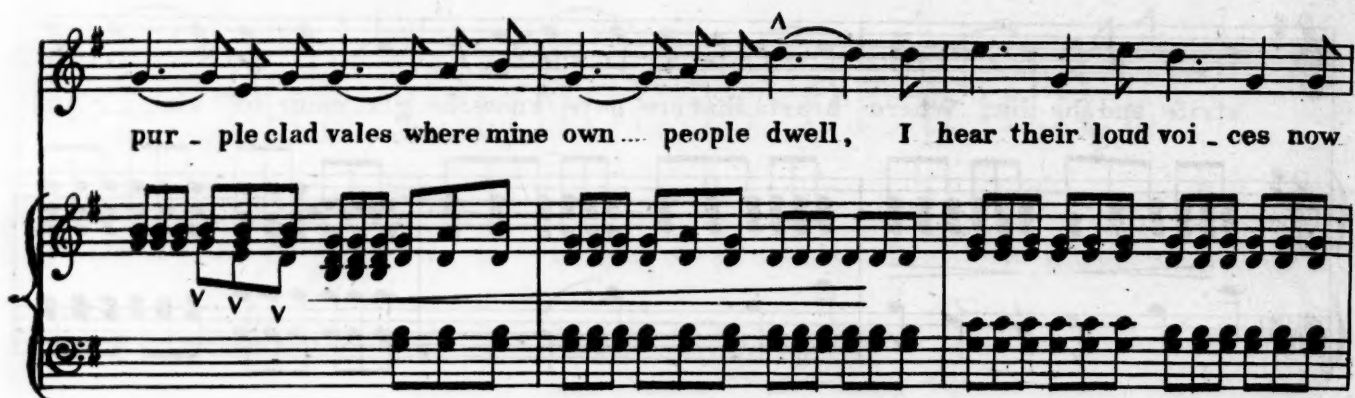


I see..... the lone land..... of the mist.... and the fell,..... The

ppp



pur - ple clad vales where mine own... people dwell, I hear their loud voi - ces now



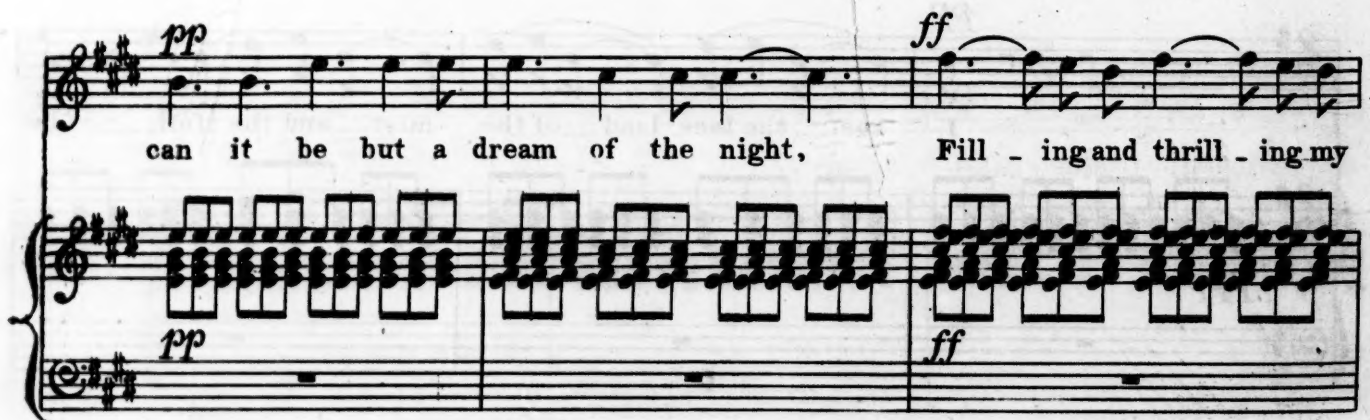
call - ing to me..... Oh, Thu - le, dear Thu - le, my heart is with thee..... Oh,



Thu - le dear Thu - le, my heart is with thee..... Oh,



can it be but a dream of the night, Fill - ing and thrill - ing my



"THE PRINCESS OF THULE."

WORDS BY J. L. NICOLSON.

MUSIC BY JOHN MORE SMIETON.

Dedicated by permission to
William Black Esq.

ANDANTE PASTORALE; NON TROPPO LENTO.

PIANO.



fpp *cres.* *f cantando.*
con Ad.



rit.

RECIT.



p

Within the mighty ci-ty pin-ing lay The fair young princess at the close of day; The

poco rit.



poco rit.

glo-ry in the west had linger'd long, And touch'd the chords of mem-o-ry and

Con Moto, risoluto. f

song. Con Moto. risoluto. f

Oh, fain would I flee from the strife and the din,..... Where

hearts that were pure know the gla_mour of sin,..... And rough shod men

go where the ro - ses are spread,.... But bare are the feet that the

thor - ny way tread,..... And wea - ry the hearts for the hopes that are dead,..... I

f *rit. dim.* *dim.* *rit.*

f *rit.*

*Ad. * Ad. * Ad. **

Meno mosso.

see.....the lone land of the mist and the fell,..... The purple-clad vales where mine

Meno mosso.

p

simile.

own peo_ple dwell,..... I hear their dear voi_ces now call_ing to me..... I

mf espressivo

con Fw.

hear their dear voi_ces now call_ing to me_

Oh, Thul_e, dear

rit.

a tempo.

f with fervour.

rit.

f

a tempo.

Thul_e, my heart is with thee; Oh Thul_e, my is_land home, o_ver the

dim.

smorz.

MODERATO.

sea

fp

fp

3 8

f con passione.

Oh, can it be but a dream of the night, Fill - ing and thrill - ing my

mf

con Ped.

poco rit. a tempo.

heart with delight, On - ly to fade when the morn - ing shall rise?

poco rit. a tempo.

ten.

ff

slentando al fine.

dim.

p

Then let me die with the dream in my eyes, Then let me die with the dream in my

ff

slentando al fine.

dim.

p

pp

eyes...
tempo.

p molto espress.

Con moto, Come Prima.

risoluto

There!there! the grim head-lands of Thul _ e _ a _ rise,..... Her walls to the

risoluto.

marcato.

waves, and her cliffs to the skies:..... And, oh, her wild music is

espressivo.

cre8.

dear even un to me,..... The cry of the sea - bird; the

CRES.

accel. *ff deciso.* *rall.*

surge of the sea, The sound of the great, throbbing, north - ern

accel. *ff* *sfz* *rall.*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

p meno mosso.

sea. The days that are gone, with the rap - ture of soul, Re -

p meno mosso. *simile.*

p

turn on the winds with the bil - low - y roll; And shall I not

mf con espress. *con Ad.*

have a glad wel - come from thee, And shall I not have a glad

rall. *a tempo.*
f with fervour.

wel - come from thee Oh, Thul - e dear is - land home,

f *espress.* *ff*

o - ver the sea?..... Oh Thul - e, my Thul - e, I come back to thee.....

MODERATO.

f con passione.

Oh, can it be but a dream of the night, Fill - ing and thrill - ing my

mf
con Ped.

poco rit. a tempo.

heart with delight, On - ly to fade when the morn - ing shall rise?

poco rit. a tempo.

f slentando al fine. *dim.*

Then let me die with the dream in my eyes, Then let me die with the dream in my

slentando al fine. *dim.* *p*

ANDANTE PASTORALE.

eyes. *a tempo.*

cantando. *p*

rit. e morendo. *pp*

fff

soul with de-light, On-ly to fade when the morn-ing shall rise? Oh,

fff

Tr. *

Tr. *

pp

let me die with a dream in mine eyes.

mf

#2.

con molto passione.

There! there! the grim head-lands of

pp

con molto passione.

Thu - le a - rise,..... Her walls to the waves, and her cliffs to the skies: And,

oh, her wild mu - sic is dear un - to me,..... The cry of the sea - bird, the

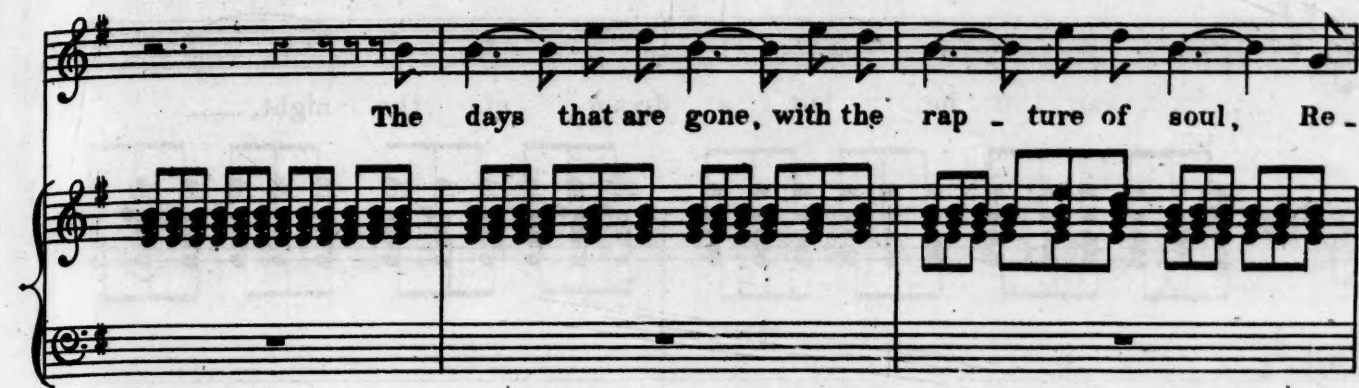
soul of the - sea,..... The soul of the great, throbbing, north - ern sea.....

dim. e rall. pp

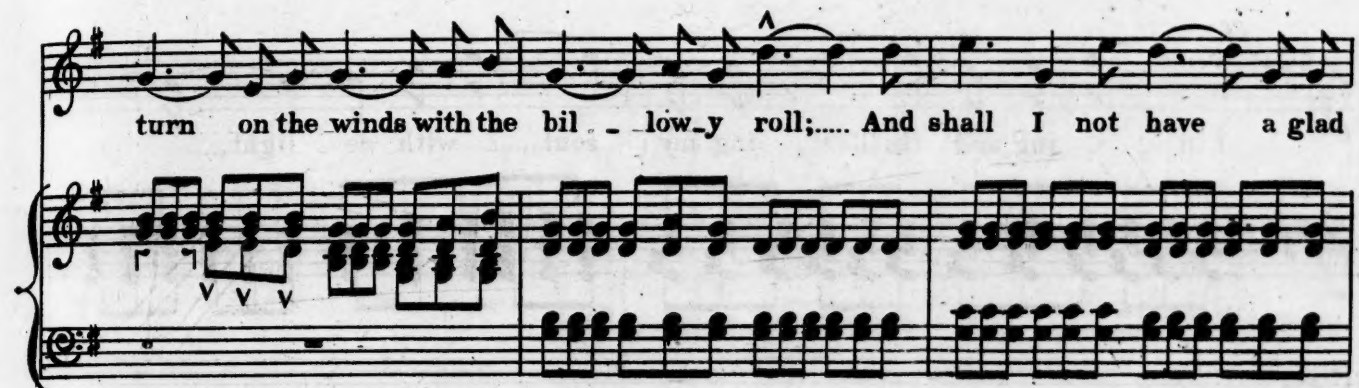
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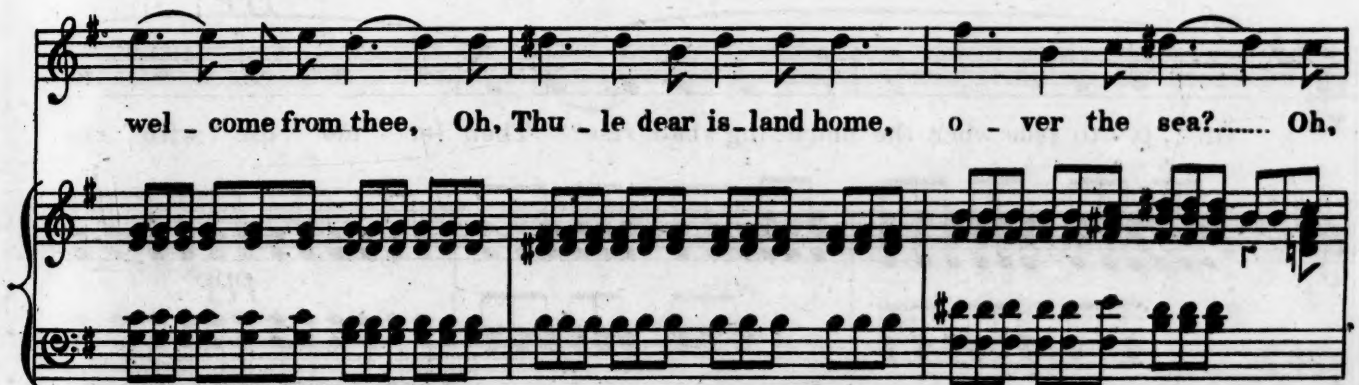
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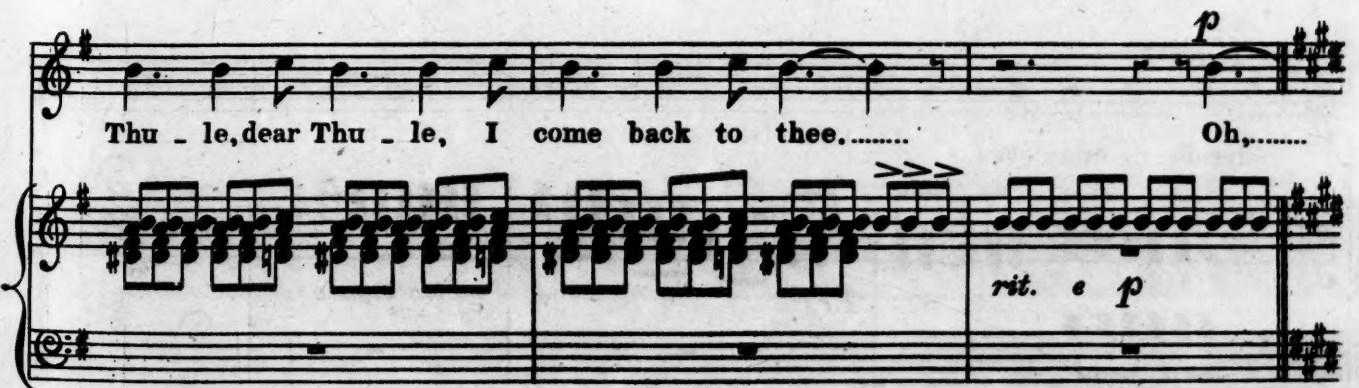
The days that are gone, with the rap - ture of soul, Re -



turn on the winds with the bil - low-y roll;.... And shall I not have a glad



wel - come from thee, Oh, Thu - le dear is - land home, o - ver the sea?..... Oh,



Thu - le, dear Thu - le, I come back to thee..... Oh,.....

rit. e p

..... can it be but a dream of the night,.....

ff Fill - - ing and thrill - ing my soul..... with de - light,.....

mf On - ly to fade when the morn - ing shall rise? Then let me die with the *ppp*

Ped. * Ped. *

dream in mine eyes.

ppp *molto legato.*

Ped. *

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

Journal of the Musical Reform Association.
For the Student and the Million.

VOL. I.

Part XI. Second



SALE COMPETITION.
The following notice, we cannot understand, is a warning to the public to be on their guard against the sale of cheap and inferior goods, and to the public to be on their guard against the sale of cheap and inferior goods, and to the public to be on their guard against the sale of cheap and inferior goods.

PRINT COMPETITION.
The following notice, we cannot understand, is a warning to the public to be on their guard against the sale of cheap and inferior goods, and to the public to be on their guard against the sale of cheap and inferior goods, and to the public to be on their guard against the sale of cheap and inferior goods.

We should be active agent in every town.

...of music culture to make up. The Continental schools have been ... while ours were struggling into existence. What the next ten years may be, we do not know. The fear of things will depend entirely upon our hospitable reception of ... all quarters. It seems to be the mission of Germany to ... the love of music as a serious art; and the sphere of art should not be ... of nationality. It is not the least of the civilising influence of ... fence a new confederacy wherein the most faithful ...



Madame Schumann.